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THE WEB OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ELSIE MAY.

Like a mystic web is this life of ours,
Where figures of light and shade,
By the busy shaft of Time's subtle loom,
Are wondrously interlaid.

And to us alone has the power been given
Of guiding that magic loom,
And to tint the threads that it interweaves
With beauty's unfading bloom.

In the grey hued warp must our fingers place
A woof with rare brightness fraught,
By our hands the web of our inner life
Be firmly and finely wrought.

'Tis a fearful task, and of import great;
For every thread misplaced
Will some beauty mar of that peerless work,
It might have so richly graced.

Let us each with care weave that texture strange,
And strive, with unwearied hand,
That our great life work may, when fully wrought,
Perfected in beauty, stand.

And when each bright thread has been woven in,
And every part well done,
We can give it back to our Master's hand,
For crowns that our toil has won.

LONDON AFTER DARK.

On this Tale is Founded the Popular Drama.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MYSTERY PARTLY SOLVED—THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED.

Having given his instructions to Sharkey Morris and left him to encounter Eliza, Millington hurried with all the speed he could in search of old Tom Boozey.

"The game has commenced; I am now indeed in the very thick of it," thought Millington, "and win or lose, will play it out. But I cannot fail. I am certain to win, for every card is in my favor. If Sharkey should not succeed in persuading that girl Eliza to make herself scarce, old Tom shall rid me of her. As to that meddling fellow, Richard Brandon, he shall no longer trouble me; come to-morrow night and his doom is sealed."

Having reached his associate's establishment a good half hour before the doors would be opened to admit the public, Millington inquired if the man whom he desired to see had yet been there. Told that Old Boozey had not yet shown, but was certain presently to arrive, Millington placed himself on the watch, and in a very few minutes saw Tom shuffling along with his brace of bill boards, announcing the unrivaled entertainment offered to the public at the Nonpareil Music Hall.

"All in good time, here comes the old animated sand wich," said Millington.

And then, accosting Boozey:—

"Get rid of your boards, Tom, and come along with me; I have something particular to say to you."

"To me?" said Tom, appearing considerably surprised.

"Yes, to you. Come along."

Millington led the way to Sharkey's private apartment.

"Sit down, Tom, while I ring the bell and order a little of your favorite refreshment, for I know you do not like dry talking."

"No," hastily cried Boozey, "order nothing for me; I have left off drinking altogether."

"No wonder, then, that you look so dull and miserable. But we will soon alter all that. Bring a bottle of your very best gin," Millington said to the man who answered the bell.

"I shall not touch a drop of it," resolutely said Boozey.

"We'll see all about that, presently," thought Millington.

Boozey was indeed, as the man then with him had just observed, dull and miserable look.

The [illegible] and so far since his promise successful, deprivation of the liquor that had been everything to him, had carried with it a very painful depression, which was greatly increased by his fears that Eliza would not return to him, and that he should once more be left alone in the world. When leaving him that morning to proceed to Mr. Summerford's, the young girl had promised to be with him again in a couple of hours at farthest. Now night had come and she was still absent, and Old Tom, in every sense out of spirits, feared that he should see her no more, and felt extremely wretched as he looked. The bottle of gin having been brought and placed upon the table, Millington filled a couple of glasses, and pushing one of them towards Old Tom, said:—

"There, old boy, drink that, and tell me if you ever tasted better stuff in all your life."

"No, no; not a drop, I tell you," Tom said, with trembling voice, and averting his eyes from the liquor, as if he could not trust himself to look at it.

"Come, drink, man—why, what has come to you!" [illegible] for that. Make haste and let me hear what you have to say to me, that I may be gone."

"Or [illegible] yourself beyond reach of temptation, should you?" laughed Millington.

"If ready you have aught to say to me, speak," impatiently cried Tom.

"Yes," said Millington, slowly and markedly, while his eyes were rivetted with a searching look on Boozey's countenance; "yes, indeed, I have much to say to you, for I have much to talk to you of—of Mary Pritchard!"

Old Tom sprang from his chair, violently exclaiming:—

"No, no, we will not talk of her, we will not talk of Mary Pritchard, because, that—yes, that se's my head splitting, tears my heart in pieces, and—oh! yes, yes, sends me mad!"

Millington having gently pushed him back into his chair, placed in Old Tom's trembling hand one of the glasses that he had filled, and assisted him to raise it to his lips. Tom drained the glass at a single gulp.

"Well done," said Millington; "another, and you will be yourself again, and in a condition to listen to all that I have to say to you."

Taking from Tom's hand the empty glass, Millington replaced it with the second full one. Boozey looked at it, and appeared to hesitate for just a moment, then yielded, and that second glass was drained as quickly as had been the first. Millington smiled with great satisfaction, and proceeded:—

"You must not think that I am like those who sometimes enrage you by uttering that name; they speak without sense or reason, with no idea of what they are talking about."

"And you?" eagerly cried Tom.

"Oh, it is a different thing with me, very different—for I knew her."

"Ah," said Boozey, terribly agitated, "you knew Mary?"

Millington nodded.

"Oh, how beautiful she was, wasn't she?"

"Yes!"

"And good—too good—and so, died young."

"Barely five and twenty."

"That was all."

"Merton was the name of the village in which she dwelt."

"Yes," sighed Boozey.

"And living still and happy, had she been, if her husband had been left to her, to cherish and protect her."

Old Tom burst into tears.

"But one day he was arrested, tried and condemned, and justly so, for he was guilty."

"No, innocent!" exclaimed Tom.

"Well," carelessly said Millington, "innocent or guilty, what does it matter now?"

"Innocent, I tell you! I know it well; I committed not that robbery, have been throughout my life an honest man."

Again Millington's eyes were fixed penetratingly on Old Tom's face, and he was saying to himself:—

"I knew, was sure that it was he!"

And presently he said aloud:—

"Your true name then is Thomas Pritchard?"

"That was my name. Now, I am Old Tom—or Boozey—or anything they like to call me—I know not, care not."

"So, then, it is really you who were sentenced to twenty years penal servitude?"

"Yes," groaned Old Tom. "I am he who has been made so greatly and so unjustly to suffer. I am he whom they snatched from her—from her whom I left behind, and whom—oh, my God—about to become a mother! Such agony, so much suffering for her! Ah, it is perhaps a happiness that she is dead. Yes, when I returned, she had been dead three years."

"And you have been back, I think, two years?"

"Yes."

"And notwithstanding the many years that have passed, you would refuse to pardon the author of her death?"

"Pardon him! oh, never, never!"

"And if you knew him—what would you do?"

"I would kill him!" responded Tom, in a deep, concentrated tone.

"Come, another glass," said Millington, handing it to Boozey, and then, in a hasty, nervous sort of way, swallowed a bumper himself.

During all the foregoing, Millington had filled glass after glass with the gin, which old Boozey had greedily swallowed, and the liquor had not stupified and made him drunk, but had frenzied, made him completely mad.

"Tom," said Millington, "that person to whom your wife owed her death——"

"Well?"

"I know her."

"Her?"

"Yes, it is a woman."

"A woman!"

"Herself less beautiful than Mary, she was envious, jealous—in short, hated her."

"Who is that woman?" eagerly cried Boozey; "who is she?"

"You may, perhaps, if you choose, see her this very evening."

"This evening! Where, tell me where?"

"In St. James' Park—just within Storey's Gate; you know that place?"

"Oh, yes."

"If she comes you will have no difficulty in recognizing her; for she will herself say to you: 'I saw Mary Pritchard die.'"

"Ah," raved forth Tom, "should she say that—woe to her!"

He was hurrying away.

"Where are you going?" called Millington.

"To wait for her," hoarsely replied Boozey.

"Well," said Millington, pointing to the bottle, "there is still some left and you may as well take it with you."

"No, I don't want any more of that, or it will make me too unsteady to use this."

He drew from his pocket and showed to Millington a large clasp knife; and then, shouting forth an oath of vengeance, staggered away.

And when he was gone, Millington, in the coolest possible manner, said to himself:—

"If Eliza has consented to depart alone, the old fellow will have had his walk for nothing. If the girl goes to Storey's Gate, Old Tom, who is just now as mad as the most outrageous patient in Bedlam, will assuredly kill her. Either way she will be deprived of all power to interfere with that which I have determined to accomplish."

Boozey had not been gone many minutes when Sharkey Morris hurried into Millington's presence.

"Now, the girl?" said the latter.

"Couldn't persuade her to anything else, and she is gone to Storey's Gate."

"The fool!" cried Millington.

"And old Tom Boozey?"

"He will be there to meet her."

"And have you done as you said you would?"

"Yes."

"Mercy on us," said Sharkey, perfectly terrified, "then she is a dead woman?"

"She will be, in something less than half an hour, take my word for it, Sharkey," his daring associate very coolly responded. "I am rather sorry; I had quite a fancy for her: but it can't be helped, so we will say no more about it."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MEETING AT STOREY'S GATE.—AN ELUCIDATION AND A DISCOVERY.

Having reached Storey's Gate, Old Tom placed himself just within the park, to await the coming of the person he had been told to expect. And he was made to wait a considerable time, for great was the distance which Eliza had to travel in order to reach that spot. As the night advanced, few and far between were the passengers through that gate, to or from the park. Leaning against the railings, a few yards away, Boozey was able to observe every one that passed either into or out of the park. And at length, out of all patience:—

"The story of that woman was all a lie," savagely muttered Tom; "like all the rest who have made me their butt, he was playing with me, torturing me for his own sport."

But then he remembered all that Millington had known and told him. The place that Mary Pritchard had inhabited, her age, her death—that man had known and told him all that.

"Yes, yes," said Tom, "it is all true enough, and here I stay, though I should have to wait throughout the night. She will come, I no longer doubt it, and I will kill her. Yes, poor Mary, I will avenge you."

Then, the gin which he that night had taken having by this time considerably weakened in its effect upon his brain, Tom was about to think over the whole matter.

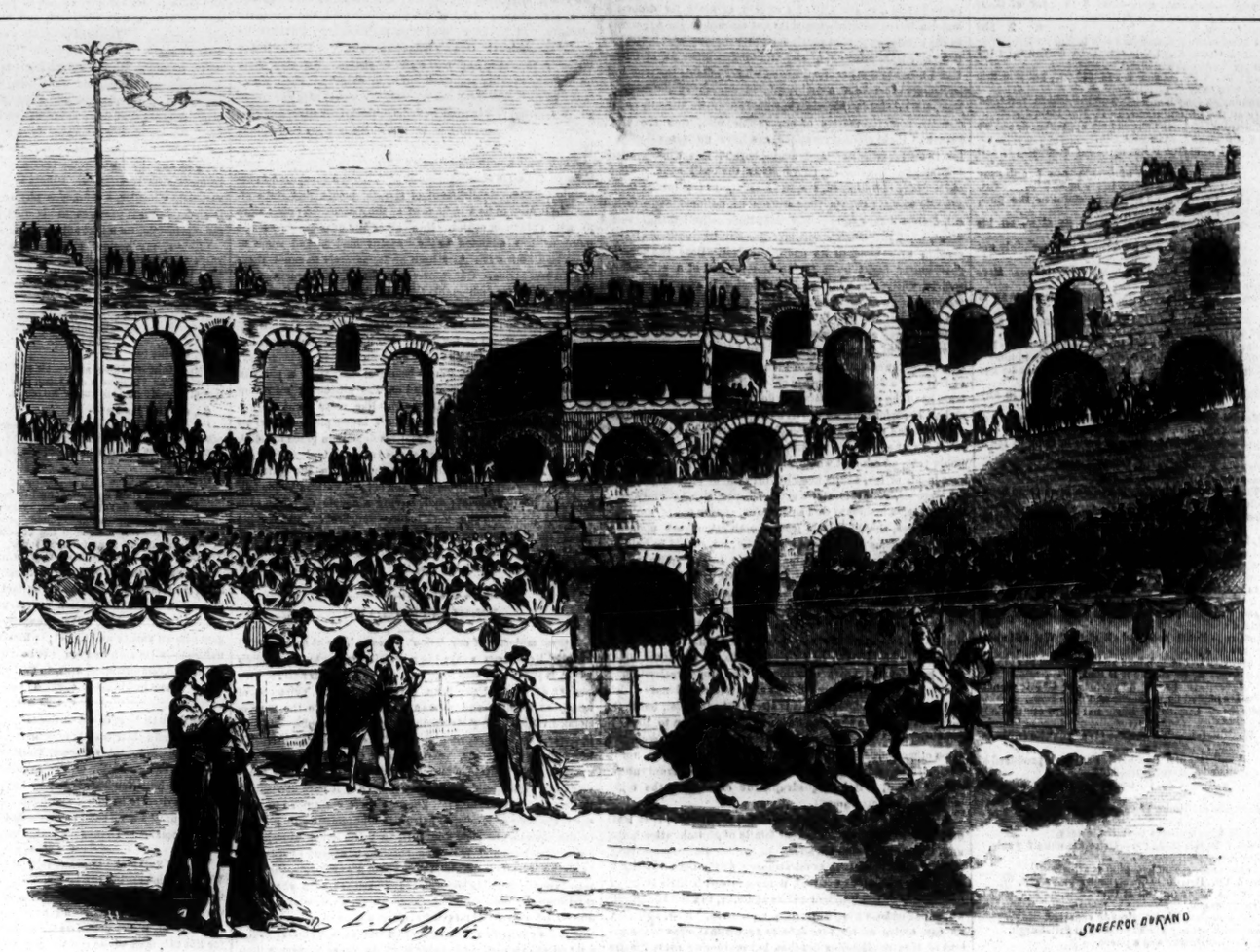
It had already occurred to him that it was something very strange that the woman who had slain his wife should come to that spot for the purpose of avowing her guilt.

"It is a cheat, a shameful trick, and I will remain here no longer."

Just as Old Tom had said that to himself, he perceived a female standing at the entrance to the park, and bending forward as if her eyes were seeking some one.

"That must be she," thought Boozey, "and strange as is the mystery of all this, that man has not lied to me."

Eliza had been compelled to walk the whole distance from The Laurels to the park, and when at last she arrived at the spot to which she had been directed, was in a state of almost complete exhaustion. Nearly prostrated before she commenced that journey, by the



BULL FIGHTING AT NIMES.

emany great emotions of which already in the cours of that day she had been the victim, Eliza had been sustained, and had found strength still to endure by her great love for and eager longing to be again with Walter Brandon. But when Eliza had reached Storey's Gate, and distinguished just within the park a man crouching against the railings, and thought of the words that she was charged to say to him, the courage that had so long sustained seemed all at once to desert her. But she could not retreat with any hope of escape; her strength was too far gone for that. As she stood in mortal dread and now suspecting that she had fallen into a trap which had been prepared to ensnare and perhaps to destroy her, she felt herself rudely seized and dragged within the park.

"Who are you? What would you with me?" Eliza tremblingly said, and was about to shriek aloud.

But hardly had she spoken when—

"That voice!" exclaimed Old Tom; and immediately there was a mutual recognition.

"You! it is you!" cried Eliza, in joyful surprise.

"My poor child, who told you—how did you know that you would find me here?"

"I had not thought that I should see you."

"Indeed! How then?"

"I was told only that I should find here some one who——"

"Some one," excitedly interrupted Boozey; "you—no, no, go away—go away."

"I cannot do that."

"Why can't you?"

"Ah," Eliza reproachfully said, "you have not kept your word with me."

"In what?" Then recollecting—

"Never mind that, but tell me——"

"First tell me, how it is that I find you here."

"Because," jerked forth Tom, "I am waiting to—and here I must remain—for I have work in hand that——"

"What work?"

"No matter; and not before you," he forcibly cried; "go away, go away!"

"He is crazed again with that horrible liquor," thought Eliza.

And then it occurred to her that as old Boozey was waiting there, it must be that, by some strange chance, he it was who had been appointed to conduct her to Walter.

Then she said to Tom:—

"I have already told you that I have been sent here to see some one."

"Oh," shuddered Boozey, "it can't be possible that——"

"What can't be possible?"

"Nothing—go away, I tell you; can't you see that there is no one else, that I am the only person waiting here!"

"'Tis very singular, I cannot understand it!"

"Do not seek to understand, but go away."

"No; for it must mean that 'tis you who know——"

"What?"

"Where he may be found."

"What say you?" said Boozey, wondering and astonished.

"It is to you then that I was to speak; to you that I have been told to say——"

"What?" hoarsely cried Boozey, plunging his hand beneath his vest. "To say what?"

"I saw Mary Pritchard die," slowly and sadly responded Eliza.

Old Tom drew forth his knife, and Eliza uttered a low cry of terror, as he clutched her arm and raised the weapon, as if about to plunge it into her breast. But he did not strike. The hand which held the knife dropped to his side, and the love that had entered his heart for her whose life he had saved contending with the rage that bade him vow to kill her; he faltered:—

"Oh! again! repeat those words! had they been spoken by another than you, already all would have been ended, but you I hesitate, and think, and feel as though I could not, dared not!"

"Be calm; for mercy's sake, be calm!" pleaded Eliza. "Had you not been told that a woman would come to this place?"

"A woman! yes yes, go on."

"That just within the park you were to await her arrival."

"Yes, within the park; go on," hastily muttered Boozey, turning the knife about within his hand.

"And, that when she had said to you—I saw Mary Pritchard die'—you were then to——"

"To kill you," Boozey interrupted with a savage growl, and again raising his knife.

"Spare me! For heaven's sake, listen to me!" cried Eliza sinking on her knees, and extending towards him her clasped hands. "Do not, in the madness of intoxication, become the murderer of a poor, unhappy girl, who, with her whole soul, has learned to love you."

"Love me! miserable wretch! Oh, little did I think when I dragged you from the river that you were a viper that had so cruelly stung me!"

"I was told to say those miserable words, and, as I was made to believe that the greatest, the only happiness I can hope to know on earth depended on my pronouncing them, I consented—and greatly was I amazed that they should be given me to speak, for it is the truth that——"

"That you saw Mary Pritchard die?"

"Yes," mournfully said Eliza, "she was my mother!"

The knife fell from Old Tom's hand and he reeled and clung to the park railings.

"Your mother!—your mother! Oh, my God! my God!" Tom trembulously and inaudibly whispered.

Eliza rose from her knees and sprang towards him.

"Your mother—your mother?" repeated Boozey, and throwing his arms around her, he drew her to his breast.

"Why do you thus gaze upon me?" said the wondering girl; "you but now so menacing and terrible. Wherefore do you thus press me within your arms? you who were about to kill me?"

"Wherefore?" sobbed Tom; "oh, I cannot tell you—I am choking—I cannot speak—the emotion—the joy—the happiness. Your mother!—she—your mother was my wife!"

Those words almost overpowered Eliza.

"Oh, heaven!" she cried "you, then, are——"

"I am Thomas Pritchard!"

Eliza threw herself into his arms, fondly and tenderly, murmuring:—

"My father! My father!"

"Ah," said Tom, "the emotion I experienced when this morning you called me by that name is now accounted for—my heart was whispering to me that you were indeed my child—say father once again!"

"Father," repeated Eliza.

"Ah! how that word soothes and warms me; now, I breathe again—I no longer suffer—and these are joyful tears that I am shedding now! My child, my daughter—it is she," he cried, again and again embracing her, "she to whom my poor Mary was about to give birth when I was torn from her. Oh! heaven! oh, heaven!" and he cast himself upon his knees—"for fifteen years—for fifteen years I have not prayed to you, and yet you have had pity on me, have given my daughter to my arms! Oh, heaven—how great and good—how merciful thou art!"

"Ah, father, never again will we be separated."

"No, never—never; you shall talk to me often of your poor mother!"

"Who taught me to love and cherish you—who in dying, blessed you!"

"Ah, yes, for well did she know that I was not guilty."

"Yes, father, yes—she knew it, and fell a victim to that assurance.

"How say you?"

"Her life was sought by the wretches who slew her, because at last she had obtained, and had in her possession the proof of your innocence."

"The proof of——?"

"And because she had discovered the name of the true culprit?"

"And that was——" eagerly cried Boozey.

"Richard Spencer," replied Eliza.

"I know him not," said Old Tom, "have never before heard that name."

"He it was who had committed that robbery of which you were accused, and for which you have so long and so unjustly suffered; and when my mother, after much seeking and many difficulties, was about to proclaim your innocence, he again it was who murdered my poor mother!"

"And for me she perished! Oh," exclaimed Boozey, "if one day I should find that man——"

"But your name, dear father, will be cleansed from all stain; the injustice beneath which you for so many long years have groaned shall now be made known to the whole world."

"Darling child!"

"Long—very long, have I been seeking you—long have I implored of heaven to restore you to my tenderness, and it is when I had ceased to hope that Providence has reunited us.

"And I, when heaven had sent you to me, was about to kill you!" cried Old Tom, with remorseful agony. "But you know, you saw, darling—did you not? that even while pronouncing those terrible words, I hesitated and trembled. I could not—no, I could not commit that act of vengeance which I had sworn to accomplish. Oh, it was because a voice within my heart commanded me to forbear—because already I loved you—because blood was speaking!"

"But who was it that had accused me?"

"A man named Millington."

"That infamous villain!" said Eliza, shuddering violently, and at once comprehending wherefore Millington had been anxious for her destruction.

"The monster would have had me kill my own daughter! Oh, woe to him—woe to him!" determinedly exclaimed Eliza's father.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NONPAREIL MUSIC HALL.—BIRTH AND MURDER.—THE EXPECTED VICTIM.

A very peculiar establishment, as we shall presently be made to understand, was that belonging to Mr. Sharkey Morris, and of which mention has been, during the course of this story, so frequently made. There was the raised stage, with the usual and necessary accessories on which the "Professionals," singers, dancers, and acrobats, displayed their talents to admiring and enthusiastic audiences. By no means, however, a place of fashionable resort; indeed, the very opposite of that, was the Nonpareil Music Hall. In one corner of the room, where scarcely a glimpse of the stage could be obtained, stood a long table, imperfectly covered with a piece of baize whose color had originally been green, but which time and wear had changed to various and indescribable hues. The men seated about that table cared nothing for the entertainment in progress on the stage, being deeply engaged in a very exciting performance of their own.

They were in fact busy with cards and "loo," and "Pam" and "all fours" were the games on hand. And those games were played with tolerable fairness, just because every one engaged in them was an expert cheat. An attempt at "sharping" was almost certain of detection, and anything but agreeable the fate reserved for the culprit. In the centre of the so termed hall, and directly facing the stage, was a very seedy bagatelle table and that also was surrounded with players, for whom the professionals appeared to have no sort of attraction whatever. The audience was not numerous, neither could it be called select, since, among the three dozen or so which formed it, and to the full as respectable as the rest, were several of the gentlemen whose acquaintance we first made at Mr. Poplar's hotel under Blackfriars Bridge.

From this night's entertainment the general public had been excluded, a notice having been posted on the door which stated that the performances were to be under private and special patronage. Nearly every one was smoking and quite every one was drinking; and, to judge by the uproar, everybody must have been talking. The sound of the chairman's hammer, and his announcement that Mr. So-and-so would sing the next song, were scarcely heard at all amidst the din and clatter that prevailed. The talking was not certainly quite so loud and general while the performers were on the stage, which caused to be distinctly audible, at every instant during a sentimental song, the clatter of the bagatelle balls and the thumping on the table of the gentlemen who were playing at "Put." Mr. Poplar and Nat Nickem were playing at bagatelle.

"There," said the former, "I have polished you off again, Mr. Nickem."

"You must have been brought up to it very young, Old Poplar," returned Nat; "and you are such a long 'un that you reach halfway up the board."

"There ain't no occasion for no insulting observations," indignantly cried the proprietor of the Blackfriars hotel.

"Never mind, old boy, I'll try my luck against you once more."

"That's right, Nat, come along. And if I should quite clean you out, as I expect to do, you shall have a bed at my hotel to-night free gratis for nothing."

The chairman at length announced that Mr. Funnieman would oblige with the popular song of "Tommy Dodd."

There was a tremendous hammering on the tables, and for the first time that night something like an attentive audience.

The bagatelle balls ceased to rattle until Mr. Funnieman was done with, and the card players left the table in order that they might assist in the chorus which was sung after each verse of "Tommy Dodd," and in which every one of the audience assisted with all the strength of their lungs.

"Tommy Dodd" concluded the performances and the curtain fell to rise no more that night.

During all this time Millington and Sharkey Morris had been seated apart from the rest in a corner at the extreme end of the hall.

No one had ventured to intrude upon them, and thus removed from the general clamor they were able to hear themselves speak.

Morris was pale and nervous, but Millington seemed as cool and imperturbable as ever.

"But," stammered Sharkey, in reply to something that his associate had just said, "it looks to me dangerous, dreadfully dangerous, and I can't understand how——"

"That I can believe," Millington coolly replied; "but I ask only that you should assist me; whether you understand or not is of very little consequence."

"Oh, but I must and I will understand all about it; I don't mean to run myself into danger; I must see my way clearly; I am a man of property, and want to live to enjoy it."

"You always will be a fool, Sharkey."

"Possibly. But, for all that——"

"Well?"

"Well, shivered Morris, "you have told me that Richard Brandon is this night to be put out of the way, but you haven't told me how, and if I don't know that——"

"Well?"

"Well, if I don't and am not convinced that I shall run no risk, I won't have him come here."

"That I have not already told you in what manner I intend to dispose of Richard Brandon has been out of mercy to you."

"No doubt about it," Sharkey ironically said. "I have had plenty of opportunities of knowing what a merciful chap you are!"

"It is nevertheless true what I tell you. You are so great a coward and have so many qualms of conscience, that I wished on this occasion to spare you."

"Yes, I dare say—very likely—shouldn't wonder!" doubtfully said Sharkey; "but for all that, I should prefer to know——"

"Very well. I need not tell you that the back of this hall of yours touches the wall of the Underground Railway?"

"Why of course I know that vell enough."

"And you also know that a few months ago we made an opening through the wall of one of your cellars, that we might step out upon the railway."

"Don't remind me of that night, pray don't," gasped Sharkey, with a trembling hand seizing and draining to the bottom his glass of brandy and water.

"Those bricks were easily removed, and as easily replaced, and so can be again. When we have quite done with Mr. Richard Brandon, we place him upon the rail; almost as soon as that is done a train passes over and so disfigures him that no one is able to identify his mangled body——"

"Oh, don't, for goodness sake, don't!" stammered Morris.

"The case is reported in the newspapers as suicide by a gentleman unknown—and there is an end of the whole affair."

"Yes, yes, that's right, I see that."

"Well, then, leave off trembling, since I have shown you that you will incur no danger in the business, and that is all you care about."

"Yes, you know, a man's bound to take care of himself, if he can. If a man don't look out for himself, there's nobody else as will look out for him."

"Yes, Sharkey, my boy, I have had good reason to know that you are not very particular as to what you see done, if only your own safety can be assured, and so have never entertained a doubt of your readiness to aid me in the disposal of the gentleman who will presently be here."

"Well, but you know when we have settled with him, we mayn't be a bit nearer what we are working for."

"How is that?"

"Why, as his brother has taken himself out of the way——"

"If it were necessary he could soon be hunted out."

"Well, and of course it will be necessary if we are to go on."

"Not the slightest occasion that we should give ourselves that trouble, since Walter is certain to return to us of his own accord, ready to proceed with that marriage as soon as ever he has learned that his darling Eliza has disappeared. Leave him to me, Sharkey."

"Don't I leave everything and everybody to you?"

"It he will not allow himself to be led he must be driven. But I expect little further trouble with him: never man more eager for all the enjoyments wealth can purchase, nor less inclined to endure the stings of poverty, and even were that girl Eliza still in the way we should now, I believe, find him tractable to our wishes."

"I don't know so much about that."

"Well, at any rate, Miss Eliza will trouble us no more; old Boozey, I feel quite sure, has very effectually silenced her."

"You really believe," trembled Sharkey, "that he has killed the girl?"

"Yes, I well primed him for his work, and sent him to the meeting with her in a state of perfect madness."

"Oh, dear!—you did not tell me that you intended to have her killed—you gave me only to understand——"

"Sharkey, my good fellow, why will you insist on talking of your understanding, when you ought to know well by this time that you have not and have never had any."

"And you can actually cut your jokes now," cried Sharkey, with mingled admiration and terror, "now, when you are preparing to——"

"And why not?" interrupted Millington. "I am not one to play the gloomy ruffian, and, however heavy the work in hand, always try to make it light and pleasant."

"But what has become of Old Tom?"

"I neither know nor care."

"He hasn't been here since you sent him away last night."

"Which is to me a convincing proof that Eliza has perished by his hand."

"Suppose he has been taken?"

"In that case he will certainly be hanged," Millington coolly responded.

"But," anxiously inquired Morris, "won't he be able to implicate us in the business?"

"Sharkey, that question is too ridiculous even for you, who ought to know that I never bungle my work."

Sharkey Morris looked at his watch, and said—

"Ten o'clock, and Richard Brandon not here. Perhaps he won't come at all."

"I feel certain that he will."

"But think what a neighborhood he will be coming to!"

"He will know nothing of that until he has fairly entered it."

"But suppose when he has entered it he should not like its appearance and should turn back and go home again? If I was in his place, that's just what I should do, I am quite sure."

"And just what he will not do; I have taken good care of that."

"How?"

"I have posted sentinels, here and there, in the adjacent streets, who would quickly inform me should he at all hesitate to advance, and then I would hurry out and bring him hither myself."

Just then a man came hurrying into the hall, and running to Millington, gave a sign, which was perfectly well comprehended.

"What did I tell you, Sharkey?" Millington hastily and in a low tone said to the Jew. "He is here!"

"Where?"

"Look!"

Millington pointed towards a door, which had a moment before been thrown wide open, and Morris shivered as he saw the intended victim standing on its threshold. And remaining there, Richard Brandon seemed to hesitate as to whether he should enter the hall, and appeared to be mistrustfully examining the place, and the very far from prepossessing countenances of the individuals assembled then within it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BULL FIGHTING AT NIMES.

At the recent agricultural exhibition at Nimes, the interest was centred in the bull fight. Despite the exertions of the Inspector General of Agriculture and his assistants, peaceable bulls, fruitful cows, sheep, rams, hogs, machines, etc., were unheeded. The entire interest was diverted to the fighting arena, as shown in our engraving. The heroes of the *fete*, and of whom every one was speaking, were El Yato and his assistant, El Regatelo, the picadores, the chulos, the banderillos, and the entire escort of the Toreados, came expressly from Spain for these *fetes*. Four Alguazils, preceded by an Alcalde, who was undoubtedly a commissary of police, demanded of the Prefect of the Guard, who represented the Ayuntamiento, the key of the *toril*. Then entered the quadrilla, who fiercely made the tour of the arena; then commenced the slaughter of half a dozen magnificent bulls, according to the tradition of glorious Spain. Prodigies of agility, address and *sang froid* were performed usually to the disadvantage of the bulls, of which accounts have already appeared in our columns. Our engraving represents the sport in full play, with the enraged bull in pursuit of his tormentors.

ACTRESSES' HUSBANDS.—There is a sort of well dressed vagabond who strolls about the stage door and side scenes of theatres with the most honorable intentions on the incomes of any clever and well looking actress who may happen to be unmarried. The professional emoluments of a married woman belonging, according to law, to her husband, and failing heiresses, to whom it is somewhat difficult to obtain introductions, perhaps no better bargain can be made by an idle adventurer fond of clothes, cigars, and betting rooms, than a union with a rising singer or actress. These *chevaliers de paresse* wish to be known as "Miss So-and-so's husband." It is almost a profession, and its emoluments can be calculated with more than the certainty of the turf, thus:—"Gloriana" (the name of the actress) makes thirty pounds per week, one thousand five hundred pounds per annum; Gloriana will last—bar accidents, i. e., her popularity will last fifteen years; total, twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds, not reckoning a visit to the United States, which might make more. All this irrespective of gifts, presentations, &c. At the end of fifteen years, her good looks and attractions faded, perhaps gone; then—umph. Considered from a commercial point of view, the actress is almost the equal of the heiress, while she is certain to be more accessible.—*Tom Hood's Comic Annual.*

SLANG.—A painful and puzzled father writes to a London paper regretting a victory won by his son, which gave him more annoyance than any moderate defeat would have done. His boy is at a well known public school and has acquired some reputation as an athlete, purchased, however, at the expense of his literary attainments. Recently, having engaged a cab in the metropolis, on dismissing it the driver objected to the fare, and was insolent. "My son," writes the father, "who had just borrowed what he called a 'half-skie' of me, promptly took up the cudgel, or, in other words, the coarse language of the streets, and metaphorically smote the cabman hip and thigh. 'Were we such a brace of fools,' he asked with indignant fervor, 'as to pay showful prices for riding in a blessed growler? Did the driver think to fummox us by his lip, because he thought we weren't fly to him. He (the driver) must get up earlier and go to bed without getting buffy, which he hadn't done for a week of Sundays, before he found that little game would draw, in the dibs. No more tight that we were, wasn't he?—(with great depth of meaning this)—then what made him so precious fishy about the gifts, if he hadn't been out on the batter the night before?" This the youngster speaks of as the lingo his pals talk at school.

"NOT OUR JIM."—A Rocky Mountain paper publishes an obituary notice of the famous "Jim," chief of the Washoe Indians, who died recently. Jim seems to have possessed many virtues. He is said to have been a good though very dirty red man, who possessed a well balanced head of hair and stomach enough for all he could get to eat. His regard for truth was notable—he never meddled with it. He left no will, and his estate, consisting of a pair of boots, will have to be settled by his heirs through the medium of a game of "old sledge." After life's fitful "fever and ague" Jim sleeps well.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy.....16 cents | Subscription per annum.....$3 00
To Postmaster Dealers...6¢ " " for 6 months.. 1 50
To Retail Agents.....7 " " for 3 months.. 1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 25 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 12 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3 880 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

L. C., Boston.—"A and B are playing cribbage. A plays a seven, B an eight, A a nine and B a six, for which he (B) proceeds to take five points, four for sequence and one for 'go' or last card. A objects to the four points for sequence, because the cards were not played in regular order, the nine having been played before the six. Can B count the four for sequence or not?".....Be can. So long as the sequence is complete, it matters not in what order the cards are played.

LITTLE NED, Saltum re.—1. Sebastian is a good bareback rider, but is not considered champion. 2. It is a good circus, but not the best in this country; it will probably appear in your city in June. 3. Mr. F. Howe is not proprietor. 4. See our dramatic summary. 5. The court have decided that the Railroad Scene is the property of Mr. Daly, and parties using it must pay him for each night's representation.

LOBSTER POINT, New York.—1. The parties throwing 18 are entitled to the first and second prizes, and merely throw off the tie to see who has the first choice. The party who threw 17 has no claim whatever to the second prize. 2. You lose your bet, for the intent and understanding of it was, that your friend had bought his coat in an auction room, which he had not done.

C. W. S., Washington, D. C.—Yes, the police interfered frequently previous to the Heenan and Sayers match. As an instance we cite the case of Tom Maley, who was to have fought Gill (not E. L., but W., *alias* "Paddy") June 13th, 1848, but was apprehended and bound over; second meeting appointed August 20th, 1848, but Gill was arrested and bound over for six months.

LOCUST POINT, Baltimore.—1. We published a portrait of Clotia in the CLIPPER of May 28th, 1864. 2. The Old Bowery holds the most, but the Stadt seats the greater number. 3. Several parties claim the honor. 4. She learnt the snare drum in this city last summer. 5. They are at present living in retirement in Brooklyn.

CONSTANT READER, Ohio.—1. Dexter is by Ryadick's Hambletonian, out of an American star mare, owned by Mr. John Swinn. 2. Patsy Shephard has fought and beat Jones, Sullivan, Con. Riordan; was beaten by Atkinson, and made a draw with Mike Coburn. 3. The paper mentioned is not regarded as an authority on either turf or ring matters.

CHARLOTTE, Baltimore.—1. Mr. Jefferson has one or two children living. 2. They are considered good gymnasts, but not the best in the country. 3. Cannot say when they will reappear in your city. 4. All red is at present in this city; the other brothers are performing in New Orleans. 5. They get sad to it so that it does not make them sick.

H. O. Lynchburg, Va.—1. The time of the two mile race between Nina and Red Eye, on the Fairfield Course, Va., in the summer of 1853 (June meeting), was 3:46-3:54. 2. Nina, Red Eye and Lawson ran four mile heats over the Broad Rock Course, Va., in the Fall meeting (Oct.) of 1853, and not 1854; time, 7:46, 7:48¼, 7:49, Nina winning the second heat.

W. E. H., Nebraska City.—1. The Cincinnati fire department possesses the most powerful apparatus, but the Baltimore department is considered the most effective by those most qualified to judge on the point. 3. The meaning of the expression undoubtedly, is that you could beat him a game of billiards for a stake of $2. Your mental reservation will not avail you.

FIRE FLY.—1. We do not know the lady's age. 2. They will not appear in your city for the present. 3. She is considered the best of the trio in her line of business. 4. Harry does, but we believe his wife is a non-professional. 5. Early in February. 6. He has played in several characters besides "Rip Van Winkle." 7. There is no such champion.

C. F. B., Baltimore.—1. About twenty-two hundred. 2. You can sell them if the manager grants permission. 3. The Hanlon Brothers have a U. S. patent for the manufacture of the two wheel velocipede. 4. Sam is in the south. 5. Cannot say when haggis will visit your city. 6. She is in California at present and has no agent.

INEZ, Washington.—1. Laura Keene was born in England, Henriques in New York, Isabella Hinckly New York, Raphael De Sol a (now at Bryant's) in London, Mrs. John Wood, London, and E. A. Sothern, London. 2. Henry Loraine made his debut in America Dec. 25th, 1856, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as Claude Melnotte.

CAP, Goshen, Ind.—"C bets B that New York State will go 20 000 Democratic at the last election. Who wins the bet?".....As Hoffman was a democratic candidate, and he had over 20,000 majority, it is our opinion that this State did go 20,000 democratic; consequently C wins.

J. F. C. AND OTHERS, Washington, D. C.—The Hon. John Morrissey was born in Templemore county, Tipperary, Ireland, Feb. 5, 1831. The rough and tumble fight between him and Bill Poole, for $1000, occurred at the Amos street dock, July 27, 1854.

A CONSTANT READER, Augusta, Ga.—1. Deerfoot ran 11 miles, 790 yards, in one hour, Hackney Wick, London, Eng., Jan. 13, 1863. 2. Jackson ran 11 miles, 390 yards, in one hour. 3. Bill Lang ran 2 miles in 9 minutes, 11 seconds.

A SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—Although Daniel M. Fox has taken possession of the office and is now acting as Mayor, the election is still before the courts, and until the case is legally disposed of the wager cannot be paid.

G. W. T.—1. Master Barney is considered the best at present on the stage. 2. John Bogan, who frequently advertises in the CLIPPER, teaches the art. 3. Johnny is the leading comedian at present engaged there.

DICK, Chillicothe.—1. Perry Powers' Circus brought their season to an abrupt termination in Chicago in 1866. 2. Kit North, son of Levi J. North, died in Columbus, Ohio, April 18th, 1867. His last engagement was with Metcalfe's Circus.

NOVICE, Washington.—1. We have no recollection of the trouble you refer to. 2. Her maiden name is Siddons, and she is a great grand daughter of Mrs. Sara Siddons. She married a Mr. Scott.

MONTREAL.—As no referee was appointed, and the judges cannot agree, the race must be run over again unless they mutually agree to a draw. The neglect to select a referee was a great oversight.

C. W. H., Cleveland.—1. We believe it is the same Clarke you mention. 2. The advertisement makes three lines and will cost you $5 each week. Duplicate the advertisement if you wish it inserted.

F. J. W., Washington.—We cannot inform you when it was first sung, but it has been popular in the London Music Halls for some time, long before W. H. Lingard was ever heard of in this country.

NEW HAT, Chicago.—"In a four-handed game of euchre my partner orders up the trump and plays it alone. The dealer claims the right to play alone against him, and to count four if he wins all the tricks. Can he do so?".....No.

ALEX. MCCLUE, Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. No; Lang and Richards' dead heat was made in the quickest time upon record, level. Lang ran a mile in 4 minutes 2 seconds down hill. 3. Sayers beat Jack Martin in 23 rounds, 55 minutes, Jan. 26 h., 1853.

C. H. W., Cambridgeport.—1. One dollar is the charge. 2. It is done owing to custom, besides all theatres do not have their stages built exactly alike. 3. No such work has ever been published.

FORDHAM.—"A and B, in a game of euchre, agree that the player who cuts the best euchre card deals; A cuts the ace and B the Jack. Who is entitled to the deal?".....B, with his Jack, is entitled to the deal.

T. J., Pittsburgh.—The following are the winners, in succession, of the English Derby, since 1830. Thormanby, Kettledrum Caractacus, Macaroni, Blair Athol, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Hermit and Blue Gown.

W. D. C., Lunkhannock, Pa.—1. Flora Temple is 24 years old next April. 2. She fare to California is not always the same. First cabin, $225; 2d cabin, $150; steerage, $75; are the rates now.

KEE H., Chicago.—1. Giving puppies whisky sometimes but not always has the effect mentioned, but it invariably ruins their constitutional health. Don't try the experiment. 3. Maggie Mitchell is not married.

J. C. K., Amboy, N. J.—The limits of the different fighting weights are as follows:—Feather, up to 8st or 112lbs.; light, up to 9st. 7lbs. or 133lbs.; middle, up to 11st. or 154lbs.; heavy, all above 154lbs. 2. No brother.

CONSTANT READER, Omaha.—1. Before his inauguration Gen. Grant will have to resign his military position. 2. A having drawn three cards is compelled to take them, and discard three out of his hand.

LEO, Port Byron.—1. Make personal application to the stage manager during the day. 2. She is traveling with a dramatic company through the West. 3. Twelve lines will cost you $21 60.

S. H. V., Montreal, C. E.—The race should be run over, and, in case one of the men refuses to run, the stakes should be awarded to the man who is willing, unless they mutually agree to draw the money.

S. N. W.—1. There are several good female clog dancers. 2. Jennie Benham. 3. Helene Smith. 4. With the Carter Zouave Troupe. 5. To Mr. Cooke, ballad singer.

W. J. R., Elmira.—1. If you saw a first class performer, it is a good business. 2. There are not the best clog dancers in the business. From $30 to $60 a week.

C. H. HAMLIN, Bloomington.—1. There are no entries by that name in the "City Directory." 2. Yes, to both questions. 3. Yes. 4. Yes; Gunther, C. G. & Sons, 503 and 504 Broadway.

J. H. R., Cohoes, N. Y.—Bill Poole weighed 157 pounds, but we do not know whether that was his exact weight at the period you mention.

W. H. S., Washington, D. C.—Numerous times. Tom Parker beat Tom Britton, adjourned fight, May 8 h, 1838; Britton was arrested and bound over for twelve months.

INQUIRER, Pittsburgh.—1. For one insertion 45 cts. For 3 months, cash in advance, $4.50. 2. Joseph Proctor is still on the stage.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—As there was evidently a misunderstanding in regard to the terms of the bet, the money should be drawn.

ISAAC NICHOLS.—"A and B are playing a game of seven up. A turns up a four of spades, B begs and A runs and turns up Jack of same suit. Does that Jack count or not?".....Yes.

PHILADELPHIA.—1. Four aces beat a straight flush. 2. The District of Columbia does not belong to any State; it possesses an independent jurisdiction of its own.

READER, Harrisburg.—1. We know nothing of the gray colding Samaraca, and cannot tell you his best time. 2. Legal Tender's 1:44 is the fastest mile record in America.

ARRIE, Boston.—J. Payne Collier's notes and emendations to the text of Shakespeare, published by Redfield, at 110 and 112 Nassau street, this city, in 1853, is what you want.

M. D. C., Ohio.—Jane Lee never appeared on the stage since her marriage. She was an ordinary stock actress, and there are a great many on the stage whose style resembles hers.

READER, Salem, O.—1. You cannot obtain them anywhere. 2. Sayers fought sixteen times and was defeated but once—by Nat Langham.

F. P., Washington, D. C.—1. Write to the secretary of the club, care of this office. 2. There is no work published in this country upon the subject which we can recommend.

W. J. S.—Seventy-five yards, 9 seconds; two hundred and twenty yards, 28 seconds; quarter mile, 1 minute, 2 seconds; half mile, 2 minutes, 36 seconds. Thanks.

J. H. M., Philadelphia.—Two sixes and three trays count eighteen at cribbage, viz.:—ten by fifteens, six for pair royal and two for a pair.

CONSTANT READER.—On Dec. 8th, 1842, he was first exhibited in this city at Barnum's Museum. He is said to have been born in January, 1832.

N. Y. WORLD, Baltimore.—1. It will seat about 1,600 people. 2. Dan Rice is still living. 3. Lotta is the most profitable one. 4. Not again this season, as he goes to California shortly.

A. L., Portsmouth.—1. Morrissey and Heenan fought in 1858 not 1859. 2. Glad at ur never belonged to Mr. Ten Broeck. You are therefore wrong on both points.

C. E. M., St. Louis.—You having failed to make the three points you gave for the push, pass your score back to seven, for you cannot count the point you made with the ace.

A. M., Allegheny City, Pa.—Slocum for Seymour got 429,883 votes, and Roberts for Grant got 419,883, making the majority exactly 10,000.

DOWN EAST BOY.—1. We cannot give you the precise time; 2 hours and 26 minutes had elapsed at the close of the 100th round, and twenty more rounds were fought. 2. Poole.

CHARLES M., York, Eng.—Letter received. All's well. Will reply soon.

CURIOUS, Springfield.—1. Purchase a copy of Davidge's Footlight Flashes, from the American News Company, this city. 2. Morris is not married. 3. Mr. Nathan resides in this city.

"CLAY," Philadelphia.—The position is filled at present. Most of the teams in years of the 9th you will find in last week's paper, issued on the 8 h.

TRAVELER, Chicago.—Thanks for your offer, but we have correspondents in nearly all parts of the country, so that your kindly proffered services need not be taxed.

J. F., Philadelphia.—He cannot order it down on his partner's deal and then play it alone on the same trump as turned up.

ANTHONY, Lewiston.—1. They were the first to make a double clog a specialty. 2. We do not know whether he is married or not.

J. N. H., Pittsburgh.—1. In seven-up the non-dealer scores game in the event of a tie. 2. The player on the right of the dealer must cut he cards if you insist on it.

BILLY, the Kid.—1. Yes. 2. Don't know. 3. There are none. 4. At Tony Pastor's, in this city. 5. Hughy Dougherty.

GANDY, Syracuse, N. Y.—1. The Mutuals played the Nationals of Albany, last season. 2. The Nationals never defeated the Mutuals.

M. R., Jr., Troy, N. Y.—The rule says the ball must be held on the base before the striker reaches it.

NED, of Nashville.—The draught horse is stronger than the ox.

GREYHOUND, Rochester, N. Y.—Address Stephen Roberts, care of this office.

RED RIDING HOOD, Bordentown, N. J.—Will answer your questions next week.

JIMMY MCE., Winchester, Pa.—Accept the challenge already issued and post, and then it will savor of business.

SINGER AND SNUDER, Easton, Pa.—A having low goes out first, low counting before high game.

H. E.—We never read such a statement in any paper. It is absurd to suppose that such is the case.

ROBERT.—A strike each time, in a string of ten frames, twelve balls, counts 300.

JOHN COOK, Paw Paw, Mich.—As the official returns are the only figures to be governed by, J. M. won.

DON, Newburgh.—Bets have been decided in favor of those who went their pile on Seymour's majority.

COUNT, Charlestown, Mass.—1. It is a sequence. 2. The dealer's right hand man cuts, and he deals to the left.

MELVILLE GLEE CLUB, St. Louis.—1. Who do you refer to? 2. We cannot give the private address of actresses.

NEWARK.—At the last census it was 815,000, but now it is said to be over 1,000,000.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Plymouth.—Boston and Fashion ran their celebrated race on the Union Course, L. I., May 10th, 1842.

EDWARD, Cincinnati.—Your offer is duly appreciated, but we already have a correspondent in your city.

T. F. H.—Your local sketch is not up to our standard, and it is therefore respectfully declined.

I. W. S., St. Louis.—"In a game of euchre can I order my opponent up when I have not a trump in my hand?".....Yes.

HOMER.—B's hand is foul, and he has no claim to the pool, nor can he withdraw what he put in.

A SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—You cannot go alone on his make.

SMITHERS, Troy.—He is a clever performer, but certainly not the most expert in the business.

ROCKS, Baltimore.—He would probably have Matter Moss loaning him his umbrella.

A. B., Boston.—Care Arlington Hall, Chicago, is the way to address him.

FREDERICK WEMBS, Davenport, Ia.—For three months, cash in advance, $7.80.

L. AND B, Sag Harbor.—None but the eldest hand or age has the privilege of going blind; therefore C could not go blind.

G. H. P., Escanaba.—We cannot inform you whether he has any or not.

FRANK, Buffalo.—We never employ traveling agents in any capacity.

RICHARD, Wood's Run.—We believe she appears in Pittsburgh in a few weeks.

T. H., Chicago.—Barney Fisherly was born in Cork in 1823. He is a brother-in-law.

F. S. M.—We sent your letter to Mr. Harrison, who is with a dramatic company at Charleston, S. C.

HENRY G. THOMPSON, Baltimore, Md.—We have some back numbers of volume XV.

A SUBSCRIBER.—1. Frank Ambrose. 2. We cannot inform you.

A NEW HAT, St. Louis.—B will return A his money and pay for we hats himself if he is an honorable man.

PETROLEUM CENTRE.—We cannot give you the address of any manufacturer of air guns.

BILLY MCGRAW, Chicago, Ill.—1. Coburn, if there was any choice between them. 2. Three times.

GARRIGUE AND EVERHAM, Chicago.—For three months, cash in advance, $12 48.

N. C. F., Auburn.—Draft received all right. We calculate 18 weeks for three hundred.

FATTY, Baltimore.—1. Three Kings and two nines beat three Queens and two aces. 2. Of course it is foul.

C. H. C., Lockport.—If he is a performer of any consequence, articles are signed by manager and performer.

O. B. S., Allegheny City.—We have not heard of the lady for some time.

NAMELESS, Washington.—We cannot give you the information you seek.

SEVAN, Detroit.—"Humpty Dumpty" was first produced at the Olympic, in this city, March 30th, 1867.

D. D. D., Wood's Run.—He is traveling with a minstrel party bearing his name.

STEW.—Gertrude is said to be 19 years of age.

E. S. A., Crompton.—We do not know the lady.

ALPHA.—In raffles, three sixes beat three aces.

GEORGE DAWSON, Morris Run, Pa.—There are none for sale.

SHORTY.—The first Jack counted.

CHICKTO, Canandagua.—Your pedigree is all wrong.

WHITEMORE & CO., Detroit.—Cash received all right.

JAMES MCKAY.—A letter for you at this office.

G. T. A.—Ten thousand.

O. F. B. C., Pittsburgh.—We are already supplied.

M. C. C., Baltimore.—They are at present in Pittsburgh.

NASSAU, Brooklyn.—Drover was a pacer.

DICK.—Fifty dollars.

BROADWAY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY SINCE.

It seems but yesterday that our noblest of avenues, Broadway—now shrunken to quite a narrow thoroughfare, owing to the majestic height of the buildings and the increasing encroachments of business—was the favorite promenade of all the belles and beaux and all the notabilities of the town. Did a popular leader, or actor, or author desire to be seen, he must go upon Broadway. Did an editor desire to find material for his gossip or to aid for reflection, he must seek it on Broadway. Did a lover wish an interview with his mistress, it was thither he resorted. And did an injured party demand redress for real or fancied wrong, at the point of the cowhide, it was on the fashionable side of Broadway that he flourished it. People were then beginning to hear of one Stewart, who occupied a comparatively mean little place on Broadway, near Murray street. The Castle Garden, as a place of public amusement, was still in vogue, under the management, about that time, of French and Heiser, soon to be immortalized by the *debut* of Jenny Lind—flaring up into unusual brilliancy for that purpose like a candle on the point of going out forever. In those days, although not very remote, the idea of its degenerating into the common sewer of dirt and filthiness which it has since become, was never entertained. The Battery was still a favorite resort of young and old, although the begins upownward was commencing. Loungers used to refresh themselves by a plunge in Robinson's baths, alongside the bridge, and enjoy a subsequent hour over punch and cigars, in an arm chair, in front of Pete Bayard's, listening in the evenings to the "fairy-like music" of the band. About these days New York had a spell of cholera, and it was in the doorway of Robinson's that Billy Vache, the eccentric comedian of the Broadway Theatre, passed all of his time not devoted to rehearsals or acting, being actually *frightened* into the cholera, and dying of it at last. Stephen Whitney, General Morton, and several of our leading merchant princes, yet resided in the fine brick mansions now devoted to purposes of trade. The Old Washington Headquarters, considered one of the most symmetrical edifices in the city, was beginning to be looked after as a promising investment by prominent hotel keepers, and finally passed in to the hands of Wash Hartlett and his brother, from the Bowery. Many of the leading hotels were situate within a few blocks, the City Hotel still rearing its solid walls, with the Boston Francaise adjoining. Opposite was Guerin's famous confectionary, where one might get cakes that would melt in his mouth, and brandy that had not felt the deteriorating effect of excise laws. Scudder's was still the Museum at the corner of Ann and Park Row, of which the leading feature was Adrien, the magician, one of that good old school whom the Hellers and Houdins of our time so completely throw into the shade. Harrington was there with his Diaramas, and there, in the basement, was Peter Stelle's terrapin lunch, where aldermen resorted. Poole's Museum exhibited its stereotyped curiosities. Shades houses were frequented in Thames street, by Trinity Church and the alleys diverging. The consecration of the present fane (the third on that site), took place in the latter part of May, 1846, when all the eminent Episcopal divines (who were a peaceable set, with no ritualism to quarrel over) were present, and among the choir figured such names as those of Dr. Hodges (organist), Mrs. Loder, Mrs. Bostwick, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Musset (the present "Jeems Pipes"), Mr. Leach (now a leading vocalist of San Francisco), Mr. Kyle, Mr. Watson, Mr. George Loder—whom everybody knew, and, knowing, loved. George P. Morris, if we remember aright, wrote an "Ode," and on a certain summer's morning we first listened to the chimes just imported for the belfry. Columbia College and grounds closed the access from Park Place to Robinson street. The old Jail and Bridewell, which stood cheek-by-jowl with the City Hall, had but recently been demolished, and the day of the "old leather-heads" (helmeted policemen) was but latterly over. In Chambers street, near Broadway, was the office of the fashionable dentist, Dr. Burdell; near it, on the same street, was Palmo's brilliant *cafe*, where he builded his Opera House, which entered into Burton's Theatre, where that ecomed an made his first pecuniary success, and John Brougham flourished. (Dear, dear! how old we are getting, all of us!) The Park Theatre was jubilant in the presence of Fanny Kemble, Madame Augusta (the Countess St. James), and the Siguins and Mowers, with Sweet Mary Taylor in the *ballet;* and don't we remember how a whole house "came down" over her singing of "Fill the Cup with Rosy Wine?" Where all There was yet the old "Café des Milles Colonnes" of Pinteux, and opposite the City Hospital, District Attorney Wilding ("Little Bitters" the lawyers called him) owned some houses which at Hamblin's instigation he converted into the first Bowery Theatre, where Forrest and Madame Ponisi, and Wallack, and pretty Rose Telbin subsequently flourished. The French Opera Troupe, with Calve for prima donna and Gung'l for leader (think of Gungle!) was trying to electrify the *dilettanti*. Here was the Broadway Tabernacle, owned by Deacon Hyde of the *Journal of Commerce*, where Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps, Sivori, and Burke gave their concerts; and orations were frequently given. Contoit's Garden was yet popular. Above, adjoining Mitchell's Olympic, was Tattersall's horse mart, and above this little or nothing worthy of notice. Gazing upon the rows of magnificent structures which now line the sides of that compressus thoroughfare, and remembering what it was in times not long vanished, one can only raise his hands and eyes in astonishment and exclaim, "what a change!"

ANOTHER PIOUS SQUEAL.

The Young Men's Christian Union, even within their ornamental audience chambers in their palace on the Fifth avenue, are in a peck of trouble, should we deem authentic the published reports of the opinions expressed by the clerical guardians of that aristocratic *esterie*. The Union, which, by the way, boasts a very expensive and ultra-gorgeous method of advertising its existence, is at present in a state of exclitement at the discovery made by one of its missionaries, that a vast majority of New Yorkers are not in the habit of attending the regular temples dedicated to divine worship. And what's worse, suggested one of the luminaries, the common people of the metropolis have the habit of attending theatres, which he denounced, after the manner of habitual Pharisees, as a most expensive and useless amusement. To counteract the tendency of the popular preference, a philosophical exhorter urged the extension of the missionary system, so that the stray of the fold may be wooed back to the pure milk of the Mother Church, and this idea struck the congregated wisdom of the Union as perfection in sagacity. A political economist, when arguing rationally upon the force of moral principles, generally confines his demonstrations to the product of statistical investigation, but ministers of the gospel, we regret to say, do not believe in the adage that figures cannot lie; on the contrary, anything like a mathematical calculation rarely enters into their minds when fervently denouncing the existence of that which they are pleased to term an evil, whose presence is more apparent than real.

When a preacher holds forth against the prevalence of theatrical amusements and their extravagance as to pecuniary cost to the individual, he forgets that the entire sum annually expended by a community of a million of souls for dramatic and musical entertainments does not amount in the aggregate to the monies expended yearly for the religious specialties of Bible and tract printing, of city and foreign missions, of Christian Unions and other institutions wholly outside the true and legitimate province of a well regulated church establishment. Now, the monies in this wise expended are drawn, directly or indirectly, from the masses of our people, who, from the very nature of these clerical creations, can have no personal return for their investment. And again, beyond this consideration four-fifths of the monies, enormous as they will appear, when statistically investigated, are, in an economical point of view, actually wasted; that is, the government, national, State or local, derives little or no revenue from their collection and investment, while the establishments enjoy the immunities of citizenship with none of its onerous duties. Does the general government insist upon taxing the income of a missionary society, while the hand of the collector is placed upon the treasury of an insurance or banking company, even those for the savings of the poor?

But when we come to institute a comparison between the immense value of church property on this island and the prodigal salaries bestowed upon popular preachers, and the actual worth of real estate devoted to public entertainments, with an estimate as to the niggardly stipends doled out to actors, musicians and other performers, we will at once perceive that, were the expense divided *pro rata* between church goers and theatre goers relatively, the former expends, actually and absolutely, in one single year, an amount which the other cannot possibly contribute inside of ten, at the most liberal rate of patronage. And yet, were we, with this statistical evidence staring every man in the face, to insinuate that a poor man, or even one of the middling classes, should abstain from church attendance upon the score of economy and duty to his family, we should be held up as the wickedest of reprobates, willing to jeopardize man's souls for dollars and cents. Our clerical friends would undoubtedly arrive at this conclusion through a little sophomorical reasoning, based, however, upon false logic.

For an intelligent man to visit a theatre and there listen to the divine language of Shakespeare as enunciated and made manifest to his capacity by Forrest, Booth, or any other actor who has devoted years of study for the proper realization of his profession, must be regarded as an intellectual luxury which he is instructed to forego, as it is attendant with cost, but to resort habitually to a church edifice and therein listen to the expounding of the Scriptures by the Rev Henry Ward Beecher or some other learned divine is declared to be a moral duty, not to be neglected under penalty of jeopardising your eternal future, even if it cost, as it does, quadruple the expense of the other intellectual entertainment.

The average cost of pew rental alone, in this city, is at least one hundred and fifty dollars per family of church attendants, and, when to this sum are added the incidentals accompanying persistent worship, such as missionary contributions, donations, and a host of minor exactions, it augments with little exertion to double, say three hundred dollars annually, to attend a church, whose pastor boasts anything of a reputation. Now, although we can arrive at no very definite approximate on as to the extent of theatre-attending families, but presuming every theatre crowded to repletion, it can be estimated that the average of expenses annually incurred for theatrical and musical entertainments cannot exceed fifty dollars per family. Indeed, it would require a single individual to visit a theatre every night of performance the year round to reach the family average demanded to support church membership. We are aware that mathematical calculations oftentimes surprise an irreflective speculator on abstruse points, but facts are stubborn things and when properly arranged do much to dispel popular delusions.

But, says the Christian Unionist, there are free churches, cheap churches and open air missions, and still people will not attend even these economical contrivances, while they pay to go into theatres. And are we most decidedly, they do, when they receive the worth of their money, and say further, most decidedly they would not were such not the case, for musicals are obstinate and self-opinionated, and regarding, as most do, preaching as a branch of trade, they are willing to pay liberally for the quality of the commodity vended; in fact, the very term free is obnoxious to the personal pride of a sensitive man, who feels its application a disturbing mark of caste and an insult, aggravating the misfortune of poverty.

Any one who has watched the complexion of popular religious movements of late can detect that there exists a latent desire on the part of a portion of the religious community to revive a fruitless, but vexatious, agitation against the drama and collateral amusements. At the present moment it is apparently unsanctioned by the most luminous digni aries of ecclesiasticism; but if the turmoil be not suppressed at its inception these men will be cowed, through popular clamor, to lend their countenance to a crusade, which, however disconsonant it may be to their personal convictions, partakes of a character intimately allied to their calling, that is their bread and butter. We have already seen the Rev. Mr. Fox as fugleman to the advancing army, the pioneer of an obscure body who believe that when the cauldron of intolerance is well set a-boiling, they will ascend from the dregs at the bottom and shine for a while upon the surface of troubled waters.

In the event of the Puritanical spirit which, a few years back, obtained a temporary mastery over the sober thought of the community, being re-evoked, there can be no doubt as to the ultimate result of the controversy; still it is far preferable for all concerned, that no such agitation should be encouraged or suffered to be inaugurated, for the frenzy of weak-minded bigotry is contagious, although never permanent. To a mo y is within the province of imbecility, to recreate requires the work of time, and consequently the arm of assault should be paralyzed at the outset. A lunatic destroyed the Temple of Ephesus, the architectural marvel of the world, and how many wise men will suffer by a similar act of folly.

"MADE UP."

One hears a vast deal of twaddle on every side on the subject of made up men and women. A great part on of the ridiculous lewled against those whose only sin is in resisting the encroachments of age and doing what little they can to conceal its ravages, comes from people who are scarcely employing the self same artifices, and who fondly dream that they are successful in disguising the cheat. Not long since a well known charac er was in the daily habit of walking Broadway, whose glossy, jet black hair and upright bearing were the admiration of all beholders. But on a certain occasion he was observed, while standing in a group of idlers, to collapse and fall suddenly to the ground. "What was it?" asked a bystander; "vertigo?"; "Rupture?" asked another. "Blood vessel?" "No," replied the victim, faintly; "it was only my *stays!*" Our dandy had for a long time escaped detection by sneering at others, but his turn had come at last, and it was found that he was the most elaborately "made up" man in town. A lady found herself in an equally awkward dilemma, who had been in the habit of jeering at those of her sex who preferred the artificial bloom imparted by rouge to the fresh tints of nature, and whose own countenance was a model of transparency and health. But one fatal evening she made her appearance at a party with a face which, under the influence of heat, was rapidly changing from ruddy red to crimson, and finally to purple. A single glance at a mirror elicited a shriek, and caused her fainting upon a sofa. "A rush of blood to the head," "asphyxia," "apoplexy" ran through the crowd. "No, the wrong flask," she unconsciously murmured; and it was thought she had taken poison. So she had outwardly, for, in summoning her own face, as usual, she had got hold of the wrong chemicals, and before she had been an hour in the room, she was black as the ace of spades. The unfortunate had no more supposed her complexion to be artificial than that the swelling bust which acted as a breastwork to her charms was a network of springs and wires, even to the heart which so gently palpitated beneath her undulating bosom. If the practice of indulging in transformation were confined to those who feel that their charms are waning, the case might not be so bad, but, the worst of it is, the young and the comely are falling into the habit of indulging in this excess of decoration and display, the effect being usually the opposite of that intended. The matter of personal improvement is one that is accorded a wide latitude, and whatever may be said of the want of taste sometimes displayed, no one can deny that, exercised with judgment, he resort is fully justifiable, since it is merely putting in practice the idea of beautifying that by which we see most store and which is most worthy of preservation. Only, it must be admitted that there is such a thing as going too far in this, as in other matters, and that it is at least superfluous to gild the lily and adorn the rose.

SKATORIAL.

The world progresses, and not alone in what are known as the useful inventions. We have only to look at our sports and pastimes to see the old adage verified. The crude, half learned games of ball, full of contention and dispute, because not bound by strict rules, have given place to our precise, elegant national game, which, to witness, is as pleasurable as any other athletic exhibition. Farmers of twenty years ago would have pronounced a man crazy who would say that a horse could be made to trot his mile in less than 2:20. But it has been done for all that; and the remarkable speed of that day has become almost an ordinary gait for our thoroughbreds.

We daily refine as well as improve in our amusements, and probably no better example can be instanced of this than skating. We all know what skating was a dozen years ago or more. The very thought of it is enough to send a cold thrill through any but a genuine enthusiast. Bleak, open ponds, or long sweeps of river, with the winds blowing small hurricanes down the bed of the stream, and the banks looking "blue" in their cold crust of dry snow, a seat on the ice while fastening on your skates, with fingers benumbed and feeling thick as thumbs; wrenching your ankles out of joint in a vain endeavor to get the skates firmly on your feet; and just as you have the strap drawn up to the right point, finding the buckle-holes do not extend up so far and that you will have to spend a fraction of a life-time cutting new holes, with an excellent prospect of slashing your strap in two. You sit too long, and such a cold seat is apt to give one a cold in the head.

We still have our country skating; cold, open stretches of ice are still to be met with as in the days of the past. Cold seats are not entirely unknown, even in these days of progress. We saw a letter from a young lady in the country the other day, in which she complained of this identical thing, and also spoke sorrowfully of having no beaux to put on her skates. But then the skates themselves! One no longer has to ruin either his feet or his boots, thanks to improved style of skates. We clap them on with the rapidity and precision of machinery. The ungainly straps no longer give one's pedals the aspect of a convict in the penitentiary. Far from it; indeed, the bright silver and glistening steel form a thing of beauty which is a joy forever—as long as the ball is up for skating.

When we come to our cities we have more changes to note than in the mere skates themselves. What a revolution in society has the establishment of private ponds and rinks effected. It used to be a sight to make the astonished public stare to see a lady on skates. Now all of the dear creatures are more or less addicted to the crescent blades, and some of them task their sterner brethren pretty severely to equal them in skill and daring. Our resorts being lit up, they become fashionable places for fashionable folk, after supper. Our theatrical managerial friends can attest this, to their sorrow; for skating has a fascination that is sometimes stronger than the attraction of even a Booth or Jefferson. We have balls, masquerades, everything, even to base-ball matches, on the ice now-a-days; and we cannot imagine a more beautiful sight than a party in fantastic dresses, floating around on the glistening mirror of ice. Yes, skating is fascinating—but like most human pleasures, it has its drawbacks. There isn't much pleasure for an awkward fellow; he can't conceal his defects in grace or skill, and has to take with good humor the laughs raised at his expense. Then if a fellow falls, and something in the garment line gives way—it is terrible to think of! "Doesticks" once fell and burst his pantaloons; and, having a couple of ladies with him, had to pretend that both his legs were broken, and sent his "gals" for doctors. But that was off on a large pond. That wouldn't work in a rink. There would be too many about to pick the sufferer up, and expose the flimsy dodge—and himself too, probably.

ENCHANTED LAND.

A great majority of our fellow humans have at some period in their lives been swayed to a certain extent by the feeling which is poetically said to invest every object in nature with *couleur de rose*. There is an early stage in the existence of nearly every man and woman which appears to the inexperienced vision to be gilded with a perpetual sunlight, and has, therefore, been appropriately termed the morning of life. We know there are people, very useful in their way, who frown upon all such inclinings as not being practical in their tendency, but what would this world be worth if it were exclusively made up of "Gradgrinds?" Suppose there were none to wear costly clothing or jewels, to patronize amusements, to partake of the pleasures of field and turf, to drink good wines, or to give entertainments? What would become of us, and where would be all the princely mansions, the works of art and taste, the institutions of far-reaching benevolence and science, with which this goodseme city doth abound? Yes—where, even, would be the fine fat salaries of our favorite clergymen, and, consequently, where the clergymen themselves? Echo answers briskly—digging potato patches and doing work in other vineyards than those of the Lord; for your modern clergyman has a most human hankering after the leaves and fishes—the flesh pots of Egypt. We have seen specimens of the "marvelously proper" sort of young man, but the impression never strikes us favorably. They remind you of people who have grown old before their time—or, rather, who have never been young at all. It is on record (and we have known men of maturer years to admit it in their social moments), that many of our ablest divines and pillars of society were as wild as they make them, in their college days, and used to raise particular Sam with the cause of morals when a boat race was to come off or a spree was on the carpet, and we suppose the thing is going on yet, to the great scandal of the several localities. "I know, dad, it's very bad to be wicked, but there's lots of fun in it!" said a certain young scapegrace, when his paternal sponsor had subjected him to an overhauling. When the Old Ebenezer is in, all the ecclesiastical shovels in the world won't dyke him up, and the best thing to do is to let him out and give him fair scope; the more energetically he goes at it the sooner he'll tire—and that should be consolation enough for the wordly. Are there not man among the readers of this—people who take the world quietly enough now—who would gladly give all they have made for a genuine sensation? To take the field on a morning when all nature herself seems to have put on her most enticing garb to allure—when she wmks at you from account books and ledgers, and provokingly seems to say, "Come!" What a glorious the clover scented breeze that stirs the leaves and fills the swelling sail, leaving a crested ripple on the clear blue waters. What an exhilaration, not to say enchantment, in the sports of the turf, the balling ground, or the chase! What fascination in the billiard cue or the quiet game of chess—next to that, the game of *all* games—the "royal game!" Can't we all remember the delight with which, in the crowded theatre or circus, we first inhaled the smell of peanuts and orange peel, and how we should have resented any attempt at getting along without them? When pieces like the "Blood Red Knight," or "Timour the Tartar," thrilled us with ecstasy or made the hair stand on end—at which we now laugh, and wonder at our complaisance. When *bal d'* girls were angels and we made it a point to fall in love with 'em regular, as fast as they came be one us. We have had glimpses behind the scenes since then, and have variously "been there," but, although a slice of the old flavor still lingers, it lacks the "bead" which gave the old wine its flavor, and we are obliged to put up with "cabinet," and con ent ourselves with reminiscences of sparkling Moselle.

NARROW ESCAPE.—The other day, as a farmer was driving across a railroad track, his horse suddenly stopped, and refused to budge an inch. A train was rapidly approaching, and considerable excitement ensued. The train, however, was stopped within a few feet of the obstinate beast, and after a great deal of coaxing and whipping, the track was cleared. We cannot imagine what could have been the horse's motive for stopping in the way

THE RING.

OFF-HAND MILL

BETWEEN

DAN CARR AND PAT O'MEALY, NEAR NEW ORLEANS, LA.

79 ROUNDS IN 1 HOUR 45 MINUTES.

We published in our last week's issue a short paragraph in relation to the fight between Dan Carr and Pat O'Mealy, but from the subjoined detailed account, forwarded us by a correspondent in the Crescent City, it appears that the brief statement already given contained several inaccuracies:—

At eight o'clock upon the morning of the 27th ult. I dropped [in] at Dave Clark's hostelrie, and, noticing a gathering of the [fast]er sports of the city, made inquiries as to what had occasioned the demonstration, when I was informed confidentially [that] a little mill had been arranged, off-hand, between Carr and O'Mealy for a purse, and that it would take place that day not far away. A start was shortly afterward made for the spot agreed upon for the contest, which I found to be the "Oaks." The ring was erected without delay, and O'Mealy was the first to sail his chapeau over the hemp, followed speedily by his antagonist. The former is the taller of the twain, though not so muscular as Dan, and looked in fair trim. Carr is a short, thick-set man, apparently possessed of great strength, but he was fleshier than Patsy. Carr won the toss, and the men having taken their positions, Tom Barlow was chosen referee and John Duffey timekeeper. The men and their seconds then advanced and shook hands, and at ten minutes to ten o'clock time was called, and the principals placed themselves in attitude for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. After some very pretty sparring, O'Mealy landed one on Carr's ribs, who returned with a blow on Pat's left eye, cutting the lid, Carr dropping. As O'Mealy was carried to his corner it was observed that his face was bleeding. *First blood for Carr.*

2. Both went to work in earnest; the advantage in sparring seemed to be chiefly on the side of Carr, who got in several very telling blows on Pat's face, cutting his nose and left eye badly; it ended by Carr going down.

3. This was much the same; when the men were carried to their corners, O'Mealy's face looked very bad, his left eye being nearly closed, and he was bleeding profusely.

4. Some very good sparring was ended by a heavy blow from Carr, which caught Pat on the nose, knocking him clean off his feet.

5 to 7. The fighting was very heavy, Carr getting home on the sore eye and left side of the face, and Pat on the breast and left ribs; these rounds were generally ended by O'Mealy's being knocked down; occasionally he slipped down. Carr seemed to have it all his own way; Pat's face showed signs of terrible punishment and one eye was closed, while on Carr not a scratch was visible.

From this time to the 40th round the work was principally done by O'Mealy, who usually came up and after getting one or two on Carr's body, dropped to the ground, now and then receiving a good one from Carr on the mug. Patrick was evidently trying to tire out his opponent, but in this he did not seem to make much headway. The 41st round was well contested, O'Mealy getting in several on the body, and Carr returning them with interest on the face; they fought to the ropes, when Pat went down.

The balance of the fight was in very short rounds, one or the other going down after getting home a blow or two. About the 70th round some one suggested that the stake should be divided and the fight stopped; this was not agreed to by the parties interested, and Carr pushed the work, getting some heavy knocks on Pat's dial with his left. It was now apparent that O'Mealy, though he would not give up, was very much exhausted, and would be unable to continue the fight much longer. He, nevertheless, came up game every time. After 78 rounds had been fought, on coming to the scratch for the 79th, the seconds of Carr protested that O'Mealy had something in his hand, and, upon being called upon to open them, it was found he had something in his right hand wrapped in paper. This was decided foul, and Carr declared the winner, after having fought about an hour and twenty-five minutes. He then left the ring, looking about as fresh as when he entered it.

Too much cannot be said of the courage and endurance of both men, especially of O'Mealy, who, after being apparently beaten in the early part of the battle, bravely held on to the last, and many of his friends expressed confidence that he could still have won, and condemned his having attempted any foul practice. I afterwards saw Carr, who, smiling, told us he was all right, and thought he could have won the fight in fifteen minutes, but in the 7th or 8th round, in striking his antagonist, he dislocated the knuckles of his right hand, and in consequence was obliged to use his left only for the balance of the fight. The stake was a purse of $50, collected on the spot. Before commencing operations Carr offered to bet $50 that he would win, but it was not taken. The following card has since appeared in the New Orleans journals:—

MR. EDITOR:—I positively deny the statement in the local column of the *Times* in reference to the prize fight which took place last Sunday between Dan Carr and myself. We were merely fighting in order to find out who was the best man, and not for the sake of the money staked on the fight. I would certainly have won the fight, only my second placed a small piece of paper in my hand to keep it shut. It was only about the size of a five dollar bill—and on this ground there was a foul claimed in favor of Carr. I would also wish the public to know that it is false about my nose being split in three places and my left eye being knocked out. I am as well as ever, and will fight Daniel Carr for $500 a side within six weeks' time. Man and money at Michael Hyde's, No 49 Girod street. So put up or shut up.

Respectfully, PAT O'MEALY.

THE ALLEN-DAVIS MILL.

Arrest of Davis and Blake Upon a Charge of Assault.

MIKE McCOOLE BAILS THEM OUT.

CHARLEY GALLAGHER AND JIMMY ELLIOTT TO FIGHT IN THE SAME RING, PERHAPS.

On Tuesday of the current week the admirers of pugilism in the west will, in case nothing arises to cause a disappointment, be afforded an opportunity of gratifying their desire for a little fistic sport, as upon that date Tom Allen and Bill Davis have agreed to prove by ocular demonstration which can hit the hardest and endure the most punishment, within [illegible] miles of the Mound City, for a thousand dollars in green paper a side. The odds are largely in favor of Allen, whose superior skill is well known, while the experience he [illegible] beyond the seas, and the ability he exhibited in his [illegible] battles, cause it to be looked upon as a foregone [conclusion] in his favor, providing the fight is decided upon its merits. It is possible, however, that this opinion may prove erroneous, and this Davis and his more enthusiastic friends express confidence will prove to be the case. Much interest is manifested in the meeting by the sporting blades of the west, and large delegations from Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, Chicago, and other large cities, are expected at the ring side. The precise locale chosen for the engagement is not known, but it is expected that it will be [somewhere] upon the soil of the Sucker Commonwealth. [Allen] arrived in St. Louis on the 7th inst.; he looked well and [expressed] himself confident of pulling the affair off in thirty [illegible] upon which we hear some "monish" has been [illegible] the rival factions. We extract the following from the *Republican* of a recent date:—

"[The] fraternity in our city are decidedly agitated. [Davis, who] has been training for the fight with Allen, has got himself into a very serious difficulty. [It will] be remembered that a few days ago we alluded [to] some small embroglios which occurred at the house near [the Fair] Grounds, in which Davis and his trainer, 'Dublin [Tricks,' or] Bill Blake reside during their training operations. Within the past ten days or so the approaching fight has been the absorbing theme of conversation and the centre [of] small excitement among the "fancy" of St. Louis, [and] seems to be just now swollen by sundry additions [illegible]. The grand stipulation of the coming 'mill' [is, that if] either of the combatants fails to appear upon the ground at the appointed hour, the other shall be declared the victor and shall receive the stakes, and hence a great many parties who have backed Allen heavily would be very [pleased] to see Davis fail to come to time. Recently, not a few rather rough customers have visited Davis in his rural retreat, and seemed decidedly anxious to kick up a row generally. A somewhat fierce 'muss' occurred at the house some days ago, and Davis was slightly wounded, and the report was circulated that an attempt had been made to assassinate him. It seems possible that some such design may have been conceived, or at least of disabling him, but it resulted in only trivial consequences as far as inflicting [dis]ability. At the same time the attack was made, [or subsequent] thereto, a man named Ryan, who also visited the Fair Grounds, became involved in a row [with Davis] and his trainer, and received some shocking injuries [about the] face which place his life in jeopardy. We do [not know] exactly the circumstances of the fracas, but the [police of] the Fourth District arrested Bill Davis and his trainer, 'Dublin Tricks,' on the charge of assault with intent to kill. They were brought to the station of the Fourth District, and subsequently transferred to the Central Station, and their burly forms consigned to the shades of the calaboose. Here they remained until about ten o'clock [at night], when Mike McCoole bailed them both out. The [bail in] the case of Davis, we understand, was $2,000, and of 'Dublin Tricks' $1,000.'

On the 7th inst., they were bound over to answer the charge, but this will not interfere with the arrangements for the passage at arms to-morrow. It is reported that the desire mutually expressed for a second and decisive meeting has resulted in Charley Gallagher and Jimmy Elliott entering into an agreement to try conclusions again in the same, so that the occasion promises to be doubly interesting to the "coves wot love a mill."

THE ELLIOTT-GALLAGHER CONTROVERSY.

LETTER FROM ARTHUR GORE.

Below we give a communication from Arthur Gore in reference to the meeting on Peach Island between Charley Gallagher and Jimmy Elliott:—

DETROIT, Jan. 8th, 1869.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—SIR:—I see by your correspondence that a controversy as to the late fight between Elliott and Gallagher has been inaugurated, and in which my name has been intruded in a most objectionable manner, or rather in a way in which I consider entitled to reply. I am charged with being a principal on the one hand, and stultified as a "speaker" on the other, without the slightest shadow of truth in either. I confess to a patronage of manly sports, but that I patronized any for other than those manly qualities I deny emphatically. The "passage at arms" (if such it can be called) was one of the most disgraceful ever seen (and I speak from experience in view of such matters). On both sides there were several legitimate claims of "foul," and as to which it should be first awarded, I aim not to ensure, seeing that the plain and concise statement of Mr. J. Colbert has in my estimation covered the ground duly. As to any odium which Mr. Gallagher may attach to my connection with the event, I care not a straw. He makes a statement which is a direct falsehood, that I had made no investments on the result, the falsity of which I can prove in several instances, which only require application to substantiate, without intruding their names unnecessarily upon the public, as he has done. He has called me out, and if I tread upon his corns I am not to blame. As to the fight, my belief is, that according to the result a greater baby never put up a hand than he; when in the sixth round he received a stinger on his frontispiece, he cried peccavi and "wanted to go home," or rather, put on his shirt. Subsequent rounds prove that there was a glimmering of a feather not of a steady hue, on his part, and that the vicissitudes of his antagonist weakened his confidence. I was not a partisan—expected to see a fair fight and no favor—but having, on a former occasion (with Bill Davis), backed him to the extent of my ability and on this, to more than any other man outside of the ring, I naturally felt for him, and when that obnoxious condiment arose in his throat, kept him on his feet for several rounds after he had "quit." The letter he has written is as full of falsities as I believe him to be of want of courage. I admire a manly opponent, but, whether in the ring or out of it, despise the chicanery which cloaks itself behind bombast and mouthy expression. Let me say that I am neither friend nor backer of Elliott, nor are there any unpleasant relations between us that I am aware of. If the patronage of the ring, in its legitimate sense is wrong, then I am guilty, otherwise not. Throughout the whole fight I was his friend, and endeavored by all possible means to "shove" him to the scratch. As a proof of [this] I may mention that so strong was his affection for his flannel shirt, that it was with difficulty he could be restrained from wresting it from his backers. Had it not been for strategy it would have required a team of well fed elephants to take it from him, and he was only pushed to the centre at urgent solicitations. On the way home, had he been game, a handsome collection would have been made for him; but that a cur should receive patronage is outside the pale of ordinary usage, and not governed by accorded by patrons of the P. R. in its legitimate sense. As to the assertion that I had no money invested on the event, I have already stated that this is wilfully false. For his benefit I will repeat that I had more at stake than any other on the occasion, principals excepted. Had it not been for me there would never have been any additional investments, and I want no more to do with such principals as those who disgrace the annals of the prize ring, and who give way when they have the battle in hand. As to the assertions of personal safety, I am personally confident that no such occurrence ever took place. This is only a screen to help him to sympathy, and as the dunghill in spurs seeks refuge in flight, so does the defamer or our beseech sympathy in a tissue of false representations. ARTHUR GORE.

If Gallagher in his recent challenge means business, he can be accommodated on application to the undersigned, of this locality. He will be accommodated for the sum of $2,000, allowing $500 for expenses, to fight within 100 or 50 miles of Detroit.

ARTHUR GORE,
KERN McGINNIS.

THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN BUSSY AND McALPINE.

ABOUT THE REFEREE'S DECISION.

The decision rendered by the referee in the recent battle near the Garden City, between Fred Bussy and Tom McAlpine seems to have kicked up a terrible hullibaloo among the friends of the former, and a correspondent writes us as follows concerning the matter:—

FRANK QUEEN—DEAR SIR.—Please decide this matter in regard to the Bussy and McAlpine fight, and make it satisfactory to all parties concerned. The decision given by Dick Holliwood, referee of said fight, has gained for him but few friends and a host of enemies. In the 75th round Bussy responded promptly to time, McAlpine came up staggering. They clinched, and McAlpine dropped down on his knees, and while in that position Bussy struck a blow on McAlpine's right cheek with his left hand. Dick Holliwood decided the blow to be "foul," and accordingly rendered a decision in McAlpine's favor. The said decision, in consequence of the terrible punishment McAlpine received, has excited the indignation of Bussy's friends and backers, and public opinion seems to be against the Nonpareil. Now the friends of the referee and the backers of Bussy invoke your decision; whether by the amended rules of the Ring the said decision was fair, square and honorable. Dick feels chagrined to think that he has been wrongly accused.

In answer to the above question we will quote rule 15 of the New Rules of the Ring, by which it will be seen that the decision of Holliwood was correct, providing McAlpine made no attempt to strike when upon his knees. Read it:—

"That a blow struck when a man is thrown or down, shall be deemed foul. That a man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, shall be deemed down; and a blow given in either of these positions shall be considered foul, providing always that, when in such position, the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike."

ROOKE RESPONDS TO REARDON.—We received a visit from George Rooke on the morning of the 11th inst., he having arrived in the metropolis with his family on the previous day. He informed us that he has been prevented paying prompt attention to the challenge from Patsy Reardon, published two weeks ago, owing to a severe attack of sickness (from which he has not yet entirely recovered), and the fact that since he has been able to be about all his time has been occupied in setting up prior to removing to this city. He now states that he is perfectly willing to make a match with Reardon upon the terms proposed by the latter, and if his friends will second his desire with the necessary amount of "sugar," the match will be effected without difficulty, providing Patsey's friends will forward a deposit to show that he means what he said in the *defi* alluded to. Rooke contemplates taking up his residence permanently in this city, and as he is laying on his oars, which don't bring much grist to the mill, he is rather anxious for a job with somebody of his weight.

A PATIENT CARA SPOSA.—A woman living in Milwaukee has a sailor husband whom she has not seen for nineteen years, but receives letters from regularly. He is a hand on a Liverpool packet, making regular trips from New York and back. Every time he ships from the former port, he writes his wife that upon his arrival in New York next time he will certainly go home. The ship arrives, but no husband. Soon comes the inevitable letter with the same intelligence. He did intend to come, but was paid off, got intoxicated, spent his money, and came to his senses not only penniless, but shipped on board the packet again. He declares he will never be fooled again, and goes to work with the idea of gaining means to return home, and the next trip is a repetition of the old story. Meanwhile the wife toils on, and lives in hope that some day the truant husband will come back.

A SHEPARD'S EWE DESCRIBED.—Mr. Shepard, of Everton, Indiana, having had the misfortune to lose his wife by elopement, thus describes the fair runaway:—"She is five feet in height, rather heavy, having very dark hair and eyes, a short, concave nose, dark skin, a little black moustache, thick lips, no front teeth, all the teeth in her head decayed, and not much of them left except roots, round shoulders, subject to phthisic, a scar on her collar bone caused by a burn, one or two scars on her face and one crooked rib."

MARLEY AND OREM REDIVIVUS.—A copy of the Salt Lake *Reporter* of December 29th, now before us, renders it certain that Patsy Marley is still in the land of the living, as he therein publishes a challenge to either Con Orem or Jimmy Dwyer, for from $1,600 to $2,000 a side. In the following day's issue Orem replies to the challenge, proposing to make a match for as much money as the bold Patsy desires, or to match Dwyer against him for a century a side. To show that he meant it Con had planked a fifty dollar note as forfeit.

TIM COLLINS AMONG THE QUAKERS.—The above named recently imported and clever light weight, who created so favorable an impression in his set-to with Barney Aaron lately at the Broadway Opera House, is at present sojourning in Philadelphia, and is announced to take a benefit there on Thursday evening, 14th inst., when 'tis expected he will have a rousing house, as Abe Hicken will, it is understood, put on the mits with him for the wind-up. He makes his headquarters at Harry Monaghan's and has made many good friends during his stay.

WORMALD AND O'BALDWIN.—The day set apart for the trial of Joe Wormald and Ned O'Baldwin, for engaging in their brief game of fisticuffs at Lynfield, Mass, draws rapidly nigh, and soon the question of such vital import to them will be settled. Wormald is now at liberty, having been released on Wednesday, 30th ult., upon the required sureties being entered into by some of his admirers. Efforts have been made to procure the release of the giant also, but thus far without success.

DONNAVAN TO BOYNE OR BUSSY.—Our Indianapolis correspondent states that Mike Donnavan, of Chicago, is at present located at the former place, where he is the guest of Ed Dorney, at the "White House." He says that Mike is spoiling for a fight with Johnny Boyne of Peru, to fight at catch weight, in two weeks from signing, for $300 a side, and if Boyne don't see fit to accept, Donnavan will turn his attention to Fred Bussy.

MORE LEGISLATION.—It is stated that the authorities of Chicago will endeavor, at the present session of the State Legislature, to obtain the passage of an act, modelled after the Ohio law, with a design to suppress prize fighting within the limits of that commonwealth, with an additional proviso empowering the arrest of persons training for such encounters.

DEMENTED.—Count Chorinski, who was some time back condemned to imprisonment for life in Germany with his mistress and accomplice, the Baroness d'Ebergenyi, for poisoning his wife, has, after manifesting symptoms of mental alienation, as mentioned some time back, gone raving mad, and has to be confined with a strait jacket.

THE NONPAREIL NIPPED.—A correspondent informs us that Dick Holliwood was arrested upon a charge made by Fred Bussy recently, in Chicago, and was compelled to "retire" two days, thereby losing his exhibition after all arrangements had been made. Shabby, if true.

SAM COLLYER is expected in this city on Wednesday or Thursday of the current week. Perhaps something may be done in the way of a fresh match for the light weight championship when he arrives.

JACK HAMILTON, who trained Morrissey for his fight with Heenan, is at present keeping a drum in Windmill street, London, Eng.

NAT LANGHAM talks of shortly paying a visit to this country.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Fred Bussy and James Miles.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

Retirement of the Celebrated Racehorse Kentucky from the Turf.

HIS FUTURE DESTINY—HIS HISTORY, PEDIGREE AND RECORD OF PERFORMANCES.

The announcement of the positive withdrawal of the renowned racehorse Kentucky from the turf, and his retirement from that public arena which has been the scene of his brilliant and glorious triumphs, has caused a general feeling of regret among the racing community, whose idol he has been for several years past. The popularity he enjoyed was greater than either of his sire, Lexington, or his grandsire, Boston. His present owner, August Belmont, has withdrawn him positively from the turf, and his career in future will be confined to the breeding stud. In view of his final retirement from public life we give a description and record of this great horse's racing performances, from his first appearance on the turf as a two year old to his last great race, the memorable match against time on the Jerome Park Course.

Kentucky was bred by Mr. John M. Clay, of Ashland, Ky., and was foaled in 1861. He was by Lexington, dam Magnolia by imported Glencoe, out of Myrtle by Mameluke, the winner of the Epsom Derby in 1827, and second to Matilda for the Doncaster St. Leger in the same year. His pedigree is consequently unexceptionable on both sides, for his sire, Lexington, was the best son of Boston, who himself was the best son of Timoleon, the best son of Archy, the best son of Diomed, the winner of the first Epsom Derby. When a two year old, Mr. Clay brought him East along with another two year old, Arcola, by Lexington, dam Topaz, and it was at the Paterson, N. J., Fall meeting, Oct. 6th, 1863, that Kentucky was first stripped in public. The race was a sweepstakes purse of $300 for two year olds; $100 entrance, half forfeit; to carry 90 pounds, mile dash; and his opponents were J. S. Watson's bay filly, Minnie Miner, by Lexington, and J. Ackerman's chestnut colt, Eagle by Vandal, who has since distinguished himself as a hurdle racer. The magnificent, racing like appearance of Kentucky when saddled for this race, excited the greatest admiration of turf connoisseurs, and he was made a strong favorite, confirming the high opinion entertained of him by winning with great ease, in 1:49¾. An offer to purchase him was refused by Mr. Clay unless the buyer would also take his two year old stable companion, Arcola; the price of the pair being put at $7,000. Arcola had not started in public, having gone amiss after his arrival at Paterson, but Messrs. Travers and Osgood, the intending purchasers of Kentucky, on the recommendation of Mr. John Hunter, did not hesitate to give Mr. Clay the price demanded for the two, and they became their property, being transferred to Mr. Hunter's stable and racing management, and running subsequently in his name. How wonderfully fortunate the speculation of Messrs. Travers and Osgood turned out, is well known, for Arcola proved a real good horse, and the winner of a great number of races, while Kentucky himself, after winning for his owners nearly forty thousand dollars in stakes and purses, was sold for an equal amount when five years old.

Kentucky's next appearance in public was at the Paterson Spring Meeting, June 7th, 1864, in the Jersey Derby sweepstakes for three year olds, dash of a mile and a half. He was then notoriously amiss, and his trainer, Mr. A. J. Miner, protested strongly against his running, as he had pulled up dead lame in his exercise the previous day. His advice was disregarded, for his owners declared that as nothing was gained by keeping him in the stable (the entrance money being play or pay), he might as well start as not. Twelve horses came to the post for this race, the first Derby run in America, and among them was Norfolk, Kentucky's half brother, who had won two races just before at the St. Louis Spring Meeting, in splendid style, and had been sold by his breeder, Mr. Alexander, for the then unprecedented price of $15,001, which was ONE DOLLAR more than Mr. Alexander had given for his sire, Lexington. How Norfolk spread-eagled the field before they had run a mile, and won in the commonest of canters, in 2:40¾; and how Kentucky, unable to extend himself in his usual style, could only gain fourth place, and thus suffered his only defeat throughout his subsequent glorious career, is now a matter of history, and familiar to every turfman. The race, however, did Kentucky good, for, two days afterwards (June 9th), we find him starting for the Sequel Stakes for three year olds, a dash of two miles, and beating Mr. Morris' Eclipse bay filly (second), and Mr. J. S. Watson's ch f Relief, easily, in 4:02¾. This performance did not do much to retrieve his lost reputation, for, when we next find him brought out to run for the Travers Stakes for three year olds, at Saratoga (Aug. 2d, 1864), a dash of a mile and three quarters, the betting was $100 to $40 against him, Tipperary, who had run second to Norfolk in the Derby, being the favorite. Gilpatrick had the mount on Kentucky, whose opponents were Ringmaster, Tipperary, Patti and Mr. Morris' grey colt, by Eclipse, and, obeying instructions, Gil sent his horse along from the start, had them all safe before they had gone a mile, and won with considerable ease in 3:18¾; Tipperary being a bad second. Three days afterwards (August 24) at the same meeting, he started for and won the three years old sweepstakes of $100 each, half forfeit, with $500 added, dash of two miles, beating Tipperary (again second) Orion and the Eclipse grey colt. Time, 4:11¾. At the Patterson Fall Meeting, Sept. 13th, 1864, he started and won the Jersey St. Leger Sweepstakes, for three year olds, $50 entrance, play or pay, with $1,000 added, dash of two miles and a quarter beating easily Lexicon (second), Eclipse, b f, Charlotte F. and another. Time, 4:24¾. At the same meeting, two days afterwards, he won the Sequel Stakes, two mile dash, in 3:52¾, beating Lexicon and b f, by Knight of St. George. Same meeting, Sept. 17th, he was matched for $5,000 against Mr. J. S. Watson's four year old Aldebaran, by Commodore, dam Nannie Lewis, two mile heats; the latter carrying 104lbs and Kentucky 96lbs. This match created great interest among turfmen, for Kentucky was gradually winning his way into public favor by his successes, and had a powerful body of friends behind him, comprising many shrewd and experienced judges of racing. His opponent, Aldebaran, had proved himself a first-class horse at two mile heats, and he belonged to one of the most astute turfmen in the country. Kentucky was the favorite at $100 to $30, and he cut out the running at a strong pace from the tap of the drum, and although Aldebaran made a desperate struggle to pass him on the last half mile, he was unable to do so, and was beaten by a length in 3:47. The second heat was similar to the first, Kentucky winning it and the race in 3:40¾. This was his last appearance in public as a three year old.

In the spring of 1865 Kentucky came out at the Paterson meeting June 6th, and won the two mile heat purse of $600, beating his sole opponent, Captain Moore, with ease, in two straight heats, in 3:51; 4:02¾. The following day he won the $1,000 purse, three mile heats, in 5:59; 5:54, beating Fleetwing and Aldebaran. At the Saratoga summer meeting, Aug. 9th, he won the Saratoga Cup of $1,000, two miles and a quarter, beating Captain Moore and Rhinodyne with comparative ease in 4:01¾, the fastest time the race has been run in since its establishment. None daring to oppose him for the $1,000 purse, four mile dash, two days afterwards he walked over for it. He remained quiet until the Paterson fall meeting the same year, when he won the two mile heat purse of $500, beating Lord Monmouth and Oakland in 3:56; 3:44, without being extended; the day after walked over for the three mile purse of $400, and on the ensuing day beat Fleetwing in the three mile heat purse of $1,000 in 5:39¾, Fleetwing being drawn after the first heat. This finished his racing performances in 1865.

The ensuing spring, Kentucky, who was now trained under Mr. J. Hunter's personal superintendence, his old trainer, Mr. Miner, having been engaged by Mr. Francis Morris, came out and won the two mile heat purse of $600, beating Julius, Norwich and Baltimore in 3:56¾, 3:56, and the day after won the three mile heat purse of $500 at the Paterson meeting, June 6th and 7th, 1866, beating Nannie Butler (second) and Lady Dan Bryant; time, 6:04¾. The next day and same meeting, he won the purse of $1,000, three mile heats, beating Richmond, the Derby winner of the previous year, in two heats, in 5:44¾, 6:19¾. Although he won these races, the victories were achieved in such indifferent style, owing to the horse being so gross and high in condition, the consequence of a want of careful preparation, that his former owner and breeder, Mr. John McClay, who witnessed the races, expressed his surprise at the horse being able to run at all, so bad was his condition, and declared that a really good racehorse must undoubtedly have beaten him, had he met him in the form he was then in. The result was that Kentucky was at once despatched to Holmdell, to be trained along with Mr. Morris' string, by his old master, Mr. A. J. Miner, who thoroughly knew the horse's peculiar constitution, and the immense and unusual amount of work the horse absolutely required to get him into condition. In his hands, he improved vastly, and when he next came out to run for the Saratoga Cup, July 25 1866, he presented a widely different appearance to the horse, lusty as a bullock, that had labored home in front of Richmond, but unable to shake him off at Paterson, six weeks before. In the Cup, he had to meet Beacon, the five year old son of Lexington and Bay Leaf, who had won all his engagements in the South and had been brought North by Captain Moore, purposely to measure strength with the all conquering Kentucky, the boast and pride of the northern turf. Besides Beacon, Delaware and La Berinoca started, but virtually they were never in the race, which resolved itself into a match between Kentucky and Captain Moore's horse. Charles Littlefield, as usual, was on the former and made the running, while John Ford was on Beacon. The latter waited until entering on the last mile, when he moved up, and as they went along the far side of the course, his backers anxiously watched him in the expectancy of seeing Kentucky "come back" when fairly challenged. Ford called upon Beacon, and resolutely and determinedly struggled for the lead. But he was opposed to a horse of a far higher quality than he had ever encountered before, for despite every impulse that whipcord and steel could give, Beacon could not reach him, and found his every challenge stalled off with ease, although Kentucky was running easily and within himself, and never fully extended to his highest speed, and was beaten easily by half a dozen lengths; time of the race 4:04. At the same meeting, three days afterwards, Kentucky beat Julius and Leatherlungs for the $1,000 purse, four mile dash, in a common canter, in 7:31¾.

In the fall of this year (1866) the Jerome Park Course was opened under the auspices of the American Jockey Club, and its originator and founder, Leonard W. Jerome. The great race of the meeting, and that which was the principal source of attraction to the thousands who visited the course, was the Inauguration stakes, four mile heats, for which Kentucky, Asteroid and twenty-seven others were entered. Unfortunately Asteroid broke down two days before the race, so these two famous horses never met. The starters were Kentucky, Fleetwing, Onward and Idlewild, all horses of great renown and reputation on the turf. Kentucky of course was the popular idol, and the favorite at long odds against the field. Idlewild's day was gone, great a mare as she had once been, with her four mile time record of 7:26¾ still remained unequalled on the northern turf. Fleetwing was a good honest horse, able to stay the distance, but not able to live with Kentucky at the fearful pace the latter could carry him. Onward with his beautiful action and great speed, was not to be depended on, as his habit of bolting was well known. The race needs no long description. Kentucky won the first heat easily in 7:35, with Onward second and Idlewild distanced, and the second in 7:41¾, with Fleetwing a bad second. Four days afterwards, at the same meeting, he won the Great National Handicap, two miles and three-quarters, carrying the top weight, 5 years, 124 lbs., with Aldebaran, 6 years, 104 lbs., second; General Butler, 5 years, 160 lbs., third; Onward, 4 years, 104 lbs., and Luther, 4 years, 100 lbs; time, 5:04. This was Kentucky's last race as a five year old.

In the spring of the ensuing year Mr. Leonard W. Jerome purchased Kentucky of Messrs. Osgood and Travers for forty thousand dollars, and he left Mr. Miner's training care for the Jerome Park Home Stable and George Waldron's charge. He was now put to the stud, or a challenge from his owner offering to run him against any horse in America at any distance and for any amount, giving weight, met with no response. In the course of the summer Mr. Jerome matched him for $5,000 to run four miles, carrying 120 lbs., over the Jerome Park Course, in seven minutes twenty seconds; Mr. Hunter, who for long had had charge of Kentucky, backing "time." This was a far greater achievement than that of his celebrated sire Lexington, who ran four miles over the Metairie Course, New Orleans in 7:19¾, but he only carried on that occasion 103 lbs., or 7 lbs. less than his son was called upon to do in this performance. Besides Kentucky had been at the stud that season, and had to encounter the disadvantage which this enervating career necessarily entails upon the constitution and stamina. The result of this match is now a matter of history. Kentucky was far from being in condition for such a race; was most injudiciously managed in it and lost; running the four miles in 7:31¾. This was Kentucky's last appearance as a six year old.

Mr. Hunter seems never to have lost his passion for this peerless horse, for in the spring of 1868 he repurchased him of Mr. Jerome, for the all ged price of $35,000, on behalf of the Annieswood Stable; a racing confederacy consisting of himself, Mr. Belmont, and Kentucky's former part proprietor, Mr. W. Travers. They intended bringing him again on the turf, and he was entered for several engagements at the Jerome Park and Saratoga Meetings. Unfortunately he fell lame, the tendon of his near fore leg giving way, and although hopes were entertained that he would be able to stand the training preparation again, they were not realised. When the disruption of the Annieswood Stable took place last fall, the entire stock, including Kentucky, was put up at public auction. The interest to see the once mighty racer was great, but the competition for his possession was solely between Mr. Hunter and Mr. Belmont. Starting at $5,000, he rapidly advanced by $1,000 bids to $15,000, when Mr. Hunter seeing Mr. Belmont was determined to have him no matter the price, reluctantly yielded, and Mr. Belmont became his owner at the last named sum. His racing career, glorious as it has been, is now ended, for Mr. Belmont has put him to the stud, and he will in future stand at that gentleman's breeding establishment, "The Nursery," near Babylon, L. I., at $250 the season. He is in charge of the well known young and able trainer, Mr. Jacob Pincus, whose services are now retained by Mr. Belmont as trainer of his large and promising stable of thoroughbreds.

The Metairie, New Orleans, Spring Meeting.

The rapid revival of racing in the South, and especially at New Orleans, is most gratifying to all lovers of the turf, as affording a convincing proof of the increasing public prosperity of the Gulf States. At New Orleans the exertions, steady and persevering, of the staunch friends of the turf to revive the noble sport of horse racing and restore the waning glories of the once famed Metairie Course, are at last being rewarded with deserved success. The recent fall meeting was a brilliant one, and, encouraged by the past, the Metairie Jockey Club have announced their programme for their spring carnival, which commences on April 3d, and continues over six days. On the first day there is a sweepstakes for two year olds, dash of one mile, $500 entrance, $100 forfeit, and $500 added, a rare good stake rewarding the winner. Following this is the Metairie Stake, for all ages, two mile heats, $1,000 entrance, play or pay, with $1,000 added by the club, three or more to fill the stake. On the second day there is a hurdle race and a sweepstakes for three year olds mile heats, and on the third day a four mile dash, and a mile heat race, both open for horses of all ages. On the fourth day is a dash of two miles, and a sweepstakes for two year olds; on the fifth day a second hurdle race and a mile heat race, and on the sixth and last a dash of two miles and a three mile heat race. The amount of money donated by the Metairie Jockey Club to the purses and stakes is $6,700, a liberal sum, sufficient to attract the highest class of race horses in training to compete for them.

THE HORSE was the subject of a lecture given at the Cooper Institute on the evening of the 9th inst., by Prof. Hawkins. The lecturer illustrated his subject with numerous drawings on the blackboard, showing an intimate knowledge of the anatomy of the animal. The locomotive engine and the horse, he said, are similar in purpose, organization and power, the difference being simply that one is animate, and the other inanimate; but, if the engineer is added, the comparison is perfect. The expression in the face of the animal, he remarked, is very striking, and, with great deference to any artists who might be present, he wished to say that they sometimes represented the eye of the horse looking back while the ears were shooting forward, an expression the animal does not assume. Several species of the horse were described by Mr. Hawkins, such as the Shetland ponies, Cæsar's three toed horse, and the Cossack horse. The latter is a very ungainly creature when inactive, but when put to its mettle shows high spirit and capacity for great speed. The lecturer noticed all the points of a good horse, saying that unless the hindquarters are round and solid the good qualities of the fore legs and breast cannot make up the deficiency. One of Mr. Hawkins' observations was that the graceful curves in a horse correspond with those in woman, and he considered the form of these two creatures the most beautiful in nature.

RACING ON DITS.—Mr. A. J. Miner, who for the past three years has trained for Mr. Francis Morris, at Holmdell, N. J., will this season have the charge of Mr. John Hunter's stable of racers, and will train them for the coming campaign on the Centreville Course, L. I. Mr. William Brown, who was with Mr. Ten Broeck in England, will in future train for Mr. Morris. Eph Snediker has arrived at Mobile with Isaac Pennock's stable of thoroughbreds, and will train them on the Magnolia Course for the approaching campaign. The advantage of training in the south, where the work of preparation can go on uninterruptedly during the winter months, is very great, for such stables come north with their horses in much more forward condition than those which have remained here, and far better to run their early spring and summer engagements. The stable of Eph Snediker consists of James A. Conolly, Lizzie McDonald, a two year old by Lexington and two by Uncle Vic, and three yearlings. Capt. Moore's stable is also training at Mobile. Jacob Pincus has been engaged by Mr Belmont to train his stable of mares. Mr Charles Wheatley has been appointed secretary to the American Jockey Club *vice* Dr. L. Irving, resigned.

FRENCH EQUINES.—In his lecture on the breeding of the horse, delivered at Manchester, N. H., last week, Col. Lang, of North Vassalboro, Me., said that the finest gentlemen's horses he had ever seen were in France. There breeding is carried as near perfection as possible in this class as well as in the sporting horses, in which the French people seem to be much interested, and bid fair to beat the world.

A VALUABLE HORSE.—At the late Farmers' Convention at Manchester, N. H., Colonel T. S. Lang, of Vassalborough, Me., an extensive stock raiser and owner of the famous stallion General Knox, stated that his horse had netted him sixty thousand dollars, and increased the value of the horse stock of Maine many hundred thousands.

A LARGE PRICE FOR A HORSE.—We learn that Mr. George Fawcett, of Chicago, who formerly owned and sold Dexter to Mr. Bonner for $33,000, has recently refused the offer of $35,000 for his promising young and fast trotter, Bashaw, Jr., from Capt. Heaney, of Rochester, Minn. The price demanded is $45,000.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

Death of a Famous Horse.

Our latest English files announce the death of the celebrated horse Orlando, which took place at Hampton Court, on Thursday, Dec. 17th. He was foaled in 1841 and was by Touchstone, out of Vulture, by Langar. Orlando, then the property of Col. Peel, and at the time unnamed, made his first appearance on a race course at the Ascot Meeting of 1843, when he was beaten. He appeared again in public at the Newmarket July Meeting of the same year, when he easily beat the gray colt Boots and six others for the July Stakes, and following up his luck on the ensuing day, he gave a retainer filly of Lord Glasgow's three pounds in a £200 match on the T. Y. C., and disposed of her in a canter. During the meeting he was backed at twenty to one for some money to win the Derby. At Goodwood, a few weeks later, he carried off the Ham, a very rich stake that year, as there were no fewer than forty-six subscribers at 100 sovs. each. In this race he quite turned the table on his former conqueress, the Sultan Junior filly, who, although she finished second, was beaten easily. Immediately after the race, the winner, in allusion to the name of the stake in which he had just proved triumphant, was christened Sandwich. Later in the same week he cantered home in front of the afterwards notorious Leander and Strathspey for a sweepstake of 25 sovs each, and with the Goodwood meeting his two year old racing career was brought to a termination. In the week following on Goodwood Races of 1843 the name of the colt was altered from Sandwich to Orlando, and by the latter title he was afterwards known, and will always be remembered, few of the present generation of sportsmen being aware that he was ever otherwise described. He won several races of minor import in April, '44, and was seen no more in public until the memorable 22d of May, same year, when, with 20 to 1 against him he was beaten in a canter by three parts of a length for the Derby, Running Rein, against whom the odds were 10 to 1, winning with most consummate ease. Of the legal proceedings which immediately ensued, and the various phases of the famous Running Rein scandal, we have no space to tell; suffice it to say that to the delight of all true lovers of the turf, a conspiracy of the blackest kind was eventually laid bare, Running Rein disqualified, and Orlando, now for the first time famous, placed in the proud position of which he had been deprived under such singular circumstances. He came to the post for the Ascot Cup, June 11th, 1846, but any chance of his winning was destroyed by his falling lame, thus closing his turf career. He was then placed at the stud and his winners are a mighty host. He leaves from seventy to eighty brood mares behind him, with Trumpeter, Marsyas, Chevalier d'industrie, and other sires, so that the "speedy strain" of Vulture is not likely to perish out of the land.

BASE BALL.

THE NEWLY AMENDED RULES.

VALUABLE HINTS TO UMPIRES AND PLAYERS.

THE OFFICIAL INTERPRETATION OF THE RULES.

In accordance with our usual custom we present to our base ball readers a full review of the newly amended rules of the game for 1869, together with full explanations of their right meaning and application, prepared in the form of instructions to umpires and players. We intend to make the CLIPPER base ball columns the leading authority of the country, as usual, the coming season, and as the promise is that it will be one unprecedented in the exciting nature of the contests likely to take place—among which will be the decisive games for the CLIPPER GOLD BALL—we shall take special pains to give the fraternity the most reliable information on all subjects appertaining to the game it is in our power to collect. It is very desirable at this leisure season of the year to base ball players, that they should have the means presented to them of getting fully posted on the new rules of the game, and the new "points" they may develope, in readiness for the early opening of the campaign, for it is thought that the season, weather permitting, will open at least a month earlier than last year. But without further preface we proceed to comment in full on the revised rules of the game for 1869.

The same classification of the rules has been observed this year as prevailed last season, there being still seven rules of the game divided into thirty-seven sections, each of the seven rules governing some one or other special department of the game. We shall take up each rule in its order and give the official interpretation of it as applicable to the game for the season of 1869.

RULE FIRST.

This rule applies to the ball, bat and bases, but few changes having been made in the sections of this rule. The *ball* remains of the same size, viz., it cannot exceed *five and one quarter* ounces in weight, and *nine and one-half* inches in circumference. In regard to the responsibility of clubs in furnishing the ball for a match game, it is now required that in a series of games but two out of three, the challenging club is required to furnish the ball for the first and third games, and the challenged club for the second game. In single games the challenging club furnishes the ball.

The *bat* is to be made of wood *only*, all combinations in the form of whalebone—but not cane—metal, &c., being prohibited.

The *Bases* remain the same as last season, viz., the first, second and third must be canvas bags, and the home base a flat, even [illegible] all four bases to cover a space equal to one square foot of surface. The home base plate should be laid down with one corner pointing to the pitcher so as to give the greatest width for the pitcher to deliver the ball over the base. If laid square he has twelve inches to pitch over, but if laid diamond way he will have nearly sixteen inches of base to pitch over. The base bag is considered the base, and not the part to which it is or ought to be fastened; and, therefore though a base runner may have put his foot on the base post, unless he touches the base bag or plate, he can be given out. The pitcher's points—two flat, square plates of about six inches in diameter—are to be placed so that one side touches the line of the position, the remainder of the plates being inside the lines.

RULE SECOND.

This rule governs the Pitching Department, and several important changes have been made in the wording of the four sections of the rule. Firstly, the pitcher's position has been extended from a space four feet by six to a space six feet square, and the pitcher, in making his preliminary movements in delivering the ball, must stand within this space of six feet square. Within the lines of his position he can stand still or take a step, but he cannot step outside the lines after he has made any movement to deliver the ball or in taking his position to deliver it. An important change in the rule is that which requires the umpire to call all balls not pitched within the legitimate reach of the bat. Last season it was, in a measure, optional with the umpire to be very strict or very lenient in calling balls on pitchers. This year he has no option in the matter, inasmuch as the rules now not only expressly state what are unfair balls, but also state that the umpire must call them when ever they are delivered, provided the pitcher has been duly warned, as the rule requires. One warning for each striker is sufficient. To illustrate the rule we will suppose a case. For instance, the striker takes his position and the pitcher prepares to deliver the ball. The umpire first asks the batsman where he wants a ball, and he says "knee high." The umpire then tells the pitcher to deliver a knee high ball. But this is not considered as the warning to the pitcher referred to in the rule, but simply as the preliminary direction where to pitch "fairly for the striker." The pitcher's very first ball happens to touch the ground before reaching the home base, but no ball can be called, as the rule now expressly prohibits either balls or strikes being called on the first ball delivered; but it now becomes the duty of the umpire to warn the pitcher of the penalty he is liable to for delivering unfair balls, and this he does by calling out "ball to the bat," or "pitch to the bat," or some words to that effect, and after having done this he *must* call the next unfair ball delivered, that is the next ball out of the legitimate reach of the batsman; in fact, it is now legal for the umpire to give the striker his first base after *five* balls have been pitched; that is supposing that the five balls are all out of the legitimate reach of the bat, viz.: not touching the ground before reaching the base; or pitched beyond the reach of the bat; or over the batsman's head; or on the other side to that he bats on. All these are "unfair balls," and must be called whenever pitched, provided that the proper warning has been given. But the umpire still has some discretionary power left, and it is in judging of balls pitched "fairly for the striker." For instance, the pitcher may send in balls within the legitimate reach of the bat, and balls which cannot be called "unfair balls," and yet not deliver such balls as the striker expressly calls for, and it is in judging of this class of balls that the umpire is now left free to use his judgment. When, however, a batsman calls for a ball of a certain height but strikes at a higher or lower ball than the one called for, the umpire is empowered to disregard the call altogether, and only to call balls claimed as unfair by the rules. It will, therefore, be seen that the new rules relieve the umpire from much of the responsibility attached to the position last season. In taking bases on called balls only the striker is now allowed a base, except in cases where the third forces the other bases to be vacated. In regard to the application of the rules governing the movement of the pitcher in delivering the ball, the pitcher is now obliged to deliver the ball *with a straight arm* swinging perpendicular from the body like the pendulum of a clock. All other measurements in delivering are regarded as throwing the ball instead of pitching it, and whenever the ball is not pitched with a straight arm, the Umpire must call a balk. The pitcher, however, can place his arm behind him—as some do—preliminary to delivering the ball, but in making the forward swing to deliver, he must have his arm straight, and swing it forward straight or be counted balk. If he turns his wrist and lower arm outward, as in underhand throwing; or if he swings his arm out, as in round arm bowling; or if he bends his arm outward in any way, he makes a balk. The object of the amendment was to confine the movements of the pitcher to a legitimate pitch of the ball. There is no question of the fact that much of the delivery of last season, termed pitching, by courtesy, was simply a well disguised style of throwing. As high a degree of speed can be attained by a square pitch as by a regular throw, but not such accuracy of delivery, perhaps. But as speed has ceased to be considered the ultimatum of pitching, judgment in delivery, and a great command of the ball now being known as superior elements of success in the department, it is immaterial whether the new rule lessens or retards the speed of a pitcher, so long as it does not effect his powers of command of the ball.

The last amendment to this rule prohibits the calling of balls or strikes on the first ball delivered and, in fact, on all balls, until the pitcher or batsman has been duly warned; and neither can a ball or strike be called until the ball has passed the home base.

RULE THIRD.

This rule governs the batting department, and applies to the movements of the batsman. In the first place the batsman is now required, "when in the act of striking at the ball," to stand *astride* the line of the home base. Last season the words were "when about to strike the ball." The wording was found to be too indefinite, and hence the change. Now, the batsman, at the same time that he is required to stand astride the line of the home base when he strikes at the ball, is not cramped in his movements, for he can still take a step forward—but not backward—provided that in so doing he still strides the line of the base. Should he take a backward step, or not stand astride the line of the base, but either forward or backward of it when he strikes at the ball, the umpire is now required to call "foul strike," and when three such strikes have been called the batsman is out. No base can be run either on any such foul strike, but neither can a base runner be put out in running from or returning to a base on such a called strike.

An unfortunate amendment to this rule is that in which any player, failing to take his regular turn at the bat, unless for reason of illness or injury, or by consent of the captains of the contesting nines, to be given out.

The striker can be put out by any fair ball caught from the hands or person of a player before touching the ground, or by a foul ball similarly caught, after touching the ground but once; but no ball, fair or foul, caught from a tree, a fence, or house, or in fact any other object near the person of a player, even before touching the ground, can put a player out.

RULE FOURTH.

This rule refers to the running of the bases, the most important amendment to which is that prohibiting any base player from forcing a predecessor to vacate a base unless he is obliged to do so by the rules. That is, if a player be on the first base, and one on the second, and the latter seeing a chance to make his third base, tries to make it but finds it necessary to return, the other base runner in the meanwhile having reached his second, the rule now gives the second base to the player failing to reach the third, and obliges the player on the second to return to his first. In fact, a base runner is now entitled to return to the base he leaves—of course at the risk of being put out between bases—until he touches the next base; or, in other words, he cannot be forced off the base by the player preceding him, unless the latter himself is forced to vacate his base by the rules of the game. Another important change is that one prohibiting base runners from employing substitutes to run their bases for them, except in cases of actual illness or injury.

The section of this rule governing the scoring of runs made when two hands are out, which was so misinterpreted last season from the poor wording of the rule, now reads plainly enough. By the new section no runs can be scored by base runners who are running home, or who start to run home when the ball is struck after two hands are out, if the "striker" or the "player running the bases" is put out before reaching the first base. If he be put out after making his first base, the players running home can score their runs, provided, of course, that they get home before the third hand is out. The umpire should keep a close watch on the movements of base runners when two hands are out.

We defer further comment on the rules to another article.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

ATHLETICS, ATLANTICS AND MUTUALS.

The following interesting tabular statements of the play of the three leading clubs of the country, in their games with the same clubs, is from the pen of Mr. Frank Rivers, of Port Richmond S. I. Mr Rivers will be favorably remembered by our readers for his exhaustive record of the season's play of the Mutual Club published by us a week or two ago. In regard to the tables which follow, Mr. Rivers says:—

"Lately, out of curiosity to find which had made the best averages in the three leading clubs, viz: Athletic, Atlantic and Mutual, I prepared the following tables. I selected the clubs with which I compared these three, taking only those with which all three had played, thus giving the truest data, since all had a chance against similar clubs. You will notice I have reduced all the averages to decimals, which is the only true way, since in the first table Foran's average in runs is only 3 and 9 over, while Cuthbert's is 3 and 11 over; yet when reduced to decimals, Foran's is 3.692 and Cuthbert's only .647; thus inverting their rank. I would have liked to have added the union of Morrisania and Cincinnati clubs, but found it impossible—in the first case on account of the former club refusing to play the Athletics, and in the second because the Cincinnati Club has only played with 8 of these clubs, making 10 games in all, against 18, which would also compel me to throw out the Eckford Club. You will also notice that all the number ones—that is, the first strikers—stand high in averages, as in case of Pearce, whose average in outs is greater than those of Crane, Ferguson, Mills and McDonald, yet he has a better average in runs than either of them. In Charley Smith's case the difference is still greater, until in No. 9 you find a great martyr, *vide* Flanly. Don't you think it would be advisable to adopt Smith's (of the Union) plan, to always commence in a game with the person who succeeds the last one out in the previous game? Your influence would assist greatly in this.

The games selected are as follows:—

	Athletic.	*Opp.*	*Atlantic.*	*Opp.*	*Mutual.*	*Opp.*
Athletic	—	—	9	18	24	31
Athletic	—	—	13	37	25	10
Atlantic	18	9	—	—	11	11
Atlantic	37	13	—	—	25	22
Atlantic	—	—	—	—	28	17
Cincinnati	10	13	40	19	28	29
Cincinnati	15	12	31	12	—	—
Eckford	36	20	33	11	19	14
Eckford	—	—	14	2	12	18
Eckford	—	—	48	11	23	16
Eckford	—	—	14	18	—	—
Keystone	28	13	17	7	28	19
Keystone	47	22	—	—	—	—
Keystone	34	12	—	—	—	—
Mutual	51	24	13	11	—	—
Mutual	15	25	22	25	—	—
Mutual	—	—	17	28	—	—
National, of Albany	13	6	19	27	33	20
Olympic, of Philad'a	36	18	35	9	29	5
Olympic, of Philad'a	26	9	—	—	9	29
Olympic, of Philad'a	34	23	—	—	—	—
Olympic, of Philad'a	36	23	—	—	—	—
Olympic, of Philad'a	51	19	—	—	—	—
Olympic, of Wash.	55	27	55	12	25	14
Union, of Lans'gb'h	36	28	41	14	12	23
Union, of Lans'gb'h	—	—	16	13	32	10
Union, of Lans'gb'g	—	—	—	—	31	48

TOTAL RUNS SCORED.

Athletic (No. of games, 18), 556. Average to match, 30-16. No. of innings, 154. Average to innings, 3-94. Opponents, 311. Average to match, 17-5. Average to innings, 2-3.

Atlantic (No. of games, 17), 457. Average to match, 26-15. No. of innings, 153. Average to innings, 3-1. Opponents, 284. Average to match, 16-12. Average to innings, 1-132.

Mutual (No. of games, 17), 372. Average to match, 21-15. No. of innings, 147. Average to innings, 1-78. Opponents, 351. Average to match, 21-15. Average to innings, 2-67.

	Players.	Games.	Outs.	Average.	Decimal.	Runs.	Average.	Decimal.	Clean scores.	Blank score.	Highest runs.	Most outs in a match.
1	Fisler, 1st b	18	41	2-5	2 277	70	3-16	3 888	1	0	8	5
2	Start, 1st b	17	37	2-3	2.176	64	3-13	3.764	2	0	8	5
3	Foran, r f	13	28	2-2	2.153	48	3-9	3.69		0	5	4
4	Cuthbert, l f	17	42	2-8	2.470	62	3-11	3.647	0	0	7	5
5	Chapman, l f	17	45	2-11	2.647	61	3-10	3.588	0	1	8	4
6	Reach, 2d b	18	50	2-14	2.777	62	3-8	3.444	0	0	6	5
7	Radcliffe, c	17	48	2-14	2.823	58	3-7	3.411	1	0	5	6
8	Sensenderfer, c f	18	55	3-1	3.055	59	3-5	3.277	0	0	6	6
9	Pearce, s s	17	52	3-1	3.058	55	3-4	3.235	0	1	8	5
10	Crane, c f	17	46	2-12	2.705	54	3-3	3.176	2	1	8	[illegible]
11	C Hunt, c f	6	14	2-2	2.333	19	3-1	3.166	0	0	5	4
12	Mills, c	17	48	2-14	2.823	53	3-2	3.117	0	1	6	4
13	Smith, 3d b	12	44	3-8	3.666	37	3-1	3.083	0	2	8	7
14	McBride, p	16	46	2-14	2.875	48	3-	3	1	0	6	5
15	Ferguson, 2d b	17	51	3-	3	49	2-15	2.882	1	4	6	6
16	Berry, 3d b	18	60	3-6	3.333	50	2-14	2.777	0	1	7	5
17	Devyr, s s	17	43	2-9	2.529	46	2-12	2.705	1	3	7	6
18	Wilkins, s s	10	39	3-9	3.900	27	2-7	2.700	0	0	5	6
19	McMahon, l f	16	47	2-15	2.937	42	2-10	2.625	0	0	4	5
20	Dockney, r f	12	35	2-11	2.916	31	2-7	2.583	0	1	4	5
21	Flanly, 2d b	17	41	2-7	2.411	43	2-9	2.529	1	2	5	5
22	Swandell, 3d b	17	43	2-9	2.529	43	2-9	2.529	0	2	5	4
23	Mills, 1st b	4	10	2-2	2.500	10	2-2	2.500	0	0	3	3
24	McDonald, r f	15	45	3-0	3	36	2-6	2.400	0	2	7	6
25	Wolters, p	17	55	3-4	3.235	40	2-6	2.352	1	1	4	6
26	Jewett, c	10	34	3-4	3.400	21	2-1	2.100	0	1	5	6
27	Zettlein, p	17	66	3-15	3.882	29	1-12	1.705	0	5	6	6

Greatest number of runs in each innings.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	55	49	73	63	59	68	77	60	57—556
Opponents	38	34	36	30	23	42	35	32	36—311
Atlantic	41	61	35	53	39	64	46	77	40—457
Opponents	25	24	22	32	34	44	42	25	36—284
Mutual	38	35	49	54	42	52	45	24	33—372
Opponents	24	38	50	51	36	54	39	41	47—361

Number of blanks in each innings.

Athletic	4	6	1	2	4	1	3	3	1—25
Opponents	5	6	3	6	8	5	7	5	2—47
Atlantic	8	1	4	3	3	5	4	1	4—33
Opponents	6	7	8	7	6	4	4	8	5—55
Mutual	6	5	3	4	7	2	2	9	3—40
Opponents	9	3	2	5	5	3	9	3	4—43

Times double figures scored in each innings.

Athletic	0	1	1	2	0	1	2	2	2—11
Opponents	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Atlantic	1	2	0	0	1	1	1	2	1—9
Opponents	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Mutual	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	0—6
Opponents	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	3—5

Greatest run in each innings.

Athletic	7	11	11	14	6	14	12	0	5
Opponents	6	8	5	6	7	7	7	9	13
Atlantic	16	12	5	9	10	12	16	15	14
Opponents	7	5	4	6	7	14	9	7	7
Mutual	10	6	14	10	11	9	10	11	7
Opponents	7	6	7	9	5	16	8	10	15

CLUB AVERAGES.

WILLISTON CLUB, OF EAST HAMPTON, MASS

The Williston Club played five match games during the season of 1868, winning all. The clubs they defeated were the Woronocos of Westfield, Active, picked nine and muffin nine of East Hampton, and Union of West Hampton, scoring in all 277 to their opponents' 95; averaging 55 and 2 over to their opponents' 19 to a game. Their highest score in a game was 77, with the Active Club; their lowest 26, with the Woronocos. The highest and lowest of their opponents were 29 and 14. Their highest in a single innings was 29 to their opponents' 10. They were whitewashed 3 times to their opponents' 17. Below is the average of those who took part in the first nine games:—

Players.	Games.	Outs.	Average.	Runs.	Average.	Clean scores.	Blank scores.	Fly catches.	Flies missed.	Home runs.	Struck out.	Left on bases.	Foul catches total.
Sergeant, 2d b	5	9	1-4	35	7-3	0	0	8	1	1		4	1
Stuart, l f	5	12	2-2	31	6-1	0	0	9	7	2	0	7	10
Bannard, c f	5	19	3-4	27	6-2	0	0	5	3	0			0
Jackman, r f	3	12	4-0	16	5-1	0	0	1	1		0	3	0
Bude, c	5	17	-2	29	5-4	0	0					1	1
H. Blair, 1st b	5	17	3-2	27	5-2	0	1	10			0	3	0
Atwater, 3d b	3	2	0-2	7	7-2	0	1	0	1	0	0	3	0
Bunn, s s	4	12	3-0	26	6-2	0	0	1	1	2	0	2	8
W. Blair, c	3	9	3-0	20	6-2	0	0	8	4	2	0	0	14
Bunce, sub	3	4	1-1	21	7-0	1	0	2	2	0	1	4	2
Pratt, sub	2	7	3-1	10	5-0	0	0	2	1	0	0	1	0

FOREST CITY CLUB, OF ROCKFORD, ILL.

This Club, the champions of the northwest, have just passed through a most successful season. Of the 15 games played 4 were lost—all to eastern clubs. The close game they played with the Atlantics (29 to 31) will be remembered by our readers. The Forest Citys are held in high esteem by all who know them as being the most skillful amateur players in the country. In the 15 games played the Forest Citys scored 534 runs to 305 by their opponents, an average of 35 to a game and 9 over, against 20 and 5 over.

The following are the averages of those who took part in five games and over:—

Players.	Number Matches.	Outs.	Average.	Runs.	Average.	Struck Out.	Home Runs.	Clean Scores.	Blank Scores.	Left on Bases.	No. Times Led Score.	Fly Caught.	Average.	Fly Missed.	Average.	Fouls Caught.	Average.	General Errors.	Average.
Spalding, p	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Barnes, s s	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Addy, 2d b	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cone, 1st b	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Trumbull, r f	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Barker, c f	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Warham, l f	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Osborne, 3d b	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
King, c	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sawyer, 3d b	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Stires, c f	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

MUTUAL CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Mutual Club, held on Monday evening, Jan. 4, at 397 Hudson street, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—

President, John Wildey; Vice President, Robert Lindsey; Secretary, Alexander Davidson; Treasurer, Warren Davids.

Board of Directors—James Hayes, Archibald Fullerton and William McMahon.

Board of Trustees—Wm. M. Tweed, Thos. Coman, Thos. J Creamer, Michael Norton, Bernard Kenney, Daniel C. McSweeney and Peter Culkin.

Delegates to the State Convention—Aubrey C. Wilson and Anson B. Taylor.

A complimentary resolution was passed to Mr. Wm. McMahon for his efficiency as one of the directors of the club, and his great ability as a player.

THE EUREKA CLUB OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.—At a regular meeting of this social Club, held at their rooms, cor. Main and St. Paul sts., Thursday evening, January 7th, 1869, the following officers were elected for the year ending January 1, 1870:—President, Albert Moser; Vice Pres't., A. Brash; Recording Secretary, Fred. C. Lauer, Jr.; Corresponding Sec'y., Wm. P. Taylor; Treasurer, James F. Macauley; Teller, George Schleber.

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SKATING.

IN NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

There is very little to write about this week in the way of skating. Since our last the weather has been very mild, and there has been but one or two days of skating. A regular old fashioned January thaw set in early in the week, which lasted till the 10th inst., when the wind veered round to the northwest, and the thermometer dropped to the freezing point. On the 11th the ball was put up at the Central Park, but it will take another cold snap to put the Fifth avenue pond and rink in condition to receive its patrons. In Brooklyn the rink was open a day or two, as were also the open ponds, but they all suffered alike from the soft spell, and their doors were closed the most of the week. In Jersey City the rink was open on the 5th and 6th, the ice being only in tolerable condition. The Newark rink opened its doors on the 4th.

The Empire City Rink, in this city, which endeavored to inaugurate a new system of ventilation, and signally failed, has finally been compelled to adopt the patent process so long and successfully used by Hervey, Johnson & Co., the original rink builders in this country. The difference between the systems is quite marked. The Hervey & Johnson plan consists of freezing doors beneath the platforms, which allow a current of cool air to pass directly over the ice bed. The new system, which proved such a failure, was to keep the ice hard from ventilation at the top of the building. The change is now being effected, and when the rink again opens the skating public will be assured of good ice when the weather permits.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

We expected to be able this week to announce the day for the pulling off of this important event. As announced in our last, Frank Swift came to town on the 4th to meet Mead and name the day for the match. Swift was troubled with a lame ankle when he arrived, which he received in a scrub race at the Rochester rink. Owing to this fact and Mead's engagement in Philadelphia, which will commence some time this week, the prospect now is that it will be late this month before the affair can be brought to a successful conclusion.

Since the above was written, Swift has called upon us, and states that the match is definitely arranged for the 20th inst. The place has not been agreed upon yet, but it will probably come off at the Brooklyn rink.

CARNIVALS IN PREPARATION.

Several fancy dress carnivals are announced for this and next week in this city and Brooklyn. The first of the season will take place at the Third Avenue Rink on the 13th, when the managers announce a number of novelties. The Union Pond, Brooklyn, E. D., will be the scene of a grand carnival, the evening of the 16th having been set apart for that purpose. On the 18th the New York club will give the first of a series of fancy dress carnivals at the Fifth Avenue Pond. It is intended as a complimentary benefit to Mr. Hugh Mitchell, the proprietor of the pond. The carnival given by the club last season was the most successful affair of the kind ever gotten up in the metropolis, and if the one on Monday next is anything like it, those who attend will not regret it.

OUT OF TOWN GOSSIP.

The soft weather of the past week affected all the skating resorts throughout the country alike. There is a general complaint of a too muchness of a good thing, and the hope is generally expressed that the weather will change for the better soon.

THE NEW SKATING RINK at Twenty-first and Race streets, Philadelphia, was opened on the 6th inst., very injudiciously, we think. James Page, a splendid skater in by-gone days, made a speech on the occasion, which was listened to with marked attention by the assemblage, and the Magher Brothers were then introduced. The rink should not have been opened at that time, for it was nothing like ready, and will not be completed for some time to come. After being open for one night only, it was again closed until the place shall have reached a more forward state of completion. The evident desire to open in advance of the Chestnut Street Rink precipitated matters to the disadvantage of the gentlemen interested in the Race Street Rink.

The Chestnut street rink is all ready for its patrons, and only waiting for a favorable change in the weather to be thrown open. Manager Sinn has secured all the stars in the skatorial firmament, and will present new faces every week. He will open some time this week with Miss Bedell and Messrs. Mead, Howard and Bearman.

An eight mile race for $100 a side came off on Lake Scugog, Whitby, C. W., on Jan. 9th. The contestants were John Bentley and Morris Searles, and the distance was four miles and return. Searles was the favorite in betting circles, his friends laying $100 to $80 on him. An exciting race resulted, Searles winning by forty yards in 23 min. 9 sec., Bentley being two seconds behind. Messrs. Hilton and Groves were the judges, and W. P. Mole referee.

The first rink in this country was built in Chicago in 1865. The first one on this continent was opened in Canada in 1859. There are now about 25 in the United States.

A man in Brooklyn, named Charles Austin, received a severe fall while skating on "Darby's Patch" on the 2d, from the effects of which he died on the 6th.

Mansfield, O., is blessed with a rink, which was opened the other day with Joe Murch as the star.

Philadelphia claims the honor of having opened the first skating pond in this country, under the name of "Bushnell's North Broad st., Skating Park."

Another rink is to be built in Cleveland, Ohio.

At the Boston rink, one day last week, a most amusing and novel affair called a blindfold race was entered into by some thirty or forty boys. A ball was suspended from the roof and the object being to touch the ball, a grand scramble took place, some going in one direction and some in another. After a long search, which created much merriment, the race was concluded and the boys were again introduced to day light.

The champion one legged skater, Alex Helger, delighted the people of Providence last week.

Miss Addie Fogg, who is not a professional, is delighting the Hublites with her graceful evolutions.

Hicks Hayhurst, of Athletic notoriety, is the manager of the Harrison Park, Philadelphia.

A SKATING ACCIDENT occurred at New Market, N. J., on the 30th ult., by which a young lady, Miss Fanny Taylor, daughter of Charles Taylor, lost her life. It appears that a party of skaters were enjoying the sport upon the mill pond at New Market, and that Miss Taylor and Miss Ayers suddenly found themselves upon a part of the pond from which the ice had the day before been cut for an ice-house, and which was again frozen over, but which was not sufficiently strong to bear their weight, and they both broke through at a place where the water was from ten to fifteen feet in depth. Miss Ayers was immediately rescued, but Miss Taylor soon sank, and her body was not recovered until twenty minutes afterwards.

FATAL SKATING ACCIDENT.—Coroner Jones held an inquest on the 7th inst., over the body of Mr. Charles Austin, of 20 Pacific street, Brooklyn, who died on Wednesday of injuries sustained by a fall while skating on one of the low lot ponds in "Darby's Patch."

COCKING.

NEW YORK vs. PENNSYLVANIA.

A main of cocks between the above states was fought in the vicinity of this city on Friday evening, the 8th inst., which resulted in the victory of the Empire State representatives. The conditions of the main were to show fifteen cocks on each side, weighing from 4 lbs. to 5 lbs. 8 oz., and fight all that fell in weight for $25 each battle, and $300 the main. Nine couples fell in, and a well contested main was witnessed.

FIRST BATTLE.—As usual, the light weights, two four pounders, were first introduced, New York showing a ginger with white hackle and Pennsylvania a black red. The New York bird outfought the other from the start, and quickly killed him; the battle only lasting one minute and a half.

SECOND BATTLE.—This was between 5lbs 11oz birds, New York showing a spangle and Pennsylvania a black red. It was a puttling fight, both displaying great game, but at last the Pennsylvania bird was so badly cut up, that he attempted to run, and New York was declared the winner. Time, 12 minutes.

THIRD BATTLE.—New York brought out a dominick, and Pennsylvania a muff, both 4lbs 12oz. Betting was in favor of New York, but the [illegible] gallant and fast fighter and laid his opponent low in [illegible] seconds.

FOURTH BATTLE.—Both birds were the same weight as the last couple, a black red representing Pennsylvania, and a spangle New York. This was a terrific fight; both displayed the most undoubted game, and quick, rapid cutting. After a fight of forty-one minutes the Pennsylvania fowl laid the other dead at his feet. During its continuance the odds in betting varied alternately on one and then the other several times.

FIFTH BATTLE.—The score was now even, each side having won two fights. Still New York was the favorite in the betting, $20 to $14 being held on their winning the main. New York showed a spangled muff of the Censor strain, and Pennsylvania a black red, both weighing 5 lbs. 1 oz. Both were good, game fighters, but the New York fowl was the cleanest and best cutter, and he killed his opponent in one minute and [illegible] seconds, after a desperate fight.

SIXTH BATTLE.—New York showed a black muff, 4 lbs. [illegible], Pennsylvania a brass back, 3 lbs. 15 oz. The betting was 10 to [illegible] on New York, and although the brass back fought game he was outmatched by the quicker working of the muff, and [was killed] in eleven minutes.

SEVENTH BATTLE.—New York had now won four battles to Pennsylvania two. The latter produced a ginger red, 4 lbs. 5 oz., and New York a black muff, same weight, brother to the victor in the last fight. The ginger was made the favorite as soon as seen in the pit, and he killed the muff in quick time, the fight lasting seven minutes. The handler of the New York bird claimed the fight on the ground that the winner was over weight, and the referee on carefully scaling him was obliged to allow the claim and give the battle to New York. This decided the main in their favor.

EIGHTH BATTLE.—New York showed a black red and Pennsylvania a spangle, both 4 lbs 3 oz. This was an excellent battle, the spangle quickly cutting the New Yorker badly in head, throat and breast, and laying him out so apparently dead that ten to one was bet against him. Reviving suddenly he jumped up, and sent his gaffs through the neck of the spangle, killing him instantaneously. Time twenty-one minutes.

NINTH BATTLE.—The score stood six battles for New York and two for the Keystone State. The latter brought out a 4lb. 15oz. black red, and the former a ginger red, 4lb. 14oz. The Pennsylvania fowl was the favorite at ten to six, but the Empire State representative whipped him and made him run, winning the fight in nineteen and a half minutes. Summary:—

Battles.	*New York.*	*Pennsylvania.*	*Won by*
1	Ginger	Black Red	New York.
2	Spangle	Black Red	New York.
3	Dominick	Muff	Pennsylvania.
4	Spangle	Black Red	Pennsylvania.
5	Spangled Muff	Black Red	New York.
6	Black Muff	Brass Back	New York.
7	Black Muff	Ginger Red	New York.
8	Black Red	Spangle	New York.
9	Ginger Red	Black Red	New York.

NEW YORK vs. SYRACUSE.

One of the most exciting and best contested mains of the season came off at Syracuse on Thursday, the 7th inst., a [well] known New York fancier and handler representing the Empire city. The main was made to show fifteen cocks on each side, weighing from 4 pounds 2 ounces to 5 pounds 8 ounces, to fight all that fell in, for $100 a side each battle, and $500 the main. Thirteen birds on each side fell in and some idea may be formed of the splendid fighting and tremendous contests from the fact that although only fifteen minutes were allowed between each fight the main lasted from 9.15 p.m. until 7.30 next morning. The victory rested with the New York party, who won nine out of the thirteen battles fought. A second main of chickens was also arranged to come off, but the Syracuse party were so demoralized by the hollow defeat they had sustained, that they paid forfeit in the second main. We give a summary of the fighting:

Battles.	*New York.*	*Syracuse.*	*Weight.*	*Won by*
1	White	Black Red	5lb. 8oz.	Syracuse.
2	Gray Muff	Black Red	4lb. 3oz.	New York.
3	Black Red Muff	Black Red	5lb	New York.
4	Gray	Black Red	5lb 4oz	New York.
5	Black Red	Black Red	4lb 12oz	Syracuse.
6	Blue Red	Black Red	4lb 14oz	New York.
7	Blue Red	Black Red	5lb 1oz	Syracuse.
8	Gray Muff	Brass Back	4lb 11oz	New York.
9	Black Red	Black Red	4lb 5oz	New York.
10	Pile	Black Red	4lb 2oz	New York.
11	Black Red	Black Red	4lb 13oz	Syracuse.
12	Pile	Black Red	4lb 8oz	New York.
13	Black Red	Black Red	5lb	New York.

NORTH VS. SOUTH.—THE OLD DOMINION VS. THE [illegible] STATE.—This great main is proceeding most satisfactorily and will come off on Monday afternoon, the 18th inst., in a neighboring state. The parties met on Friday last, and deposited with the stakeholder the third instalment of the amount to be fought for, and the balance will be put up on the day of fighting. It is expected to be the most [illegible] event of the season.

Mahon OCT 10 '41

THE COQUETTE'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

He says that he loves—I don't doubt him;
He has sworn it full three times to-day—
But still I'm contented without him,
And miss him not when he's away;
Explain it—divine it—why is it?
While love in his heart makes sad moan,
Not a touch of the feeling exquisite
Is thrilling the chords of my own.

I'm in love! So they say—how deluded—
Poor creatures! In love, and with him;
Because in my bower secluded,
He yields to each varying whim.
I own it is pleasant to lis'en
To pleadings from morning till night,
To watch his eye sadden or glis'en—
But really to *love* him—not quite!

I'm weary of billing and cooing,
I'm weary of heart breaking sighs,
And all this nonsensical wooing,
And glances from speaking blue eyes;
But somehow there's luxury in it—
It grows on one day after day,
And, truth to tell, when you begin it,
'Tis repugnant to put it away!

Ah, me! how deceitful mankind is,
And womankind, too; but they say
When we deceive, what we first find is,
Our own hearts have flitted away.
Are you there? Well, come in, then; I see, dear,
You are not so bad, after all;
And in love I would much rather be, dear,
With you *than with no one at all!*

GAVESTON'S HEIR;
OR,
CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XLVI.
MR. HAWKES IS CHECKMATED.

Impatience was a small word to express the feeling with which Ralph Gaveston awaited his bride in the Beech Grove drawing-room. He was feverishly nervous, and dreaded that something—he scarce knew what—should occur to snatch his happiness and his fortune from his grasp. He kept reviewing his position as he stood there, striving to keep up an appearance of calmness to the clergyman and his future father-in-law, and it was a great relief when Sir John declared the appointed hour had arrived, and went up stairs to seek his daughter. She came, looking very modest and lovely, and took her place calmly, but blushing rosy red under her veil, and he stood beside her, white as ashes and trembling visibly. The family and Mrs. Gaveston grouped themselves around the temporary altar, and the service commenced.

The clergyman had just uttered the dreadful requisition, "I require and charge you both," &c., and the bridegroom's heart was beating almost to suffocation with the mingled thoughts and memories which the query called up, when there was heard a sound of scuffling feet and angry voices outside. The minister stopped, and Sir John Grantley went to see the cause of the untimely interruption; a group of servants were struggling with a man strange to him, but recognized by Ruth, who gave a frightened scream as Dan the Devil burst into the room, and caught Ralph Gaveston by the arm.

"The game's up!" he exclaimed, in a harsh, hurried whisper. "It's all blown; they're in the house! Bolt, I'll cover your escape."

Dan had had time to have warned his old associate if he could have gained access to him; but it had been denied him, as it had been to every one else, and he had literally fought his way through them to the drawing-room door, which was pointed out to him by one of the terrified female servants.

"The game's up!"

The words rang in the ears of him they were spoken to like a peal of thunder, and he gave a helpless, bewildered glance around the room. Only one—the instinct of self-preservation was strong, and he sprang to the door to meet the stern face of the man he deemed he had sent safely over the sea, Mr. Ord, Limping Jack and the two officers! There was no chance, he saw that in an instant, and he stood still, with a wicked smile playing about his lips.

"At last!" those nearest to him heard him say in a low tone, while Hawkes, advancing quietly, put his hand upon his shoulder, and said:—

"Alfred Bennett, you are my prisoner."

In an instant all was confusion; every tongue spoke at once, but the squire never spoke nor moved.

"What is this?" exclaimed Sir John Grantley; "are you mad, man? This is Mr. Gaveston!"

"I know what I am about," he replied; "get the ladies away, if you please—explanations will come by-and-bye. I can only assure you, now, that I am neither exceeding my duty, nor acting under any false impression. Indeed, I am speaking the truth, my dear young lady," he added, speaking to Ruth, who was clinging to the man he had called by a new name, and looking at him with terrified eyes. "Let your mother take you out of this room; it's no place for ladies now."

"Do you bid me go?" she asked, looking up into the white, statue-like face of the man who in a quarter of an hour would have been her husband. "If you bid me leave you, I will, but say this is all a mistake, a blunder, before sending me away; you can do that—you will, will you not?"

No, he could not. She read it in his working, agonized face, that not all his hard self control could steady, and her head drooped and her loosening arms fell to her side. She did not faint, nor scream, nor add to the pain and terror of the scene by any feminine display; she shivered as her father took her in his arms and half led and half carried her away. At the door he consigned her to her mother and Mrs. Gaveston, who both showed far more terror and anxiety than the bride thus strangely widowed. People afterwards were not slow to say Ruth Grantley had no feeling, that she bore the shock of that terrible time without much suffering; but those who knew her well, and saw her afterwards, knew that the look of horror which came into her mild eyes in that hour never left them till they closed forever on this world and its sorrows, and that from that night silver threads gleamed thick and white in the brown hair which lay in shining masses on her fair forehead. Outside, in the corridor, the ladies were met by Mrs. Bartley, with Mattie Brock at her side. It was no time for ceremony, and they had crept up stairs to see if they could fulfill their design and speak to Ruth.

"Oh, Jessie, what is all this?" Mrs. Gaveston said in terror. "Why did you not tell me if you knew anything?"

"Oh, mistress dear, I wish I had," she replied. "God knows I bid my tongue for the best; I didn't know when the wedding was to tell this morning, or I'd have spoken, but I was racked with doubts and fears I didn't know the truth, nor my own mind."

"But Jessie, dear," the lady said, as Lady Grantley passed out with her maid, supporting Ruth, "that man called him by another name—called him 'Alfred Bennet;' I can't understand it—can you?"

"Oh, yes, only too well. It's true that's his name, don't you see? it is our Mr. Ralph that lies buried out in the forest yonder, and this man——"

"But the likeness the——"

"Mr. Ord will tell you, ma'am—may be I've no right to speak—it's an awful thing; 'the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children,' the Bible says, and it's true—its true."

Mrs. Gaveston wondered at what she thought her wild words, but, alas, she understood them all too soon. She followed Lady Grantley and Ruth, but the former put her out, and asked to be left alone with her child for a little.

"The very name is hateful to them now," she thought bitterly, and returned to the drawing room, resisting all their entreaties that she would retire from a scene so painful.

"I can bear to hear all there is to be told now," she said, and seated herself in a corner, out of sight of Ralph's white face, which was never once turned towards her. Since the moment when the men had entered the room he had stood perfectly still, attempting no resistance, and denying nothing.

Sir John was fussy and indignant, protesting and storming all in a breath; but Hawkes made no comment, he only waited for the tempest of words to wear itself out.

"Have you nothing to say, Gaveston?" he asked at length. "Here's a fellow comes and arrests you in another man's name for—by Jove, sir, you haven't said what for yet."

"I have arrested Alfred Bennett on two charges of murder," replied the detective, quietly; "one of conspiring to defraud and injure this gentleman, Mr. Kennedy; one of arson; and, lastly, of assuming the place and appropriating the property of Ralph Gaveston, deceased. There's a good deal for the law to take hold of, you see."

Sir John put his hand to his head with a bewildered look.

"Ralph Gaveston, deceased," he said. "Alfred Bennett! I cannot understand. Will any one explain?"

"Since no one seems inclined, I will," said the prisoner, speaking for the first time since the arrest. "Our official friend, here—assisted a great deal by the chapter of accidents, fate, kismet, or whatever you like to call the destiny that shapes our ends—and not a little by the treachery of yonder limping hound, whom I paid liberally to hold his tongue——"

"And tried to burn him alive afterwards," said Hawkes. "Don't forget that, Mr. Bennett."

He took no notice of the interruption, but went on—

"Has found out the secret which I deemed lay buried safe in the woods across the sea. I am Alfred Bennett, bosom friend of the heir of Gordon Gaveston; you must not lament him, for I assure you he would not have filled the place of lord of the manor like your humble servant."

There was something fiendish in the aspect of his handsome face as he stood there among them with folded arms, coolly confessing such horrible crimes, and they all shrank back a pace or two.

"I did not mean to wrong you, Sir John Grantley," he said, turning to the baronet, who had sunk into a chair, with his head buried in his hands; "but for this untoward revelation I would have made a good husband to Ruth."

"A man must be a widower before he can marry," said Hawkes, shortly; "your wife is——"

"Dead!" said the prisoner, shortly.

"No, down stairs; you see it is checkmate."

"The game is played out, indeed," he said, with a sneer. "Shall I make a clean breast of it and tell you all my sins and iniquities? If Ralph Gaveston hadn't been such a babbling fool I should never have dreamed of taking his place in the world, but he blabbed to me of his father and mother, his brothers, and all his family affairs, till I was *au fait* in everything. I think you will own that I have not passed myself off as a Gaveston badly, though, indeed, I have as much right to the name as he had—ah! I see Mr. Ord hits the truth," for the old lawyer had turned deathly pale and trembled violently.

"You have all heard, at least those who are old enough, of Mildred Bennett, the forsaken mistress of Ralph Gaveston's father; I am her son and his, and, at any rate, I have avenged my mother's wrong. As to what has happened since I took my new name and place in the world, I must not talk of that; it will be public property soon. My pretty niece, who, by the way, was never so dutiful as she should have been to her affectionate uncle, will inherit an estate improved, and not deteriorated; and you, madam, will once more reign at Gaveston Hall, its mistress."

Mrs. Gaveston shrank from him in shuddering horror as he turned towards her with the evil smile on his face.

"How could I be so duped?" she said, bitterly.

"We were all duped," said Sir John. "Oh, my poor child; what can restore her happiness? Murder and bigamy. Heaven help us! Why has such a curse come upon us?"

"Not bigamy quite, Sir John," Hawkes said, "though we had a narrow miss of being too late. This gentleman laid his plans well. Now, sir, if you please, I'm sorry to do it, but in murder cases it is necessary you know."

The apology was called forth by the production of the law's last degradation—a pair of bright handcuffs—which the officer was proceeding to fasten on, when the prisoner stopped him.

"Stay," he said. "Will you not permit me to make some alteration in my dress—a dress coat and white satin waistcoat, with white tie and patent leather boots, is hardly the costume for a prison, and I should like to be allowed a change of li en. You need not lose sight of me, gentlemen; you may even hold my arm, if you will, I have no intention of running away, I can assure you."

After a minute or two's deliberation Hawkes consented, and the officers left the room with their prisoner, his own man attending him to the dressing room where he had so lately attired his master for his wedding. He was far more affected and put out than the man who had just owned to such a fearful career of crime. He was as perfectly cool as though the two men were mere chance visitors, instead of his gaolers.

"I suppose you came prepared *for a scene or a row*," he said, as he coolly took off his coat, and handed it to his valet, and proceeded to divest himself of his necktie.

"Well, no; we knew our man must be pretty cool," Hawkes replied. "It's always the best in the end; but folks get a-giving way to agitation and their feelings, and don't think of it. I felt sure you'd come quietly when you knew the game was up."

"Ah, much obliged for your good opinion, I'm sure; no, not that tie, John, the black one—thank you."

He arranged the bow of the fashionable morsel of silk as carefully as though he were making his toilet for a morning stroll along Pall Mall, and Hawkes could not help watching him admiringly.

"What a plucky one he his!" he said to himself, for the hands did not tremble, nor the eyes falter one bit. Suddenly he sprang forward with a shout, but he was too late; the white hand, with its flashing diamond ring, had gone up to the head, carrying something that gleamed in the gaslight; there was a loud crash, a blinding flash, a crashing fall, and Mr. Hawkes's great case had slipped through his fingers for ever, after all.

CHAPTER XLVII.
AT REST.

The startling event which forever closed the case, upon which Hawkes had bestowed so much care and pains, was so awfully sudden, so totally unlooked for, that for a moment the three men who witnessed it were stricken dumb. A moment before he had stood in their midst, apparently no more concerned by his sudden arrest than the meanest servant of the Beech Grove household—and now he lay dying at their feet, his blood spattering the glittering ornaments of the table before which he had so lately made his last earthly toilet. He had so completely disarmed suspicion by his calm, unmoved manner, that they never dreamed of such a denouement as this to the wicked drama of his life, and they were paralyzed. Ere they could raise him from the ground, the whole household were thronging up stairs; the sharp, ringing report of the little weapon he had used had penetrated the terrified stillness which succeeded his arrest, and sent them all, in terrible certainty of what had happened, to the chamber door, first of all, Ruth in her floating bridal dress, with wild horror in her soft, brown eyes.

"Keep her out—take the ladies away," said Hawkes, and Sir John vainly tried to force his daughter back.

"I will go in," she said, in a quiet, firm tone. "If these men had been half an hour later I should have been his wife, and this place is mine by right."

They did not stop her now; she could do neither good nor harm to him by her presence, and she went resolutely to his side, evincing no fear of the dread presence of death.

"I will be very quiet," she said; "but I was to have been his wife, remember that."

A hand touched her shoulder as she spoke, and, looking up, she saw Mary Dale standing beside her.

"I am his wife," she said, pitifully, as though afraid of being driven away.

A spasm passed over Ruth's face, and without a word she resigned her place to the pale creature who seemed to have sprung up like a pale spirit in their midst.

"Let her stay," she said to her father; "she has the greater right."

There was no insanity in the white face now; the shock of what had happened seemed to have restored in some degree her wandering mind, and, though she took no notice of those around her, it was clear she perfectly understood everything. She took the dying man's head upon her arm, and sat there, cold and still, waiting for the doctor to arrive. They sent in all speed for the nearest medical man, though not the combined skill of all the medical men in the world could call Ralph Gaveston back to the light and life of the world again. Ere the messenger was outside the park gates the brief suspense was over, and the two women whom he had so wronged, and who had so loved him, had seen him die. Sir John carried his daughter away, and kind hands led the poor wife—a widow now—down stairs, where she was given into the charge of Mrs. Bartley and Mattie, who took her back to the Gaveston Arms, attended by George Dale, who, in the midst of all the horror of the night, could not help feeling a ray of joy when he thought of his recovered treasure, and how he would nurse her back to life and happiness again.

Hawkes was furious in his secret heart, though he preserved a decorous exterior; but before the officers left the house Sir John sent for them, and promised that they should be no losers by the untoward ending of the affair which their patience and skill had so nearly completed. There were plenty of proofs, even if the confession made by the dead man before he went up to that fatal toilet had been withheld. Mr. Kennedy, Limping Jack and Dan the Devil could all swear that he was not Ralph Gaveston, though it seemed only too clear that he had a right to the name little suspected by any one. To try and hush up the miserable affair was impossible, and Beech Grove and Gaveston Hall, and each and every one connected in any way therewith, became objects of such prying curiosity that Sir John and Lady Grantley, with Ruth, fairly took flight, and went to spend the winter in Italy, where for many months the poor girl's life was despaired of.

But Ruth did not die; she rallied, to live for many a long year at Beech Grove, beloved by all who knew her, doing good to every one, till her name was to the people round about as that of an angel, but never smiling or thinking of love or marriage more.

Mrs. Gaveston and Alice, the mistress of the Hall now, went away too, for a time, till the dread recollection of that interrupted wedding had somewhat died out. Dan the Devil was not prosecuted; Mr. Kennedy let him go, and there was no one else who had any claim upon him. He was admonished to go out of the country, and did, ridding England of his presence, and disappearing, no one knew where, amidst the roving ne'er-do-weels of the Australian diggings.

There is not much more to relate of this eventful history. Many years have passed away since Ralph Gaveston finished his career of crime by taking his own life, and the green trees round the old Hall shadow the footsteps of a new master and mistress The mistress is pretty Alice Gaveston, a matron now, with "toddling wee things" nestling on her knee, or following her footsteps as she moves about her old home; and the master is Mr. Kennedy, or Kennedy-Gaveston, as he is called now, for when he married the heiress he took the old name. The acquaintance begun in such sorrow soon ripened into love, and about two years after her accession to the property, Alice gave her hand where she had already given her heart, and became his wife. The match caused a great deal of surprise, for he was a good deal older than his bride, and his tall daughter looks like her stepmother's sister; but they are very happy, and love is blind to many incongruities.

George Dale and his wife are in America. It was many months before he could feel sure that she would ever recover sufficiently to be married again; and even now he has the painful certainty that she will never be strong. But she is his own—all his—and his whole life is one long dream of making her happy.

Mrs. Bartley is dead; Mr. Ord, too, rests under the green turf in the old Warwick churchyard; but they both had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the remains of the true Ralph Gaveston laid in the family vault before they died. George Dale undertook the task of having them sent to England; it was Alice's wish, and no expense was spared in doing it. A sincere mourner at that grave was Mattie Brock, whose tears fell fast for the man who had been her life's salvation.

Mattie is in the service of the Gavestons once more; she is married now, and keeps the lodge gate on the Warwick Road. It is quite a treat to see her clean, smiling face, as she curtseys to the mistress or her guests, and to peep into the comfortable, clean home she keeps for her husband, who, with his quiet manner, intelligent face and improved health, we can hardly recognise as the Limping Jack who carried George Dale's trunk, or rose from the bottom of the Atlantic to help in bringing to light the gigantic fraud which changed Alfred Bennett into Ralph Gaveston.

THE END.

LOVE AND DUTY.
A PLAGIARISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY SEE-SEE.

I.

'Twas a lovely, placid daybreak, about noon of a summer day, while stern winter asserted his sway in vengeful blasts. Huge, heavy clouds rolled across the heavens, and the lightnings crashed, and naught could be heard but the flashing of the thunders. In the midst of this halcyon scene the silvery midnight moon smiled down through the branches of the impenetrable trees, as she always does on such occasions.

A youthful old maid sat on the stump of a green forest monarch, beside the quivering waves of the slumbering river. Her beauty was of the cadaverous kind, and spoke volumes too deep for utterance—

"Bury her deep," (Quotation).

She was listening with an air of the deepest consternation to the mystic pleadings of the youth beside her, whose voice would have been of the flute order if it were not for his cold. His patches would not have been revealed to the jeerings of a heartless world had he been old enough to wear tail coats. Apollo might have envied our hero, for who knows what a god might not do?

Sorrow and mullen stalks cast their shades upon the antique children. Her lovely grey eyes filled with tears of tearing anguish. He, too, felt blubberish. At last he spoke and his tones were quiet and full of mournful dignity, like the yowl of a broken backed bull dog.

"Diluted essence of honeysuckles," began the young man, in a freezing roar, "do you dare to doubt my adoration for thee? I worship the werry sky beneath thy pure feet. Doubt that the dorg loves his mutton, but don't, don't doubt me! Beware!" he continued in his most plaintive whispers, "Be mine, adorable critter, or I die! By heaven! I swear I love thee well! To come down a little, by h—"

"Johon," she murmured hoarsely, "Es kann nicht be. Me feyther!" And her voice seemed tinctured with cow bells and other sweet essences, like the dying song of the youthful pollywog.

"Oh, canst thou sit in thy cold majesty like a frozen sausage," he yelled, "and see mine aching heart smashed to flinders, from a sense of juty? See!" he murmured, as he dashed a drop from the extremity of his agitated *nes*, "even dumb nature weeps for thy cruelty to me! Mercy, or I bust with anguish!"

"Johon," she calmly screamed, "thou knowest that I love thee. Thou art aware that thy kisses are the only nourishment that passes these lips. My heart clings to thee like a bean to its pole. Were I but free, even thy unpaid tailor would not be with thee more! But, alars! The picket fence of juty hedges me in, and the cruel spikes of a parient's command may not be surmounted."

And she snivelled thoughtfully.

"One last embrace," she muttered, vengefully, after a lapse of seven years, "and we part forever."

"O, bid me *nicht gegangen!*" he howled, as he clasped her to his buzzum. "I'll not go! Four and twenty locomotions shall not tear us asunder. I tell thee the thought frensies me. I'm mad! I'm mad! I could fearlessly face a rheumatic bedbug! I could tear up the earth by the roots! I could eat red hot pokers. I feel bad!"

And, laughing hysterically, they both fell dead.

II.

Again it is evening; and again the noon-tide sun seems smiling serenely on the scene of utter desolation. For we now hie away to the cot in the valley of love. It is a dark, gloomy, dismal, damp, ghostly old castle, just finished, of the green and unhewn monarchs of the forest.

The maiden sat beside a well laden table, containing two plates, some pan cakes, and a little acerbated milk. She gazed upon them proudly, though with marked humility.

"These viands are for my husband—my Johon," she yelled. "Why do he not come?"

Then she heard something.

"'Tis he," she continued, in the same tragic whisper. "But no! That is not his voice; it must be the calf, bleating for its mamma."

But it was he, and he entered upon the mysterious scene. Then he saw the tempting feast arranged for him, and he fondly grumbled.

"Slapjacks again! You know I don't like 'em. Was it for this I built for thee this palace by the Lake of Como? For this I—I—was it—say?"

"I wish I'd staid at home with pa!" she returned. "You won't give me any money to go to market, and yet you're not satisfied with a moderate competency!"

"Never mind, dear one," he shouted, "Don't grumble; be cheerful, like me. Let us be all in all to each other, and live above sordid thoughts of grub. We'll sail down life's amber stream together.

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

So saying, he invoked a blessing upon her, and stabbed her to the heart. He gazed around contentedly for a moment; then he discharged a no de can into his own head. Then, only pausing a moment to fire the superb mansion, he lay down to pleasant dreams. THE END.

WHAT SAYS THE SEA?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

What says the sea, the murmuring sea,
In its sad monotone?
Does it bring from the absent a message to me,
As I weep here alone?
One word of forgiveness,
To me all alone?

By thy side, as we walked, mourning sea,
In the rashness of youth,
Were those terribly cruel words spoken by me,
So wanting in truth.
Will he ever again
Believe in my truth?

Night's sable curtain is shrouding the earth,
But the gloom in my heart,
As my steps turn again to my desolate hearth,
Will it ever depart?
This ceaseless regret,
Can it ever depart?

O, sea, thou restless, murmuring sea,
Still that sad monotone!
Bring, in pity, some message to me,
As I weep here alone.
One word of forgiveness
To me, all alone. C. C.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 38.—In the "Spirit" World.

Possibly no journal, during its existence, ever exercised a more decided influence upon the class whose interests it was designed to advocate, than the old *Spirit of the Times*. At the period of its being commenced there was scattered over the country a very large and wealthy class of gentlemen passionately devoted to field sports, and many turfmen pecuniarily interested in the raising of stock, particularly blood horses and it was a happy idea to combine a purely literary journal with a chronicle of the turf. The project of a gentleman's newspaper had been more than mooted, and partially carried into effect by Cadwallader Colden, a man of talent and reputation, with an unlimited racing experience. Mr. Colden, however, with all his knowledge, was singularly unfortunate in his turf speculation, so much so that it passed into an adage that every horse he backed was sure to be beaten. Consequently his publication, although able, failed to be regarded as authoritive and of weight as to sporting matters, while as a literary work it could not compete with the *Albion*, the *Constellation* and others of that class.

This "Chronicle of the Turf, the Stage and of Field Sports," as its imprint truthfully and succintly expressed its character, was started into existence by a gentleman named Chas. J. B. Fisher, the brother to the famous actress, Clara Fisher, who, after conducting it a while, disposed of his interest to assume editorial charge of a paper in Georgia, in which State he subsequently deceased. It then passed into the hands of the brothers Porter, the chief of whom, W. T. Porter, will be long remembered by our elder citizens as the most popular member of the American press, more familiarly known as the Tall Son of York, on account of his altitude, he standing six feet four inches in his stocking feet. Originally a compositor, accident threw William into the editorial chair, but once there he labored most strenuously to render himself worthy of his position. He called around him well educated contributors and collected together probably the best library of sporting literature ever in this country, a library of infinite value in establishing the pedigrees of our racing cracks, nine-tenths of whom were from imported stock Having in a degree mastered the history of the turf, Mr. Porter cultivated his descriptive powers, traveling from race course to race course, reporting their transactions in so graphic a style as to infuse an interest in a style of literature heretofore regarded merely as a branch of statistics. I am speaking of Porter in his palmier days, for towards the end he had lost all of his characteristic application and energy. Mr. Porter was of agreeable person, very genial in his manners and of a kindly disposition, which endeared him to every one he encountered. These good qualities laid the basis of his reputation and prosperity, and amply compensated for any lack of erudition upon matters not immediately connected with field sports.

To the kindly disposition of William T. Porter, Horace Greeley is indebted for his start in life; indeed, the very first editorial written by that distinguished editor appeared in the columns of Mr. Porter's paper, in the office of which Horace worked at the case. When Greeley first arrived in the city, with his trunk, after the manner of the Hon. Dick Dowlas, suspended at the end of a stick, he sought for employment, but, as his personal appearance was decidedly against any opinion of his competency, he was refused, until he came to an office wherein Porter officiated as foreman. The benevolent tendency of William's disposition, aided by the fact that they came from the same State—New Hampshire—could not refuse the strolling printer's petition for labor, so, not having much confidence in his *protege's* ability, he set him to work on "Roy's Hebrew Lexicon." In the evening, when the proofs were drawn, Porter was pleased to find that Greeley had proven himself an excellent compositor, and from that time forth he never wanted a situation when in Mr. Porter's power to bestow one.

William T. Porter was materially assisted in his editorial labors by his two brothers, who, unlike him, had been educated to the learned professions. Dr. Porter, a fine, portly man, with a cast of countenance remarkably resembling that of Martin Van Buren, had graduated with distinction at one of the medical colleges, but deserted the practice of medicine, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer, from a sensitive reluctance to witness any of his fellow creatures suffering pain. Assuming the pen for his support, the Doctor was partner with Nat. Willis in the *Corsair*, one of the numerous newspapers then in vogue which relied almost wholly upon culling from the English periodicals for their contents. However, the Doctor, through his industry and ability, infused a deal of original matter into the paper, until, upon the departure of Willis for Europe, where he got into a row with Capt. Marryatt, the novelist, and accepted a challenge to fight a duel, which never came off, the circulation of the *Corsair* fell off to such a degree as to render its incorporation with the *Albion* a matter of necessity. Subsequently the Doctor accepted a position as teacher in Coudert's Academy, which he maintained to the hour of his death. A polished, urbane and patrician-like gentleman, few persons knowing the Doctor failed to respect and esteem him, as he was the idol of youth placed beneath his supervision.

It was mainly to the enterprise and energy of Mr. George Porter that the journal soon obtained a decided position. Educated to the bar, and during the few years of his practice regarded as among the most promising members of the profession, he was induced by his brother to assist him in his literary enterprise. This George did with a hearty good will, sparing neither severe labor or toil to run ahead of his contemporaries—not a very difficult task in those days of old fogy journalism, had he possessed our present facilities, but a herculean task for a single individual when it took three full days to make a journey from the Camden course to this city. In 1842, when the paper fell into other hands, in consequence of William T. Porter's bankruptcy, George went to New Orleans and attached himself to the *Picayune*, then commencing to make itself felt among its contemporaries. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war, George followed the army with his usual enthusiasm and alacrity. His graphic and vivid descriptions of the war scenes, his delineations of Mexican life, and, above all, the accuracy and brilliancy of his correspondence, gave an impetus to the *Picayune*, placing it at the head of the popular press of the Crescent City.

For many years *The Spirit* flourished amazingly, notwithstanding its subscription price was placed at ten dollars, which was partially compensated for by the presentation annually of one or more steel engravings, copies of which are occasionally to be met with in sporting houses. Its circulation extended from the Canadian wilderness to the remote regions of the southwest, while its contributors embraced hundreds of gentlemen, especially southern planters of leisure, who beguiled their spare hours by writing. So universal was its reputation and so thorough the demand for it, that Mr. Porter himself, during a southern tour, was perfectly astonished at the celebrity he had unwittingly acquired. At one point on the Mississippi—a wood station—he found an individual who had rode twenty miles to intercept the steamer in the hope of obtaining a chance copy of the paper.

But it was particularly with turfmen and breeders that it obtained favor, for at that period the raising of blood stock formed, as it were, a profession with the more wealthy gentlemen of this ilk and the planters of the south, and the organ of such a class of men teemed with articles touching their avocation, which put to the blush the most elaborate productions of British pens; for heretofore we had relied wholly upon the London sporting magazines for information as to the turf.

About the period of the annual races the office presented a most animated appearance; for then there congregated a mass of turfmen, of trainers and of jockeys, who had arrived with their stables, oftentimes from New Orleans and other long distances. The spring and fall meetings of the Jockey Club over the Union Course were marked incidents in our civic existence, while upon occasions of great matches, such as those of Boston and Fashion, and of Fashion and Peytona, popular excitement could scarcely be restrained within decorous bounds. The races were regarded as holidays, to such a degree tolerated by public opinion, that I have known an important case adjourned by a learned judge upon the ground that one of the counsel, J. Prescott Hall, was necessarily absent at the races, he being President of the Jockey Club. Consequently during this period of turf commotion the office was thronged, especially as its location in Barclay street, directly opposite the Astor House, afforded the strangers an easy means of discovering its whereabouts.

The person whose arrival created the most sensation was Col. Johnson, of Virginia, commonly designated the "Napoleon of the Turf," a remarkable old gentleman, with a shrewd, cunning smile on his countenance, whose most peculiar trait was retention of his opinions, if any he had, strictly within himself. He particularly prided himself upon his head of hair, which, iron grey, stiff and luxuriant, stood up after the manner of Andrew Jackson's. The original of a portrait of this turf patriarch, painted by Inman, graced the sanctum, while very excellent portraits of his and other famous horses, executed by a southern artist named Troye, decidedly the best animal painter America has produced, hung around the office walls. Colonel Johnson was said to have been the most successful man on the turf; but personally, from his penurious habits, he was decidedly unpopular. His last appearance among us, I believe, was at the Boston race, at which, in common with the southerners, he lost heavily, Fashion being an unknown nag, while Boston's trial time had exceeded that of any previous horse. The unexpected triumph of the northern crack reduced many of the southern turfmen almost to a condition of penury, and several disposed of a part of their stables to cover the expense of the unfortunate northern campaign. Add to this disaster a belief that negro property was insecure in this region, in consequence of the augmenting anti-slavery sentiment, and we have satisfactory reasons for the diminished attendance of southern stables which followed the Fashion race, and were only revived momentarily after the Peytona contest. Neither should the fears of the slave-owning turf men be underestimated, for I have seen more than one stable contesting at the north, all hands connected with it, from trainer down to groom and jockey, being negro slaves. Indeed, for attachment to the animals and fidelity to their owners, they were often times preferred to hired white attendants. Generally, in company with Johnson, came a Mr. Long, of Washington, who, with some associates, was the owner of Boston and other nags of repute. Apart from his turf reputation, he was a man of no remarkable character; but, regarded as a type of his class, he was practical, enterprising and true to his various racing engagements.

Occasionally, but not often, there came to our city Col. Wade Hampton, father to the rebel general of the same name, the wealthiest planter in South Carolina, and probably the heaviest owner of blood stock in this country. As Col. Hampton had been educated abroad, he ever retained the style and manner of a polished gentleman, and therein presented a striking contrast to many of the swaggering, blustering roysterers who found it to their advantage to follow in the wake of the training stables. In fact, it was this class of men—many of them adventurers and gamesters—dependent upon the chances of the race course for a living, which generated a strong prejudice against the turf in the minds of our northern citizens, who had, before their advent, been its warmest patrons.

Thirty years ago, when the Jockey Club flourished in greatest glory, there were at least a dozen prominent stables in the immediate vicinity of the city. Charles Henry Hall maintained a superb establishment upon the Island. Capt. Sutton and others had handsome stables at Jamaica and elsewhere upon Long Island, which were under the charge of Alf. Conover, the trainer, well known in the annals of the local turf. Commodore Stockton and the Stevens Brothers had their studs conveniently located at Hoboken, their trial course covering an area of ground at present tenanted by the habitations of the worthy Teutons, who appear determined to render the embryo city a second Bremen.

The Stevens family, originally proprietaries of the Hoboken lands, have ever shown themselves devoted to the public interests and the advocacy of ennobling pastimes. The father, Col. Stevens, an engineer of noted skill, claimed invention of the steamboat, having crossed the Hudson in a model boat years before Fulton made his appearance. Robert L., likewise an engineer, greatly improved our inland navigation, beside being a most enthusiastic turfman. John C. was the genuine father of the Yacht Club, having successively built the Wave, the On-ka-ye, the Gimcrack, and the Maria, the last of which, for years bore the Commodore's pennant The surviving brother succeeded to his brothers' tastes and reputation.

Among the last of our local turfmen, and the one who adhered the longest to the fallen fortunes of the Old Jockey Club, was Mr. William Gibbons, the owner of Fashion, Shark, Mariner, and other well known horses. His stables were located at Monmouth, N. J., and placed beneath the charge of a Mr. Laird, a fine, honest, manly specimen of a Jersey farmer, whose son Sam acted as jockey for Mr. Gibbons' entries. From his younger days Mr. Gibbons showed an earnest devotion to racing, not for the purposes of gain, for he never betted himself, nor knowingly allowed his horses to be used for that purpose. He regarded the improvement of the horse as a popular benefit, and no one who has ever traveled in the section of the country wherein his stables were located, can fail to remark the superior breed of animals in use for farming and other purposes. But being eccentric upon turf matters, his good intentions were constantly marred by his persistence in experimenting as to the admixture of blood. Fashion was really the only superior animal by him possessed, although all of his stable were above mediocrity, and the acquisition of this famous mare was the result of a singular transaction.

Mr. Gibbons, at the outset of his career upon the turf, declined to be a breeder, as he bought untried colts and fillies, according to his notions of their pedigrees, and caused them to be trained for the course. His experience was certainly disheartening, as he never won a race; indeed, it passed into a familiar expression "Mr. Gibbons' entry—distanced as usual." While at Charleston and smarting under numerous defeats, Mr. Gibbons was induced to buy Bonnets o' Blue as a brood mare, she having gained great reputation through her contest with Clara Fisher. He paid a small figure, for the southern gentlemen thought they had a soft thing upon their northern friend. The fact was the mare was regarded as sterile, having missed on several occasions, and at the time of her sale was said to be in foal by imported Trustee, but could not be warranted. Removed to the north, the change of air, especially the sea atmosphere off the Jersey shore, wrought such an improvement in the mare's condition that, to the astonishment and annoyance of her former owners, she dropped Fashion, who, as a species of retributary vengeance, defeated the much vaunted champion of the southern turf.

The cardinal trouble with racing in America has ever been found in the total absence of professional jockies. Gilpatrick was certainly a neat rider, quite equal to Wagner's negro. Sam Laird rode carefully and well, but the best of them all was "Barney," a middle aged man named Palmer, who came from Alabama to ride Peytona. Yet none of these men were jockies in a true meaning of the term, possessing neither the judgement nor ability necessary to husband the resources of a horse or to compel him to a brilliant finish. Once on an American course have I seen a genuine exhibition of jockeyship, and that was during a match over the Union, with gentlemen riders. Henry William Herbert, by a judicious exercise of equestrianism, although mounted on a third rate nag, came within an ace of defeating his antagonist, whose crack was of the very best blood. I have often wished to see an American horse beneath control of Flatman or some of his fellows, and I have no doubt he would astonish the natives.

No one visiting *The Spirit* office could fail to remark the high style of art in which the portraits of the racers had been executed—a matter the more to be wondered at on account of the limited patronage bestowed upon animal painting at that time, in comparison with the heavy sums given for individual portraits. The three principal artists in horse flesh were Mr. Troyes, who, after a journey in the east, has succeeded in producing several elaborate pictures on a very large scale, which have been favorably compared with Horace Vernet's oriental efforts; Buford, the son of the panorama painter; and Bob Clark, an eccentric Irish gentleman, the son of Sir James Clark, of Dublin Castle, and nephew to Lady Morgan. It is due to Mr. Troyes to say that his racing efforts were among the earliest efforts of a skill he has industriously matured, yet they were faithful portraits both in color and anatomy. Buford's pictures were mere jobs, executed to order, while Bob Clark executed his painting, as he did everything else, in a will, harum scarum manner, yet preserving the action of the horse in a most telling and ingenious style.

There was a singular turfman who occasionally visited the office, but for some reason best known to himself never would consent to run his horses on United States soil, although an American by birth and a resident of Ogdensburgh, in this State. Mr. Parrish was a patron of the Canadian turf, dressed in Canadian style, and assumed all the peculiarities of Canadian life and habits. It is alleged by those who knew him best that this renunciation of his allegiance originated through his intimate relations with a distinguished foreign adventuress, whose assumed or real title has flourished on our congressional records. The Countess America Vespucci came to this country to urge our government to make provision for her, upon the ground of being the lineal descendant of the navigator whose name had been bestowed upon this continent. The countess was an extremely handsome, accomplished and talented Genoese lady, whose claims were duly authenticated by the French minister, and hence she became a feature in the diplomatic circles at Washington, where she received the hospitable attention of the President and the heads of the State. Subsequently it leaked out that the countess had been the mistress of one of the Orleans princes, and that Louis Phillippe had dispatched her upon this plausible mission. The countess was indignantly expelled from Washington society, and after wandering from city to city, she, for want of a better dominion, consented to assume control of Parrish's baronial mansion at Ogdensburgh, the spacious grounds surrounding which he enclosed with a high stone wall to preclude possibility of vulgar gazing upon his fair guest and her nobility.

Another and still more eccentric visitor was a particular friend of Mr. Porter's, named James Banks, whose origin was as mysterious as his ways of life appeared to the initiated. He was chiefly known to the sporting world from having rolled a string of ten pins with Caleb McNulty for $10,000, and only won the game by making three consecutive ten strikes. His name was likewise connected with the robbery of a trunk from Pomeroy's Express, he being arrested on suspicion of that crime. Pomeroy's trunk contained $25,000 in gold coin; in Banks' trunk was discovered a similar amount, for the possession of which he refused to account, and was accordingly committed for trial. While Banks was in prison the true robber of the trunks was accidentally discovered, the most of its contents recovered, while the thief committed suicide. His innocence being established, Mr. Banks was honorably discharged, but he positively declined satisfying public curiosity as to the source whence he obtained the large amount of specie he carried with him in so careless a manner. The truth was that he was a Southern mail contractor, and had just drawn his quarterly compensation.

"AN AUTHENTICATED GHOST STORY."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY B. N——.

During a professional tour through England, which lasted some four years, I had occasion to visit many of the small towns in the different shires, and in my ramblings I met with several very amusing incidents; but if there is one more peculiarly interesting than any other, it is the one I am about to relate, and the moral, if there be one, merely tends to show to what a degree of terror persons may work themselves into by permitting nervousness to get the upper hand. I had been fulfilling an engagement in London and had never visited the provinces, therefore was an entire stranger out of that great city; but, nevertheless, I felt desirous of "seeing sights," so I engaged myself to a traveling troupe of good reputation, and arranged to meet them in a small town called Stafford, in Staffordshire. I left London in a parliamentary train and consequently did not arrive until the afternoon of the day on which I started, which was Sunday, and, although we often hear that "better the day better the deed," it was not meant to apply to traveling. But suffice, I arrived in Stafford, and when I stepped off the train I was not at all prepossessed with its appearance; so asking no questions I slowly wended my way up the main street, looking for some suitable inn and at last espied a sign hanging from a house which bore a picture, as I thought, of a white ace of spades, but on closer inspection I saw lettered above, the words, "White Heart," and I was not at all surprised, for if any kind of a heart was hung out in such a place it would be liable to get white, black or broken. I entered and found myself in what is termed the "bar parlor," and the several parties who were assembled therein bore the appearance of all being undertakers, except the party whom I instantly judged to be the landlord He was the embodiment of good health, good living and good liquor, to which the sirloins of beef hanging in the passage, and the portly, jolly looking mugs and bottles, in a row, could testify; but the host seemed to bear this as a matter of course, and looked like a man that knew himself. He moved about three inches out of the way when I approached the fire, and the conversation instantly ceased, all of them looking into the glasses which they held with an expression of deep melancholy, as if grieving for the departed spirits. I ordered a glass of something hot; sitting myself by the window, I gave myself up to thought, and in the space of about ten minutes became terribly homesick, miserable and forsaken. About nine o'clock everybody left the house, and I requested the landlord to be so kind as to inform me if he knew as to when a minstrel troupe would be there; he answered that he believed a concern of some kind was coming to-morrow night, and added that he didn't think they'd do much. So, with this consolation, I asked for a bed and candle, for it was now dark and Stafford was as silent as a tomb. I paid my reckoning and was shown my room. Having entered I set the candle on the washstand, and gazed around me with anything but delight. I felt a dreadful oppression weighing upon me, and I gradually felt a horrible, superstitious feeling creeping over me. What was it? At this moment the sign outside creaked most ominously, and so startled me that I instinctively looked round the room. The first thing that caught my eye was an old fashioned bedstead, with white, ghostly looking curtains hanging all over it. To me it looked more like a bier than a bed, and I felt no inclination to enter it whatever. A slight noise in the room at this moment made my heart leap into my throat, and, whirling around, my eye caught the half open door of an old wardrobe. Horror! what might be concealed in there? Some midnight assassin? I must see, at all events. Then there rushed upon me the memory of stories read long ago of how poor travelers were waylaid in their beds and murdered, and their bodies thrown into wells under houses. Then I thought of ghosts coming to travelers and asking them to seek and bring their murderers to justice, and, as a reward, find jewels under hearthstones, etc.

As I said before, with all these memories rushing on me, I grasped my candle and approached the half open door. With a superhuman effort I controlled myself and dashed it wide open, but all was empty. A reaction now took place, and I sank into a chair quite overcome, when my light began to flicker, and, horror! it was going out. I instantly began to disrobe and cast my garments on a chair, as I thought, beside the bed, and, with a dive, I reached the centre of my couch, which groaned and creaked beneath me. At the same instant out went the light. For a moment I laid perfectly still, and gradually grew hot and cold by turns, but, finding that no frightful apparitions appeared to me, I closed my eyes and instantly opened them again, only to encounter the pitchy darkness. As I had just closed them for the third time I suddenly felt *a heavy body slide slowly from my feet and drop on the floor, with a dull thud*. To describe my feelings would be simply impossible. I felt my very scalp crawl; my blood seemed stagnated and I fancied I felt an icy breath blowing on my face. With terrible and frantic desperation I cast off the bed clothes, leaped to the floor, and, rushing to the foot of the bed, I, with the strength of a maniac, grasped my coat, vest and pantaloons. I instantly became myself, and then remembered that, instead of throwing my garments on the chair, I cast them on the foot of the bed, and they had fallen off on to the floor. I returned to bed, slept sound as a top, had the pleasure of joining my company in the morning, and, contrary to the landlord's prophesy, had a full house. After the show I told them my authentic ghost story.

TRUE.—The more married men you have, says Voltaire, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man virtuous and more wise. The father of a family is not willing to blush before his children. Let it be remarked that creation can be fully enjoyed only by the man who has some earnest occupation. The end of work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Playtime must come after school time, otherwise it loses its savor. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling.

AN AFRICANISM.—"You, Sambo, you have fed the pigs?" "Yes, massa, me feed 'um," replied Sambo. "Did you count them?" "Yes, massa, me count 'um all but one." "All but one?" "Yes, massa, all but one; dere be one little speckle pig, he frisk about so much me could'nt count him!"

THE DOG'S DECEASE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Good riddance to bad rubbish,
That snarling pup is dead,
He'll ne'er disturb our slumbers more,
By whining round the bed.

His master, tired of nursing him,
Put him out in the shed—
He tumbled down the privy vault,
And now, good luck, he's dead.

We will not drag him from the hole,
Nor weep that he is dead;
But get a lot of broken stones
And drop them on his head.

Sad fate for pups, but still we hope
That all his race may find
As sudden death, as deep a mire,
To keep them from our sight. HAL.

SNOWED IN;
OR,
Winter Sports in the New Dominion.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

That portion of North America which is comprised within the lake region of Upper Canada, offers, perhaps, in greater abundance than nearly any other country in the world, the facilities for genuine sportsmanship. The rush of a new population has not driven away the game, and the society to be encountered there is so like what we are accustomed to nearer home that the traveler or the excursionist might well suppose himself to be sharing the hospitalities of some good New England homestead, where the rudeness of frontier life is partly mitigated by the refinements of a higher civilization. The retreat which is known in our notebooks as Haphazard Hall is one of those fine patrimonial estates, the honors of which have been transmitted from father to son for several generations, and is so well famed among certain circles as a synonym for good cheer, that in any of the clubs an invitation to test the strength of its resources is regarded as an unqualified stroke of good fortune. At Haphazard Hall the winter months are the season *par excellence* for enjoyment. When the snow lies thick in the woods and on the gently sloping hillsides, and the glare ice is bristling on the lake; when the snow birds build in the thatch and the frost draws fantastic figures upon the window pane, the novice may cling to his fireside if he list, but your true sportsman, well cased in his furs, has no silly qualms to dampen his ardor, and ranges forest and field at his own lordly pleasure, intent upon the gratifications afforded by the chase.

For all such recreations the means of attainment by boat and rail are sufficiently numerous, and Haphazard Hall is consequently never at a lack for visitors. Parties of two or three are periodically made up among the lovers of exciting pastime, for a visit to the hills and dells in that vicinity where the prospects are most promising, and, doubtless during the passing winter the northern lakes and ponds will be the resort of troops of nimble skaters and the hardy fishermen who entrap the voracious pickerel through the ice, and of the whole tribe of deer stalkers no less.

In a certain January not a great while gone by, I found myself, in company with several congenial spirits, a guest of "Judge Martingale," the envied proprietor of Haphazard Hall. In his notes which had brought us there he had said to us—"You will find, out here on the frontier, the roughest kind of life, but you shall be sure of a good bed and the principal luxuries of the season, which may be infinitely added to if your eyes are true and your hand is steady." In the mansion itself, which was a relic of the early colonial times, we found all that was promised, and even more, albeit everything about us was more reminiscent of the past than of the present—of the times, in fact, when men lived for comfort rather than display. Better still, we found a merry company, apparently determined to derive from the passing winter all the pleasure derivable from the association together of hearts unfrosted by time and a proportionate supply of that golden balsam which acts as a certain preventive of the encroachments of care. It was a goodly sight to witness "the Squire," as—amid the hush of voices and the suspended clatter of knives and forks, he rose to propose, in a flowing bumper, the patron deity of the season. The evergreens about the mantle and cornices, the great log fire crackling upon the hearthstone of the old manse, the generous fare and the wines, and, above all, the unrestrained demeanor of the guests, formed a scene of attraction peculiarly suited to the time. All undue exuberance, had there been such tendency, was restrained by the presence of several ladies on a visit at the "seignory," and yet there was no lack of fun and mischief, which was heightened by the antics of a couple of frolicksome officers from the garrison, who made several poor cits quite ill at ease by the rapidity with which they sailed into the affections of the fair. A heavy snow storm had just fallen, and the district was said to be teeming with game, giving promise of abundant sport ahead. And when fatigued with the day's exertions, there was always the hospitable manse, with its old fashioned, antler-crowned portals, yawning wide to receive us, and sufficiency of cheer to melt the heart of an anchorite. When the weather was clear a day's skating and sleighing on the lake would delightfully beguile the passing moments, and, when just right for the thing, a morning's hunt was in order, our skirmishers and foragers rarely failing to bring in a deer or a variety of smaller game. When the wind blew in gusts the billiard table was the ready resort to banish *ennui*, with other sports galore.

An unusually promising day brought a professional scout, who reported great gathering of game in the hills back of Pass Christian, a frontier settlement some thirty miles away, and it was unanimously resolved that the occasion should not go unimproved. We were up and away in our sleighs by dawn of the following morning, and before nightfall the ring of our rifles had awakened many times the echoes of old Pass Christian. In the evening a dance was improvised, for the sake of the girls, in the largest shebeen in the place, and in the morning—well, what then? We found ourselves simply in the fix of Pauvrette and her companion in the play. A terrible fall of snow had buried in its unstable mantle the whole surrounding country, and had nearly concealed the top of the shebeen from view. Here was a predicament for several gamy and spirited fellows and a triad of pretty girls, with no experience whatever in the science of camping out. We did the best we could with puss in the corner, blind man's buff and cards, and a reasonable allowance of the rejuvenator (as the 'Squire called his favorite beverage) thrown in to give it spice, but still the snow came down in undiminished quantity. But the fireplace was large, and after the girls had retired behind their patchwork curtain in the adjoining apartment, the "Doctor" and Lieutenant Osprey, Cornet Slenderpegs and myself, sat down with the Squire and the guide to our usual crib and euchre, enlivened by such stories as suggested themselves to the fancy of the old leathern stocking, or our irrepressible host of Haphazard Hall. The Squire told a wonderful yarn of a whole township which had been buried beneath one of the awful snowfalls of the period, which reminded our *voyageur* that ten years afterward, in the course of a tramp, he had seated himself on a stone and kindled a fire to warm his freezing limbs, when a great hole opened before him, and he was precipitated, fire and all, down what proved to be the chimney of one of the houses of the buried settlement. He found everybody alive and hearty and recognized some of the friends of his boyish days, who informed him that their provisions were nearly exhausted and he was devilish glad there was going to be a thaw. And—here the ring of several silvery voices proved that the girls had been listening at the door, and, as several gossamer feet skipped nimbly away, the cornet said, with a languid stroke of his side whiskers, as he threw his eyes toward the door:—"Haw! shouldn't mind a year or two of the same sort myself, under certain circumstances!"

But euchre and crib and draw poker, and even "hot Tom," will get to be tiresome, and on the third day the lightest of heart were beginning to wilt, when a young scapegrace of the place rushed into the shebeen, with a whoop that reminded the listener of a tribe of Shoshonees preparing for battle, and, executing a figure which was evidently a stranger to the ball room, shouted, as he shook the snow from his hat—"Hooraw, folks! There's fun a brewin'. I've just bin down to Simminses, and he and a hull lot more of 'em are goin' to run a race on snow shoes, for a wager of a hundred dollars a side and the licker. Strangers, if you want to see a little the tallest kind o' fun, you'd better go too."

It needed no persuasion to set us on the road to Simminses—the Squire acquainting us that this was a rare opportunity of witnessing a time-honored Canadian sport. The lieutenant and the cornet had each tucked an arm of his mischievous and fair daughter Susie under one of his own, as "the walking was unsteady" on those confounded planks that had been laid across the snow, and I thought there was hidden meaning in the looks of the three, for a snow shoe can travel where sleighs and horses can't. May be you never saw a snow shoe. It's an article easily described. A section of some tough wood, from six to eight feet in length, with an upward curl, like the runner of a sleigh, forms the base of the shoe, the surface being grooved as a skate is grooved, and the surface well greased, to impart accelerated speed. Strong leathern straps confine the article firmly to the foot, and a pole with a guard near the end to prevent its sinking being placed in the hands of the user, he is ready to start on his excursion for business or pleasure. The mails are often carried in this way, but, as will be seen, it was the females that were destined "this hitch" to require its services.

A goodly throng was assembled for a little out-of-the-world place like Pass Christian, and the shoes being adjusted and stakes deposited, including sundry side bets, the judges assumed their posts and the sport went forward. Most of the contestants were men of the small and wiry build peculiar to those regions, but the lieutenant was of the English bullnecked breed and the cornet full as sinewy, but tall as a May pole. The Squire's daughter, Sue, knew the use of the snow shoe, the motion of which resembles that of a skate, as well as many an expert, but some of our party, I am afraid, were not quite so well up to it. The master of Haphazard Hall staid behind to keep tally.

And now a shout arose and the competitors started in at a lively pace, determined to "do or die." The "Doctor" sprawled and straddled, and recovering himself by a sudden manœuvre which he denominated the "kurlique," went down amid great laughter. The rest got considerably snarled up and tangled at the outset, being inconveniently bunched together at the start, but energetic action cleared the longest strikers and gave all elbow room. About this juncture our guide must have had an attack of vertigo, for he suddenly stopped and put his hand to his head, and if I had not noticed that it held a flask every time he withdrew it, I might have supposed he had not taken something to cure it. I observed that the lieutenant and the cornet were similarly affected, and the doctor, lingering in the rear and advancing by a series of convulsive slides and pull ups, repeatedly stopped to blow his nose (with another bottle). The two former, with daughter Sue, were all pluck and sinew, and the air resounded with shouts of laughter and cheers as the participants glided forward, or rolled with many a tumble over each other down the slope. In the distance we heard the Squire "ye-hoing" and "whooping," and, looking back, could see him dancing and waving his handkerchief like a daft Scotchman under a quart of usquebaugh. I congratulated myself at that moment that I had joined the skaters, as, had I remained behind, I might have ruined myself betting, for Susie was ahead! Even the girls were excited and waved their handkerchiefs too, for the prestige of their sex was now at stake, and each glowing face in its white worsted wrapper resembled a rose half buried in snow.

I was getting on famously myself, when, turning to see who was behind me, I lost my pole, and the doctor, coming down hill like an avalanche, lost his pole also, and throwing his arms round me, on the principle, I suppose, of "any port in a storm," away we went together, gathering snow as we rolled, until we fetched up in a clump of bushes half way down the descent. It was time for our return on the back track to the stake, and all bad, in fact, veered about, intent on the "hundred," with the exception of "us twain" and Sue with her two manly escorts, who were vainly struggling to keep up with her. They were far beyond the stake, and I heard the Squire shouting himself hoarse for their return, but they paid him no attention, and did not even look back. When I got in at the stand with the rest, I discovered him acting in a very excited manner, offering all sorts of rewards to any one who would overtake the fugitives. But it was too late, for the contestants were too much exhausted with their efforts to follow, and nothing but snow shoes could ever have crossed the divide. We all embraced that means of locomotion for returning next morning to Haphazard Hall, where we found the late Miss Susie and *her husband*, the Lieutenant, waiting to receive us. That sly young lady had received proposals from both these gay *militaires*, and not knowing which to choose, to escape a match with another, had consented to give her hand to the winner in the race, who happened to be the lieutenant.

The Squire was completely mollified, on hearing of the turn the affair had taken, and that night we sat down to a wedding dinner at the seignory. BOB O'GOTHAM.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Drawing a tooth without pain.

CHRONICLES OF THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY AN EX-EDITOR.

No. 14.—The Magazines.

The number of magazines published in this city from the days of *Salmagundi*, issued, as you may say, semi-occasionally by David Longworth, the originator of the New York City Directory, and written almost wholly by Washington Irving and James K. Paulding, to those of the *American Monthly*, may be said to have been legion, for as they occupied the space now conceded to weekly journalism, monthlies started up and went down with meteoric celerity. Hence to enumerate even those who have flourished for a moment and then been consigned to everlasting oblivion, without counting the many ponderous quarterly reviews which have accompanied them in their descent, is a task as unprofitable as it would prove useless.

The good people of New York were never famous for their encouragement of indigenous literature, and especially that of an ephemeral nature, for beyond the production of Peter Parley and a few annuals, issued in imitation of those English Christmas books, ornamented with steel plates and bound in elaborately gilt morocco, few books of a home made character received anything like the patronage bestowed upon reprints of European origin, save during exceptional periods of time when a political event turned the current of popular sentiment.

The great mass of our reading people given to periodical perusal treated themselves with the English reviews, with *Blackwood's Magazine* or with the *Metropolitan*, then edited by Captain Marryatt, an American republication of all of which, at a quarter the cost of the original, being issued immediately upon the arival of the packet ships The press of London supplied the wants of our republishers, and as the publication of an American proved a matter of chance, while the reproduction of a well known English book was certain to bring back a profit, in periodical literature as well as in romances, for all popular romances at that time were issued in serial numbers, we were content to succumb to the publisher's despotism. Consequently the publication of an American magazine, however talented its contributors, was a work oftentimes undertaken but never wholly successful

The *American Monthly* was a magazine which for a brief time created a profound sensation among our literary people, particularly those who had contended as to the possibility of encouraging a native born literature, for about that time the question of an international copyright law had begun to be mooted. The magazine was edited by Henry William Herbert and A. D. Patterson, both foreigners, it is true, but still residents upon our soil. Mr. Herbert, who subsequently became celebrated for his historical writings, and more particularly for his sporting productions, under the name of Frank Forrester, had, at the time of publishing the *American*, made a most brilliant *debut* in the world of fashion and of literature. The son of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Herbert, the learned author of "Atilla," the grandson of the Earl of Pembroke, the descendant of the famous Sir Philip Sydney, Mr. Henry William Herbert, a gentleman, sportsman and scholar, although comparatively poor, found no difficulty in becoming acquainted with fashionable society. Then he commenced his literary career by the publication of "The Brothers; a Tale of the Fronde," speedily followed by that of "Oliver Cromwell," two historical romances, which the press commended as superior to the best efforts of G. P. R. James, the greatest of contemporary novelists, in popular estimation. Under prestige of Herbert's name and position the *American Monthly* came into existence with promising healthiness, and for a time attracted a general attention, as the editor gathered around him writers of no mean order, when, after a couple of years of assiduous labor, Herbert, annoyed at some fancied affront, suddenly withdrew from the management of the magazine and threw the burden of its further conduct upon his colleague. Mr. Patterson was an amiable and accomplished gentleman, but of little personal popularity; consequently he found himself necessitated to abandon an enterprise which his common sense told him must, without Herbert's assistance, prove ultimately a failure.

The *Knickerbocker Magazine* was called into being by a Broadway publisher, who, coming from Boston, had established a repository of fine arts upon the site now occupied by the Astor House. Mr. Charles H. Peabody was an enterprising man with a mania for journalism. In Boston he had published a paper wherein he had excited the animosity of some merchant prince, who in return threatened annihilation of his worldly wealth, which the journalist cautiously removed along with himself to this city, where he entered upon the book business. The evil genius of Peabody, however, followed him, for after indulging in one or two literary speculations beside the *Knickerbocker*, his store one night caught fire, and shortly after he went into bankruptcy.

The *Knickerbocker* during its long existence passed through the hands of many publishers. At one time it was owned by Calvin M. Edson, then a young lawyer, but afterwards a banknote engraver. At another it was published by Samuel Hueston, like Peabody, a Broadway publisher, until finally it came into the hands of J. R. Gilmore, better known as Edmund Kirke, the author of "Among the Pines," and coadjutor with Col. Jacques in their self imposed peace mission to Jeff. Davis during our late war, who conjoined to the *Knickerbocker* the *Continental*, a bantling of his own creation, which had the effect of sending both to *Old Knick* for now and ever more.

During almost the entire existence of the *Knickerbocker*, and it proved the longest lived of our metropolitan magazines, it was edited by Louis Gaylord Clark, a man of good critical taste and possessed of a fund of humor which rendered the Editor's Table a most agreeable feature in his periodical, yet he was, as a scholar and essayist, inferior to his brother, Willis Gaylord Clark, a most promising author, untimely deceased.

The *Democratic Review*, the first attempt to establish a national political magazine upon the principle of *Blackwood's* and other English periodicals, wherein the views of the leading parties are expressed in a monthly essay, was published in the first place in Washington by Langtree and O'Sullivan, but subsequently transferred to New York, where it emanated from the house of Langtree Brothers, formerly an eminent book concern in Chatham street. The editor was a quiet looking gentleman, John L. O'Sullivan, arrested during the Lopez expedition for complicity in furnishing the revolted Cubans with munitions of war, and afterwards sent as our minister to Portugal beneath the Buchanan administration.

As long as the democratic party were in power the *Review* proved an unparalleled success, as Mr. O'Sullivan showed himself an able man of letters and well competent for its editorial supervision, while the influence of the administration, exerted in its behalf, secured for the magazine a circulation amply repaid by its numerous literary merits. Its contributors [illegible] men of the highest grade of talent, James R. Paulding, Halleck, Kennedy, and a host of well known writers; hence it w[illegible]ter of sincere regret that upon the defeat of the de[illegible] and a consequent change in officials the magazine shared the common fate of the office holders by being turned upon the world for its own livelihood. During its after existence the *Review* was kicked about as a literary foot-ball, its fortunes alternating as the party rose and fell in the scale of success, at one time edited by Conrad Schackhamer, at another owned by George N. Sanders, the enthusiastic ultra democratic author of an address to French republicans, written in a language of which he could not speak a word, until finally it was murdered by the adherents of Squatter Sovereignty, who in enforcing the claims of Stephen A. Douglas to the presidency, absolutely squeezed the life out of this first and [illegible] offspring of the democracy.

As a counterpoise to the influence of the de[illegible]rent literature during the administration of [illegible] of Tyler, the members of the dominant part[illegible] establishment of a magazine edited by a Mr. C[illegible] writer of some celebrity, and established the [illegible]. Although neat in appearance and amply supplied with excellent reading matter, the Whig party at large did not [illegible] appreciate the necessity of sustaining a monthly [illegible] while the leading daily papers could be induced to advocate the views of the party; hence the *Review*, compelled to rely almost entirely upon its literary merits for support, fell [illegible] between two stools, and therefore, after a trial of some [illegible] it retired from the field to give room for other ambitio[illegible] to literary honors, untainted with political aspirations.

The *Aristidean* was the whimsical title bestowed upon a critical and literary review edited by Thomas Dunn English, whose versatile pen was exerted to its utmost to bestow upon its pages a clear and distinctive character. The enterprise proved, however, most unfortunate, as might be anticipated from the injudicious title imposed upon it, and beneath weight of which even the most gifted of magazines would be deprived of popular appreciation. In fact, nomenclature has a great bearing upon the success of journalistic enterprises inasmuch as the selection of an unpopular, or incomprehensible title, has in many cases proved the death of an excellent periodical. [illegible] this instance the fabrication of a word, and that word [illegible] name of a Greek legislator, was a complication [illegible] patent to the public eye at the outset, which nei[illegible] nor genius of Dr. English or any other literary [illegible] cure by a century of remedial appliances.

The *Arcturus* was another fatal whimsicality det[illegible] the destiny of a very excellent monthly, ably edited by [illegible] Mathews and Evert A. Duyckink, the laborious [illegible] compiler of the "Encyclopedia of American Literature." [illegible] *Arcturus* been christened by more experienced sponsors, it would have proven a formidable rival to *Old Knick*, but the pedantry of its title, coupled with the mystical appearance of a bison's head as a vignette upon the cover, gave the magazine too sophomorical a cast to enlist popular support. *Arcturus* was the nearest approach to the present style of London magazines we have yet had among us, and compared with the *Cornhill* or *Temple Bar*, their American prototype would have been deemed by far the superior. In *Arcturus* was commenced the publication of a local romance, which subsequently became quite famous, or at least notorious, with the local press. "Puffer Hopkins," whatever may have been its literary merits, was an earnest endeavor to apply comic writing to scenes of transAtlantic life, and, as such, it proved momentarily a success, despite great critical opposition.

The only really popular and cheap magazine at that period was the *Ladies' Companion*, published by William W. Snowden, a famous Ann street printer, who succeeded the veteran Jared W. Bell in the theatrical printing business, and edited by Mr. Hamilton, an actor attached to the old Park company. The *Companion* was a repository of light literature, adorned with steel engravings and fashion plates, with other embellishments agreeable to the female eye, very much in the style of *Godey's Lady's Book*, its Philadelphia rival, which has survived the adversities during the force of which our metropolitan fashion journals have gone to wreck. The *Companion* was for many years the sole survivor of that school of polite journalism modeled upon *La Belle Assemble* and other magazines of the *beau monde* of London, once so very popular with the fair ones of Gotham, but now-a-days useless, for what votary of fashion in these hours of anti-utilitarianism would condescend to make up their own dresses, a custom prevalent during the bright period of fashion journals among ladies of even the very best social condition.

The applicability of wood cuts for the purpose of embellishing serials having been successfully demonstrated in France and England, as well as the avidity with which the general public seized upon publications in this wise illustrated, the Harper Brothers commenced the publication of their magazine, relying mainly upon the attractiveness of the embellishments as its popular feature. *Harper's Magazine* made little or no pretensions to literary excellence, its contents being chiefly selections from the lighter class of English literature, with a continuous narrative of questionable historical value, susceptible of embellishment and of reproduction in subsequent volumes. The editorial department was quite on a par with the general contents, being of the most slip-shod style of compilation, rehashing Joe Miller and making gross humor the predominant element. *Harper's Magazine* hit the popular taste exactly, and although the quantity of original matter has been gradually augmented, the style and aim of the publication has in no way swerved from its original intention.

Harper's was not left without a struggle in the undisputed possession of the field it desired to occupy exclusively, for the *New York Magazine* followed quickly in its footsteps. This publication was issued by Col. Farnsworth, formerly of the *Dutchman*, and a Mr. Beagles, a gentleman of some newspaper experience, whose taste and judgment evidenced itself in the elegant selections gracing the pages of the new magazine. The wood cuts moreover were of a very choice quality, while the original articles were contributions from gentlemen of noted ability. With all its advantages, and assuredly it was the best illustrated magazine as then issued from the American press, the manifold difficulties encountered in bringing it before the public, together with the extensive establishment, disheartened its proprietors, who found it expedient to abandon a scheme which, had it been prosecuted for a couple of years, would have proven a profitable speculation.

The *International Magazine*, likewise illustrated, was a frank avowal of its indebtedness, in a measure, to foreign sources for a portion of its contents. Published by Stringer & Townsend, booksellers, it possessed advantages over the *New York* in contesting the exclusive pretensions of the Harpers, and hence it continued in existence for quite a number of years, and only discontinued when its publishers changed the character of works by them published.

The *United States Magazine* was still another futile attempt to supplant Harper's in public estimation, but although it was commenced under propitious circumstances and conducted with a deal of merit, it was reduced to the ultimate necessity of

...ing made to attain a sufficiency of circulation ... expenses incurred in the double encourage... combined with the fine arts, a union, as to ... which an inconsiderate public possesses but the ... and that mostly erroneous.

...'s *Magazine* was an attempt to emulate the London ... in the higher walks of criticism, and with that aim ... an air and dignity which, from the initial number, ... the popularity of the magazine and reduced it ... control of a petty clique having nothing in common ... outside community. Although the editorship of *Put...*'s was anonymous, it was reported to be under the management of Charles F. Briggs, a cynical gentleman, formerly ... of the editors of the *Sunday Courier* and a contributor to the *Knickerbocker*, wherein he published a romance, purporting to de... city life, which he called "Harry Franco," a name he ... tacitly assumed as his particular literary cognomen. ...'s, like the *Atlantic Monthly*, being ... of the opinions of a select few whose writings alone are admitted to its columns, is justly regarded as a species of fossilism wholly at variance with the progressive spirit of the age, and in no wise to be taken as an exponent of American intellectuality.

Probably the ablest and most successful of our magazines have been those devoted to the commercial and financial interest, inasmuch as their contents have been adapted to the practical development of trade, to the illustration of economical doctrines and to the exposition of the law, national as well as international, applicable to the commercial condition. Beside these articles, emanating from the most competent sources, have always been liberally paid for, and for that reason their reliability has been substantiated as the opinions of competent authority.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, conducted by Freeman Hunt, opened a novel field to the mercantile world, as unexpected as it was practically appreciated. Assuming commerce to possess a scientific literature as profound as that of any other profession, Mr. Hunt secured the services of lawyers, of financiers, of economists, to produce short essays upon the relations of trade to law, politics and cognate matters, and in this way to enlighten the trader's mind upon themes meeting him at every step in his business life, and with the tendencies of which he could become familiarized without recourse to the professional services of the lawyer or political professor. The idea was an excellent one, and during the lifetime of Mr. Hunt his magazine was amply patronized by those for whose especial purpose it was designed and most ingeniously carried out.

The *Bankers' Magazine*, conducted with signal ability by J. Smith Homans, an economist of erudition, followed in the footsteps of Mr. Gilbart, the London banker, in bestowing upon banking, as a practical business, the dignity of a profession. With this aim he has reproduced articles from foreign sources inaccessible to a majority of readers, and issued original treatises, the result of theoretical and practical experience, from the pen of experienced financiers. As a matter of course such a plan is peculiarly acceptable to those immersed in the business, with their time so preoccupied by its cares as to preclude them from a personal investigation of obstruse and difficult subjects.

"SHAK EL DAHAR!"

OR,

After Dark Proceedings in Paris.

A TRUE STORY FOUNDED UPON FACT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY MELVILLE HERKIN.

On the evening of the 4th of September, 1866, our artistic club met as usual at their apartments in West Pall Mall, London. It was a custom amongst us to cast lots as to who of those present should amuse the rest by reciting a story to pass away the evening, which otherwise would have hung rather heavily on our hands. Fortunately for us, on this particular evening, the lot fell upon Mr. John St. Clare, whom we all knew had led a very adventurous, roving life, and that he had, moreover, the gift of the gab to make his stories interesting and amusing; so, expecting something extraordinary from him, we all drew our chairs up around the common fire, and listened attentively while he narrated the following facts:

"I well remember, one splendid summer's evening in July, about six o'clock, in 1866, I, John St. Clare, and my boon companion, Edouard Beauchamp, were sitting or rather reclining en couchee in front of our window on the *belle etage* of the Hotel de la Paix, Rue de Rivoli, Paris. We were smoking some Turkish cigarettes which had been presented by an *attache* of the Russian Embassy, and were puzzling our brains to invent some new method of suppressing *ennui* and of passing agreeably the coming evening, we having enjoyed and used up every conceivable pleasure to be found even in this gayest of gay cities, although only a week back we were sauntering along amid beauty and fashion, as displayed on Rotten Row, in London, bowing right and left to our numerous charming acquaintances. At last, not being able to decide on our evening's proceedings, we languidly dressed, being overcome by the excessive heat, determined to be guided by chance; so, giving our especial waiter orders to remain up until our return, we sauntered forth upon our rambles. Edouard Beauchamp, my companion, was a tall, dark, well formed young man of twenty-five years of age. He cultivated a heavy moustache, but no whiskers, dressed in the height of fashion, and had a pleasing though rather affected drawl in his speech. He invariably wore a pair of gig lamps, and I even believe he slept with them across his nose, as I never saw him without them. When aroused he was as courageous and daring as a lion, though when quiet he was peculiarly soft, agreeable, pleasing and gentlemanly; in his manners a favorite with the ladies, and, possessed of £10,000 a year, he had no wish or whim of his fancy ungratified. Now there is no need for me to give you a long description of myself, as you see me before you; suffice it then to say I am about the same height and shape as Edouard, dress exactly like him, the only difference being my hair, which is a light yellow, while his was jet black.

"Well, to go on where I left off, we strolled slowly down the Rue de Rivoli, and turning along the Rue de la Paix, we came to the large restaurant, dancing and billiard establishment of Wolf brothers. Going in there, as we had nothing else to do, we joined in the dance and afterwards walked home with our partners, two very superior young members of the *demi-monde*, intending to spend the night with them. They took us through several intricate lanes until we arrived before the back entrance of a highly fashionable house, the front of which looked upon the *Champs Elysees*. Muttering the strange words "Shak El Dahar," the door flew open, admitting us into a well lighted and superbly furnished hall; passing through this we ascended a flight of well carpeted, wide, marble stairs, then along what seemed to be an interminable passage with numerous doors on either side, from all of which there proceeded sounds of riotous merriment and uproarious laughter. Proceeding up another short flight of stairs, on the top of which we separated, I was ushered into a magnificently appointed bedroom by the young girl with me, who gave her name as Clara. Edouard, accompanied by his charmer, at the same time entered the next apartment.

"We both carried a six-barreled revolver, loaded to the muzzle, and a plentiful supply of ammunition. Locking the door, putting out the light, and placing my pistol under the pillow, I retired to rest, but notwithstanding all my efforts I could not compose myself to sleep, lying, as the most horrible stories I had ever heard of having been enticed by girls into houses of ill fame and murdered and never afterwards seen or their bodies ... occurred to my mind, and which it was impossible to ... While thus remaining awake I distinctly heard the bells of a neighboring church toll the hour of twelve, and then one, after which I thought I heard voices and movements overhead. Lying on my back and looking upwards, it seemed to me as if the bed-top was moving and coming down, as though to crush me; so pinching myself to make sure I was not dreaming and had all my senses about me, I watched it narrowly; and, as you may imagine, to my horror, I perceived it slowly descending, but so noiselessly that even I could not hear any sound, though awake; so what chance would a sleeping man have had? Just at this moment a slight double knock was given on the door of the room, which my partner, evidently understanding, and believing me to be fast asleep, she crept slowly out and stowed herself under the bed.

"Grasping my pistol I quietly followed her example, taking care to breathe lightly so as not to hear me; then, taking my seat in an easy chair near the window, I awaited further proceedings, with my eyes nearly starting from my head, and every faculty of hearing called into play. I could make out the hum of voices and regular muffled tramp of several persons overhead. Slowly but surely the pondrous machine murderously descended, worked, as I could now by close looking plainly perceive, by a massive screw coming through a hole in the ceiling, until it reached the bed, which it crushed with a fearful shock, and I could behold when imagining a human form to be lying under ... could be no hope of anybody being recognized after ... being been under that hellish monitor. Rising ... ding towards the bed, I stooped down and called Clara to come out, threatening to put a bullet through her if she made the slightest noise. In about ten minutes the top quietly ascended into its original position, and looked as harmless as any other bedstead might do. Questioning Clara as to what further was likely to take place, she informed me that nothing more would be attempted until the morning, she being expected to completely strip and rob my supposed dead body. Being safe myself, my thoughts turned naturally to Edouard; ill and sick at heart I felt when Clara told me that there was the same apparatus in every room in the house, and that perhaps he might be lying at this time a breathless corpse. I promised her, if she would aid me in escaping out of this den of murderers, to bring the police before her accomplices would be able, if she followed my plans, of finding out that she had betrayed them. After long persuading and many threats, she at last consented, at the same time imploring me not to forget her, as she would be surely murdered if I did not arrive before six o'clock, it being then about half past two in the morning.

"Promising to do this, we began to raise the window a hair's breadth at a time, so fearful was I that the gang would hear me; when this feat was at last successfully accomplished, I knotted the sheets and blankets as firmly together as I could, and flinging them out of the window, which was a third story on to the about thirty feet from the ground, and giving the end for Clara to hold, I commenced my descent and safely reached the yard. Kissing my hand to Clara, who was still in her night dress, I easily made my way into the street and ran as hard as I could until I met the patrol, who stopped me and requested the cause of my precipitous flight. In my excitement giving them only a confused idea of what had happened, I demanded to be taken to headquarters, which demand they instantly complied with. I was admitted into the presence of the superintendent, who would hear nothing until I had calmed myself; so, drinking a glass of sherry he offered me, I quickly, but thoroughly gave him a sketch of everything that had occurred, and beseeched him not to delay, as my friend might still be in the land of the living, and therefore in danger.

"He instantly ordered out bodies of police, thoroughly armed, at the same time donning his own habiliments, being determined, as he said, to overlook the attack on the house, so that not one of the scamps should escape. While proceeding towards the house he told me he had had suspicions that the house had something to do with the numerous disappearances of rich and influential gentlemen, lately, but that he had not been able to fix any one case on it as yet. Coming to the back of the house, and immediately under the window I had escaped from, he divided his force, and sent half of them round to the front so as thus completely to surround the building, giving them orders to attack it on all sides at once on a given signal. He, I, and two others were dragged up successively by Clara, who had now dressed, and whom the superintendent promised to set at liberty; and I, she being an exceedingly beautiful girl, promised, if we succeeded, to make her my wife. Directly we were inside, the superintendent gave the signal, and the house was simultaneously attacked on all sides, we forcing open the bedroom door, which had been fastened on the outside. All was quiet; the police who had forced open the front door, and those who had done the same for the back, met us in the hall not having seen anybody. Turning to Clara, we asked her if she knew of any other hiding place they could possibly be secreted in. She said she knew where they were; and, after we had seen if Edouard and his companion were safe, she would conduct us to their hiding place. So, proceeding up stairs, we tried to break open the door on receiving no answer when we knocked. Just as the door was about giving way, we heard a pistol fired and the bullet pierced the upper panel, very nearly settling my account forever. I immediately begged the police to desist trying to force it open, and calling Edouard by his name and assuring him we were friends, he unbolted and unlocked the door and fell into my arms. When I questioned him how he had escaped being crushed to death, he, pointing to his partner whose name was Louise, said that she, evidently having taken a fancy to him, and sorry that so brave a man should perish, had informed him—though at the risk of her life—of the nefarious contrivance of the bed, and had thus saved his life, for which act of kindness he, following my example, promised her marriage. So, preceded by Clara, we all went down stairs, when, leading us into a little, dirty lumber room, she pronounced in a loud voice those mysterious words, "Shak El Dahar," which I had heard her use when seeking admittance into the house in the evening before. As she uttered the words a hitherto unseen door in the wall flew open, and discovered two old men holding lamps on the top of a flight of dark stairs leading underneath. ... ...

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed or each and every letter sent for.

Edwin Booth (2),	John Purcell,	M. S. Pike,
McKean Buchanan (2)	S. B. Howe,	Chas. Whitney,
Bil Lacounts,	J. T. Hinds,	J. G. Boyd,
Bidwell & Locke,	James E. Cook,	M. L. Townsend (2),
N. D. Roberts,	James Fisk,	James Walters (2),
B. H. Brink,	Frank Edwards,	Chas. Foster,
L. M. Wickwire,	Charles Melville,	John Germon,
Harry Stanwood,	Billy Burke,	Ben Wheeler,
Austin Brothers,	John Dowling,	Harry Gurr,
Carl Ross,	Steve Williams,	Julian Breban,
J. M. Conrad,	Low Gaylord,	Add Ryman,
A. R. Phelps,	John L. Williams 10c	James Robinson,
John Donoghue,	McKee Rankin,	Panorama Manager,
Thomas Owens 23c.,	Yankee Robinson,	John O'Brien,
Edwin Adams,	Walter F. Lester,	Frank Delaney,
Continental Vocalists	Clifton Tayleure,	J. Webb,
William Arlington (2)	Geo. Clarke,	A. M. Hernandez,
J. R. Healey,	Burnell Runnells,	Chas. Pettengill,
Flem Adams,	George Roscoe,	A. Henderson,
Ben Brown,	Joseph Rainer,	J. M. French,
James Taylor (2),	H. McGuffin,	T. L. Fitch,
William Organ,	Jacob Showles,	Arnold Jones,
Geo. F. Bailey,	Thomas Canham,	John L. Luther,
Frank Wilder,	A. J. Spencer (2),	Johnny Sheridan (2),
George Costello,	E. S. Rosenthal,	Edwin Holmes,
J. E. Green,	John Nathans,	D. B. Townsend,
John Sherman,	Mr. Fiske,	John Murray,
C. D. L.,	R. F. Tyrrel,	E. Pallthorp,
Jerry Cohan,	John Carroll,	James Nelson,
Geo Monk,	James Collins	James L. Thayer,
Frank Barry,	J. Wm. Leys,	P. A. Older,
Dan Morris,	Henry Dobson,	Ben Maginley,
J. H. Trewolla,	A. G. Cooper,	James McKissen,
H. J. Allen,	S. D. Persse,	R. H. Height,
Frank Robinson,	Frank Kent,	Gus Lawrence,
John Gleaory,	Henry Pullman,	J. Lew King,
Mr. Kerpson,	Frank Sherwood,	George Melville,
R. H. Thompson,	Frank Campbell,	Charles Noyes,
Barney Williams,	Neil Grey,	D. C. La Rue,
P. K. Thompson,	Justin Buislay 10c.,	T. H. Jefferson (2),
D. H. Harkins,	James Maguire,	John Joel,
Geo. Edeson,	J. Wilson,	Dick Willis,
Tommy De Voe	E. D. Gooding,	Harry St. Leon,
Sam Cole,	D. Hanchett,	Gus Howard,
Adam Forepaugh,	C. H. Clark,	C. M. Parsloe,
W. S. Shadman,	W. G. Christie,	Sidney Cooke,
Mrs. H. W. Hagan,	Sig Faranti,	James Taylor 15c.,
Mrs. E. T. Stetson,	C. Williams,	Annie Yeamans 14c.,
Sig. Lopez,	Caroline Hayes,	Bella Jederson,
Martha Gibbs,	Pauline Cushman,	Nellie Howard,
Mrs. Bevins,	Kate Graham,	Connie Thompson,
Leona Cavender (2),	Laura Keene,	Vic Howard,
Miss L. Cilde,	Dollie Pike,	Lizzie La Grange,
Annie Gibbons,	Therese Berrie,	Lottie Forrest,
Mollie Williams,	May Fiske (3),	Louisa Wray 19c.,
Senorita Marie,	Ettie Berger,	Jennie Gourlay,
Kate Rynar,	Fanny Melmer,	

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Jan. 11, '69.

THE HOLIDAYS being fairly at an end, everything is beginning to settle down or float along in its legitimate or illegitimate channel, trade and recreation depending upon the needs of the regular patrons rather than upon an inflated holiday traffic. The year opens upon our amusements in a less auspicious manner than formerly, for though theatres and halls of entertainment are sufficiently plentiful, yet money is somewhat scarce or contracted. In fact, we are just beginning to discover that New York city—large as its population may be—has at the present time full as many places of amusement as it can support; some good judges contend that we have too many such places for our one million inhabitants, and that it is owing to this cause that some of the theatres are a trifle "off" just now. There may be as much money expended in such matters at present as there was five or six years ago, but this sum is now divided among an increased number of managers, and while certain of those managers find a balance on the right side at the close of the season, others cannot, even by the aid of our patent "adding machines," count up sufficient to pay their indebtedness and leave a margin for the procuration of a week's board and lodging. There are many things operating to the disadvantage of our theatres at this particular time of the year, prominent among which might be mentioned balls, parties, and skating. This latter, especially, exercises a depressing influence upon indoor amusements of all sorts. In addition to the large number of dramatic establishments already in existence, others are in course of completion, while others, again, are being projected. When these new places, added to those already in operation, shall be thrown open to the public, it will require considerable *finesse* on the part of managers to make both ends meet. Minstrelsy is not so flourishing as in former years, and one company, which did a splendid business the two past seasons, has given up for the purpose of "taking a trip to Europe." Kelly & Leon's Minstrels opened their hall on Broadway, a few seasons ago, under the most encouraging auspices. The managers, for a while, worked together kindly in harness, and for a time all "went merry as a marriage bell," but the merry marriage bell does not always proclaim the continued happiness and prosperity of the high contracting powers, and we have been told by a "reliable contraband" that the toll of a marriage bell in the happy family tolled the knell of the harmony heretofore existing, and from that time discord entered into their compositions, and there has been some kicking in the traces, until things have attained the culminating point which renders a "voyage by sea" a necessary rejuvenator; and so there is an end. Bryants' *must* suffer, we should judge, by the opening of "Tammany" over their heads. When the Bryants took a lease of their hall in the lower part of Tammany at a rental of fifteen thousand dollars a year they no doubt labored under the idea that there was to be no other amusement in the building, except that afforded by the live Indians up stairs, which could not interfere with their colored brethren's on the ground floor. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to see the Bryants throw up their contract, leave the ranche on Fourteenth street, and turn their attention to Broadway. Ah! well, they say that all is fair in war, but we do not think Tammany has done the right thing in times of peace. But what of that? Just so—that puts us in mind of something which once came under our observation, and in verse we'll tell you

WHAT OF THAT?

I saw them under the gaslight's glare
Alone and merry as they could be;
He, with his dark eyes beaming bright;
Gay and laughing and happy, she;
I saw him stoop and hold her hands,
And his lips went under her little hat;
Oh, the kisses of maidens are very sweet,
And he kissed her again. Well, what of that?

I saw them coming away from church,
Surrounded by friends on every side;
And he gazed with those tender and beaming eyes,
With pride in his heart, on his fair young bride.
And there, 'mid the blossoms on her brow,
Quiet contentment sweetly sat;
Joy seemed to smile on the happy pair—
Married and settled. Well, what of that?

I saw them again, in after years,
Walking together to take the air,
With their children—a perfect flight of stairs,
Altogether, say seven pair.
Heigho! he looked wretched and thin,
But she—she looked rosy and very fat;
Time works a most wonderful change in things;
Don't it? You think so. Well, what of that?

......Talking of making both ends meet, "Our Jim" says he has a soldier friend who lost both arms in the late war, but he is by no means an idler, or a dependent on others; "for," says Jim, "he has a good many tricks on *hand*." Jim praises his penmanship, telling that he writes a beautiful *hand* with his *toes*. Of course we are rejoiced to learn that he is not *toe-tocly* useless, and are convinced that the armless soldier must be very handy, indeed. ......The marriage last week of Gaslight Daly reminds us of a marriage notice we saw in the paper the other day of a man named Callahan to a woman named Collihan. We couldn't help remarking that he took a cool way of knocking her "l" out...., During the late foggy, drizzly, disagreeable weather, when everybody else had the blues, "Our Jim" was in one of his happiest moods, laughing, and chatting, and joking in the most merrimental manner. Upon asking the cause of this untoward happiness and hilarity, Jim said that he always feels contented on a damp, foggy morning, because he knows that kind of weather will always *dew* good ......A curious breach of promise case was recently brought to light before a "referee," and, through one of his confidential clerks, revealed to us, but *we* say nothing. It appears that a gentleman of some means and repute became fascinated with the blandishments and legs of one of our "coryphees;" so, she being willing, an engagement for life was entered into between them. The day had been *set*, and a nice *set* of people had been invited to the wedding. The gentleman, with joy beaming in every feature, went west for the purpose of selling a farm he owned there, and was delayed some time after the sale, but sent on to our bewitching coryphee sufficient fund to prepare a handsome *set out*, and then *set out* soon after to keep his *appointment*; but great *disappointment* awaited him; for on his arrival he found that while *he* had been selling his farm, *she* had been selling him, and had married the young feller that drives the steam engine of military company No. Ten thousand and six, 4th battalion, sappers an minors. The late owner of the farm, finding that he had no longer any chance *to court the gal*, to *court the gal* was brought to answer for the dislocation of a bleeding heart. But, 'twas ever thus. Listen, while we tell of another

FALSE ONE.

"Jewels glistened in her ears,
Jewels flashed from out her hair,
On her fingers, on her wrists,
Jewels, jewels everywhere.
It appeared as though the East
Had been ransacked o'er and o'er,
To procure the costly gems
That the beauteous actress wore."

"Costly!" Ah, you verdant youth,
Your ideas are very slight
Of the worth of those bright gems
She so proudly wore to-night.
Hark! enthusiastic boy!
Let me whisper in your ear,
All these diamonds are paste,
Yes, mere "Californian."

......For a long time Our "Man in the Flies" has been seeking an opportunity to give his views of "Hamlet" from an upper attic stand-point, but thus far he seems to have got off the track at every attempt made to speak his piece about the melancholy Dane; but we are now assured that he has succeeded in surmounting all obstacles and in the following well-intended hand-write he has got well into his subject. We let him go on in his own peculiar style, which is somewhat of a cross between "Our Jim's" and the "Soap Fat Man's." Hear a voice

FROM THE MAN IN THE FLIES.

MR. EDDITUR.—A few weeks ago I sot down to give you mi ideas of "Amlet," as embodied in mi origi'ale performances of that immortal roal, wich may be sed to ha' been the makin o Shakespeare, wich we kno to av ben the makin of two Booth's, and wich has ben a ansom livin to an ole line of tradegians from Kean upwards. As I before remarst, it was in o iday times and mi name was before the public for that part, but owin to some little diffiklety with the staige manager, oo thought it and that Amlet should go hon with the scupe, (altho' I told him it was mi concepshun, and if anybody ad good cause to get tight it was Amlet, oo would naturally resort to the bole to drown is sorrows,)—for what says E in is openin speech:—

"—— 'Tis not a loss, my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor custom-made shoots of sollem black,
Nor windy suspirations of forced breath."

Owin, I say, to this little diffiklety, the matter was postponed *sine die*, and the sensashun hoss drama of "Putman, the high run son of '76," was substichooted instid. I am personally opposed to hose pieces, fitly conceevin that noble animile only in his proper spear wen on the race coorse, or peraps on the street. But, if anythink can excuse a resort to such claptraps, it's certingly a olidey nite. "Putman" was brought forard for the first time on New Year's heave, with all the resources of that popplar esta lishment. Black Jack sing was the managgeer, and I o n vell remember is elated manner as e peered through the ole in the box hoffis, at the crowd that was streamin thr ugh The ominous placard, "Free List Intirely Sus ended," strunk a deth blo to the opes of many a ang r on, oo lookt upon the free bentray as is nacheral prerogativ. Even Nat Bannis er, oo was the forchenat horther (e got fifty dollars in cash for is peace and a free pass for is acquaintances), couldn so much as get his toes inside the loby. All the actors was up in their parts and was well receeved, as ushal, but wen little Milner came on as Putman, with that bully way of is, and began to talk sassy to the Brittish ossiters, I thought the owse would a come down. It was a riteh trete, too, when Jack Addaway inwited the rats to come out o' their oles, and pore Gus Clarke, as the yoothfle lovyer, with is arm around is gal, dared the minions of the royal depot to come on, and agen, when Putman, dischargin of is pistle, went clatterin elter skelter down the planks from the top o the theatre, to the intanite risk of is neck, by wich the interest was ightened. That rore of excited eplause, methinks I ear it now. The pit rose as one man, and cheer after cheer proclaimed the general satisfaxion with the feet, whilst Hambling, looking through the slats in the doors of the boxes, gave is snuff a energetic thump, took a double dose, and exclaimed in that sculptural woice of is—"It 'll do, by—! it 'll do!" and then went in to count the reseats with Waldron. Milner was Great likewise in Amphibeous and other characters callin for the star trap exercise, but Putman ran so long that e forget ow to do anny think else, and when last eard from, e was goin round the country under the name o Rarey, a teachin of people ow to acquire the mastery of the oss. *Them* was the balmy days of the sensashn drammy—*them* was the youthfle playgoerses 'appy times. There was no rein in on raleroad acksidents then to draw a owse; but real hosses and real water, and sometimes, wen Driesbach was the feeher, a lot of wild animiles thro n in wich. I must say, struck me as a bit of an umbug, for wen by grate perseverens with poal, the carpinters ad pried the real Bengawl tiger outen his cage behind a tree, and the ferocious crecher ad made is spring and ad is tussle with the Herr, e sot down on is aunches and panted with exaustion, and I could see that e was *sans* teeth, *sans* claws, *sans* anythink, and was moretally fritened besides. No dowt e wisht isself safe in is native forests to home in Bengal. There was another New Year's nite, when a lake of real water was on the bords, and Billy Gotes was one of the pints of atracksun, and I wouldnt wonder if the teacher would a been continued to this day, only for one or too unfortunate circumstances. Sevril of the leadin performers avin disapered the water was draned off for repares to the tank, when haf a dozen drownded bodies was found at the bottom. Whether through acident or perfeshenal jellousy was never knowed. But the managers dried up on the water bu ness, and fell back on Jule Turnbull and her talented *corpse de balley*. Them, too, was the days when Proctor used to raise our hair as the Jibbeeninainosay, scalpin and slaughterin off his Indian victims at a rate which did us good to see, and the efect of which was ightened by a party of real live Injuns, whom Hambling had engaged for the ocashun; but the fellers got so excited one nite wen the war dan's was goin orard that they fell upon the company in earnest and cleared the stage offhand, and then turned too and cleared out the gentle musicioners, and mite a cleared out the audiense too, but they'd started on the first breakin out of hostilaties, and was by that time taking their whiskey skins in Wash Bartlett's bar room, where, for the present I shall leave them.

THE SIX HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH and last performance in this city of Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, took place at their hall, 718 and 720 Broadway, on Saturday evening, Jan. 9th, and as the career of this company has been somewhat remarkable, we shall give a brief history of their doings since their advent here. The building known as Hope Chapel had for a long time been an unproductive piece of real estate for the owner, and the two halls occasionally leased for exhibitions had not proved a paying speculation for any one of the managers that gave it a trial. Panoramas of nearly every description, various other kinds of exhibitions gave it a trial, but all shared alike, closing abruptly, and with some loss. Finally, a minstrel band opened there called the Californians, but their career was a brief one, and the place was again closed. For a long time was it advertised for rent, but no one could be found who dared to make the venture, until Messrs. Kelly and Leon, two gentlemen who had been running a minstrel band through the west, decided to locate in New York, and took a lease of the entire building for two years. They met with anything but encouragement on all sides, and not a person was there but predicted a complete failure. But they knew their own business best, and having some money as well as reputation to risk, took possession May 1st, 1866, and gave the premises a complete rejuvenation, making a billiard saloon out of the lower hall, and a pretty minstrel hall out of the upper one. They opened October 1st, 1866, renting out the six dwellings over the hall and the store each side of the main entrance, besides the basement and billiard saloon, receiving therefor more money than they were actually paying for the entire property, leaving them with no rent to pay at all for their minstrel hall. Here was a bold stroke in the beginning. On their opening night Frank Moran was on the bone end, John Allen tambourine, and Edwin Kelly interlocutor, besides thirteen performers and a pianist in the first part. They were favorably received from the start and were rewarded with good houses, which continued to increase nightly until they closed the season, June 22d, 1867, and went to Boston and Philadelphia for a few weeks. Returning, they commenced their second season July 29, 1867, with Nels. Seymour and Add Ryman on the ends. They opened well, and their business was splendid throughout the entire season, which closed June 24 h, and then they visited Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Albany and a few other places. During their traveling tour Mr. Kelly remained in this city to superintend the alterations made in the hall, which were of the most extensive character. When the company returned to commence their third season, Aug. 31st, 1868, they found the handsomest and best fitted up minstrel hall in this country; in fact, the managers went to an expense of nearly $20,000 and made it in every sense of the word, a theatre. They were safe in expending this much in improving the property, for they had had their lease extended from two to ten years. Their third season opened more auspiciously than their two preceding ones, business being great. They charged a higher price of admission than was ever before demanded by a minstrel band—$1.50, $1 and 50 cents. They commenced making a feature of opera burlesque Feb. 3d, 1867, when the "Grand Dutch S" was presented in a manner never before attempted by a minstrel band in this country, and equal in costumes and general appointments to any production at our theatres. The piece had a great run and made many thousands of dollars for the managers. This was followed in rapid succession by other burlesques, all of which were done in a superb manner. When they opened their last season they had in the first part thirty-five people, including sixteen musicians, sixteen in the chorus, two end men and a pianist, forming two circles across the stage. Their business continued good up to their closing night, but, having received a tempting offer from a popular London manager to visit England and produce their burlesques there, and then make a tour of the Continent, and having an opportunity to lease their hall, they concluded to terminate their New York engagement. This is the only reason they leave, and not for want of patronage, as has been stated by several of our contemporaries, for the receipts of this band, as well as those of the other two in the city as returned to the several revenue collectors, will show. The company intend taking a traveling tour of about three months, commencing this evening (the 11th), at Harlem, N. Y., thence to Yonkers, 12th, Stamford, Conn., 13th, Bridgeport 14th, Hartford 15th and 16th, thence to Springfield, Mass., Providence, R. I., Worcester, Albany, N. Y., and through the West to Chicago, where he intend remaining for a few weeks. Mr. Kelly leaves for England in about two weeks to prepare things ahead. Leon, and a few members of the present company will leave so as to appear there about Easter Monday. That Leon will meet with success across the water there cannot be a doubt, for his equal has never been seen there in his specialties, and as an impersonator of female characters, he is great. Their Hall has been leased to G. T Reeder for the balance of the lease, eight years and four months, from Jan. 1, at a rental of $15,000. Mr. Reeder is a real estate broker, unknown in theatrical affairs, but he takes it on speculation. It is his intention to close the hall for about ten days or two weeks for the purpose of making some alterations under the stage in the way of dressing rooms, and when all is ready, will open with a vaudeville or burlesque company, under the acting management of Thomas E. Morris. It is probable that the Elsie Holt burlesque troupe, now in Boston, will open there before the close of the present month.

THREE ADDITIONS are made to the company at Tony Pastor's Opera House this week in Delehanty and Hengler, cloggists, and Nellie Taylor, vocalist, all of whom put in an appearance this evening. Frank Dillon, comic vocalist, continues. His impersonations of character and singing have been favorably received each evening. "Sunshine and Shadow" is the title of a new drama to be presented this evening.

THE BRYANTS have been doing a good business at their hall the past week, the overflow from The Tammany helping to fill up the house each evening. In fact, their business was better than it had been for several weeks previous. About the same programme that was given the past week is announced for the present. Raphael de Solla, the boy tenor, continues to come in or a fair share of applause. He does not sing "by ear" alone, but is well acquainted with the musical notation, evinces a most intelligent application of style, and his expression is excellent.

PRETTY SOON we shall have something new to say about "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic, as the management intend introducing many new features in a few weeks. Business, however, continues excellent.

MR. JAMES HAYES, of the Olympic Theatre, goes to Europe on the 13th, in search of novelties.

JOHN E. OWENS' engagement at the Broadway has been postponed two weeks.

MR. KINNEY, the treasurer for the New York Circus, received intelligence last week from England, that an aged aunt had just died, leaving him heir to an income of $15,000 a year. It is his intention to cross the Atlantic in a few weeks, settle up his affairs, and, returning to the States, start a first class circus company.

THE WORRELL SISTERS produced at their theatre on the 4th inst., Brougham's burlesque of "Field of the Cloth of Gold," rewritten by Charles Webb expressly for these ladies. Abounding with comic and well executed dances, songs, duetts, and choruses of every conceivable shade of absurdity, and most ingeniously divined stage business, carefully acted throughout, it achieved at its first production a success unequalled by any burlesque yet presented at this establishment. It is a burlesque in every sense of the word, being full of humorous business, many dances, and choruses set to popular tunes. It went off the first night remarkably well, bursts of laughter attending it throughout; every song was cheered and every dance *encored* from two to three times. In the third scene the entire company indulge in a walk around and Jennie Worrell has an opportunity to do her clog dance, which was *encored* five times. In this same scene C. Minten and George Lingard did the two *gen d'armes* from "Genevieve De Brabant" and were compelled to repeat it four times. Minten made up and acted for Gabel very well. Sophie was a sprightly Earl Darnley, agile and full of dash. She was habited in a splendid costume. Jennie also looked captivating as the Duke of Suffolk. The burlesque was capitally rendered in every particular and has made a most palpable hit. The attendance on the opening night, which was only fair, increased with each successive performance, and by the close of the week the house was full.

THE MANAGEMENT of Wood's Museum offer their patrons for the current week the burlesque of "Ernani," preceded each evening, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, by a popular farce. The new burlesque company, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, Mdlle. Morlacchi and a ballet troupe, open on Feb. 1st in the burlesque of "Field of the Cloth of Gold." The sea monster, which is said to measure 33 feet in length, 21 feet girt, and legs 6 feet 4 inches long, and whose weigh when captured is estimated to have been 11 tons, continues on exhibition and is to be seen at all hours of the day.

THE FRISCO MINSTRELS are presenting their patrons with an entertainment that sparkles with fresh witticisms, some new jokes and conundrums, and the audience laugh to their heart's content. The Ethiopian opera of "Bone Squash" has been so favorably received the past three weeks that the managers have concluded to keep it on the bills for the present. Business has been improving with this company, and large and appreciative audiences can be found there every night.

LARGE AUDIENCES attended the New York Circus each evening the past week. This well managed establishment continues to hold a high place in public estimation, and deservedly so, for the entertainments are novel and pleasing. The troupe of equestrians, acrobats and gymnasts have been selected from the best talent in the country, and the stud of horses is one of the finest ever owned by a circus manager. Mr. James Melville is riding a splendid act of horsemanship. The pantomime of "Blue Beard" retains its place on the bills, and is in high favor with the *habitues*, particularly the little folks.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS—Jerome and Edward—continue to manufacture magical apparatus at their establishment, No. 589 Broadway, N. Y. See advertisement.

MR. TAYLEURE sailed for England by the Steamship Russia on the 6th inst. He expects to return early in February.

THE CONTINENTAL HALL, cor. 8th ave. and 34th street, is advertised to let.

TAMMANY has at last opened to the public and gives evidence of becoming a permanent institution. The inauguration took place on Monday evening, Jan. 4th. Long before the doors were opened the pavement in front of the house was densely crowded with human beings mixed up of all sorts, from the gentlemanly "knuck"—and there were plenty of them—to the gay young sport. Ladies were few and far between. When the doors were opened there was such a rush as is seldom seen at any place of amusement. Long before the hour of commencing had arrived there was not a vacant seat, or standing room in any part of the auditorium. The bar room, the lower room where Punch and Judy is exhibited, the Turkish divan, and all the lobbies were crowded with masses of human beings swaying to and fro, crowding one another, and oaths were as thick as blackberries in season. The admission is 50 cents to the house, with extra charge for seats in the orchestra and orchestra circle, and never before was there seen or offered so much for so small a sum. There are portions of the performance to which objections may be raised on the score of quality, not quantity. But taken on the whole the evening's entertainment is certainly a most enjoyable one. Here we are presented with snatches of Opera Bouffe, sensational drama, the Circus, Black Crook, the *Can Can*, spectacle, pantomime, the regular variety business, together with almost everything that is to be found in the amusement line. If a person tires of the performances in the theatre he can adjourn to the Divan, there sip a cup of coffee or smoke a pipe as long as his arm, or to the refreshment saloon for a cold cut, creams, jellies, etc., or to the bar room where from eight to ten are in waiting behind the bar. Having become satisfied with what has now offered, go farther down stairs to the basement or the promenade room, where an orchestra is playing during the early part of the evening, followed by the Punch and Judy show capitally illustrated by Messrs. Brewer and Gardner. This is one of the most amusing parts of the evening's entertainment, for it is sure to please the little ones. After Punch and Judy comes more music by the orchestra, then the performances on the two wheel velocipede, magic tableaux, etc. In the theatre on the opening night the Star Spangled Banner was sung by the entire company, followed by the opening address, exceedingly well delivered, by Miss Louisa Moore, of Niblo's Garden. Then followed the regular programme, among which was a grand ballet by Bonfanti and twenty-four *coryphees*, madrigal chorus by a quartet of gentlemen and fourteen boys in the chorus, Ernest Clark the comic vocalist in the Topsy Toy song and Tommy Dodd, Lizzie Dalhewd in a character song and dance, and Maffit and Bartholomew in a wooden shoe dance, which concluded the first part. The second part introduced the dramatic company in an extravaganza called "The Page's Revel," but a more conglomerated mass of nonsensical trash, without the slightest meaning, we never before saw. Alice Harrison looked charming as Captain of the Pages and sang very well. Ben Maginley made all that was possible out of his part. Bessie Ludlow was fair to middling. This lady must be very careful of her side speeches, for fear they may be heard by those she would not like to hear them, as was the case on the evening of the 8th. Sheridan and Mack did a song and dance very nicely, and Charley Parker a grotesque stilt act. A burlesque on "After Dark," called "After Dusk," was personated by Mr. and Mrs. Val Love, both of whom are versatile and very clever actors. They sing well and act well, and understand their business thoroughly. Mons. and Mad. Senyah followed in gymnastic performances on the single trapeze and swinging rings, concluding with a transept flight from the gallery to a trapeze held by Mons. Senyah from the flies directly over the stage. The act is known as the Niagara Leap introduced here by the Buislay Family at the New Bowery Theatre three seasons ago. This ended part third. The pantomime of "Nicodemus" opened part fourth, introducing Maffit as Clown and Bartholomew as Pantaloon. These two gentlemen are two of the best in their business in this country and afford a fund of amusement. The pantomime went off with roars of laughter. The triple trapeze by the Victorelli Brothers, and Giltz's Allegorical Scene, "Birth of the New Year," terminated the performance, which was not over until past one o'clock. Every one appeared delighted with the arrangements about the house excepting that no checks were given at the door, consequently if any one wanted to go out he had to remain out and buy another ticket. This one thing will, we think, do more injury to the establishment than anything else. People do not like to be forced to buy their drinks within the building, no matter how good they may be.

"LA PERICHOLE," Offenbach's latest work, was produced at Pike's Opera House on the 4th inst. It is a light Vaudeville, with plenty of legs, instead of an Opera Bouffe, and taken on the whole is one of the tamest affairs yet presented by this troupe of opera buffoons. Irma failed to create as lively a sensation in the drunken scene as did Schneider in Paris.

"AFTER DARK" remains on the bills at Niblo's Garden and is attracting a succession of good houses. The railroad scene, which has been the subject of so much controversy with our Courts, is given each evening, the management having compromised with Augustin Daly, they paying twenty-five dollars each night for the privilege of presenting it.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" has entered upon the second year of its run at the Olympic, and continues to send away every night large and delighted audiences. Mr. Symons has assumed the duties of manager, and takes hold as naturally as does a hungry boy to an ear of hot corn.

MR. MORRIS SIMMONDS, of the firm of Lowell & Simmonds, dramatic agents of this city, will sail for Europe on the 27th inst., for the purpose of securing novelties and specialties in the dramatic and variety business for the ensuing season. We refer our readers to a special card relative to the above, published in our advertising columns.

"THE WAY OF THE WICKED," a sensational drama, by J. Holmes Grover, will shortly be produced in this city.

THOMPSON & RIGGS, having established themselves at 512 Broadway, are now prepared, with increased facilities, to transact any legitimate business which may be entrusted to them in the way of providing members of the profession with situations or securing talent for managers. In a card elsewhere in this issue, they advertise for stars, male and female, having six or twelve nights at their disposal.

BROUGHAM'S THEATRE opens on Jan. 25th with a new comedy from his own pen, entitled "Better Late than Never," and a piece entitled the "Dramatic Review of 1868."

GEORGE R. EDESON, of the old Pittsburgh Theatre, is in town.

Dramatic.

G. P. BARNARD, leader of orchestra, advertises in another column for a situation in a first class theatre or with a good traveling company.

THE OPERA HOUSE at Pleasantville, Pa., is advertised for rent for first class traveling companies. Manager Sefton is also prepared to negotiate with stars for the above house.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATKINS appeared, in conjunction with J. V. Gilbert's company, in Charleston, S. C., the past week.

EDWIN FORREST played at City Hall, Portland, Me., Jan. 1st and 2d. The pieces presented were "Othello" and "Jack Cade." A correspondent says:—"In 'Othello' Mr. Forrest received able support from the company. Miss Flora Myers as Desdemona played with excellent taste. The Iago of Mr. Clarke was also a fine performance. In 'Jack Cade' Mr. F. was supported in good style with but one exception—Mr. S. H. Brink utterly failed to convey anything like an idea of Lord Say. Mr. Forrest played in Manchester, N. H., Jan. 8th and 9th, and is to be in Lowell, Mass., 11th and 12th."

LAURA KEENE'S NEW YORK COMPANY will commence the season on March 1st. Artists of metropolitan reputation are requested to apply as per advertisement.

MAD. SCHELLER is now in the second week of her engagement at the Salt Lake Theatre. "The Broken Sword" and "Pauvrette" are in active preparation. "A Flash of Lightning" and "The Lottery of Life" will be produced during her present engagement. George B. Waldron is still playing there.

JOHN S. LANGRISHE is now playing at Fort Bridges with his company. He goes from Bridges to Cheyenne, gives a few performances there and then proceeds to Denver.

MAD. SCHELLER has closed an engagement with Mr. Langrishe, and will appear at his Denver theatre in February. The manager is determined to make his Denver Theatre a first class place of amusement. He will proceed to New York shortly to obtain acquisitions for his company.

GEO. PAUNCEFORT is still at Helena, and will open the theatre there with a picked Mountain Company.

D. MCKENZIE having retired from the Salt Lake stage, received a complimentary benefit on Dec. 28 h, tendered to him by Mad. Scheller, Geo. Waldron and the company.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.—All applications for stock engagements at this house are to be addressed to the stage manager, as per advertisement in another column.

MRS. GLADSTANE has been the attraction the past two weeks at the New Memphis Theatre. Our correspondent "Memphian" says:—"The Memphis community have had a series of magnificently rendered performances at the New Memphis Theatre, by Mrs. Mary Gladstane and the stock company. The able support give this star during the two weeks of the legitimate, proves the company to be unquestionably the best we have had in this city. The 'Lancashire Lass' was produced in an admirable manner, with Mrs. Gladstane as Ruth, and Mr. Hamilton as A Party by the Name of Johnson, but I regret to say the houses were the worst of the season. On the other nights, 'Elizabeth,' 'Hunchback,' 'Masks and Faces,' 'Oliver Twist,' were given to uniform bad houses. It is matter of surprise that first-class dramatic performances should be so unappreciated, while the two variety shows, the New Gayeties and the Varieties appear to do a regular good business. The management of the New Memphis have spared no efforts to make the theatre attractive, but there appears to be a lack of theatrical spirit among the people. Mrs. Gladstane goes from hence to Galveston."

AT THE HOUSTON, TEXAS, THEATRE, on Dec. 28th, "Under the Gaslight" was produced to a crowded house, with R. D. Ogden as Snorkey, J. F. Noyes as Ray Trafford, C. H. Matthews as Judge Dowling, Frank Knight as Splinter, Miss Ella Wesner as Sam, Maude S. Leone as Laura, Agnes Stanfield as Pearl, and Miss May Thompson as Judas.

PLUNKETT'S COMPANY appeared in Council Bluffs, Iowa, the past week.

J. H. HACKETT appeared in Providence, R. I., on Jan. 7th, supported by the Boston Theatre Company.

THE FLORENCE BURLESQUE TROUPE played the "Grand Duchess," "Cinderella," and "Colleen Bawn" in Providence, R. I., on the 8th and 9th.

MAGGIE MITCHELL opened a brief engagement at the Opera House, Louisville, Ky., on the 4th, in "Fanchon," to a crowded house.

WOOD BENSON opened Wood's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on Jan. 4th, with "Daughter of the Regiment," Bella Golden in the leading *role*. On the 5th "Everybody's Friend" and "Jenny Lind" were presented.

JOHN TEMPLETON'S COMPANY opened at the Wilmington, N. C., Theatre on the 4th inst., in "Mazeppa," which was repeated on the 5th. "Under the Gas Light" was given on the 6th, and opened in Raleigh on the 7th and 8 h, and returned to Wilmington to play "Under the Gas Light" and "Happy Man" on the 9th.

ETTIE HENDERSON, comedienne and burlesque actress, is prepared to arrange with managers for brief star engagements. This lady has been lost sight of for over a year, most of which time she spent in England. Her agent's address will be found in another column.

MR. AND MRS. FLORENCE are in their second week at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md. A correspondent says:—"Nothing new has been added to their *repertoire*. If Mrs. Florence does not act with the spirit and vigor that characterized her performances fifteen years ago, she certainly *looks* as fresh as a Miss in her teens. Mr. Florence's recent visit to the Alps seems to not only have benefitted his health, but to have contributed one more dialect to the already numerous collection be introduces in Irish character. They produce 'Inshavogue,' 'Rory O'More' and 'Colleen Bawn' this week. The 'Black Crook' is underlined for early production."

VARNEY'S DRAMATIC TROUPE appeared in Burlington, Iowa, on the 5th, in "Ten Nights in a Barroom," followed on the 6th with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and 7th "Ten Nights in a Barroom" and the "Stranger." A correspondent says:—"They played to good business. The company consists of the following people:—Thad. P. Varney, R. M. Oglesby, E. J. Rose, G. Hitchcock, D. C. Weaver, J. Lawrence, Miss Mary A. Brewer, Miss L. Oglesby, Mrs. F. P. Varney, Mrs. A. J. Rose and Effie May, the child actress. The company is a very good one, and are drawing in the rhinoes. Mr. Varney and Effie May are deserving of especial mention. Fred. C. Pratt is in advance. They migrate from here to Mt. Pleasant for the 8th and 9th; Fairfield, 11th and 12th; Ottumwa, 13th and 14th; Eddyville, 15th and 16th; Oskaloosa, 18th and 19th, and Des Moines, 20th, 21st and 22d."

MRS. D. P. BOWERS was at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, the past week.

THE MAX MARETZEK ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE have possession of the Boston Theatre this week.

"CYRIL'S SUCCESS," which has proved a great success in England, is to be produced for the first time in this country at the Boston Museum on the 11th inst.

"LAME CATS," a three act comedy, by Yates, which was a failure in London, is announced for production at Selwyn's Boston Theatre on the 11th inst.

LINGARD and company continue at the Theatre Comique, Boston.

THE ELSIE HOLT TROUPE are meeting with much success at the Olympic, Boston. A new burlesque is to be given on the 18th.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS commence a tour of the New England cities on January 25 h, under the management of Lowell and Simmonds.

CLARA P. CARNES has been left $16,000 by her uncle in England, recently deceased. Good for Clara.

THINGS THEATRIC in Philadelphia the past week remained without material change; nevertheless the patronage extended the various houses was quite liberal, and this, too, despite the shocking condition of the streets, which were in a sad state of muddy filthiness..... The Susan Galton English Opera Troupe have certainly made a hit in the Quaker City, the Theatre Comique, where they are performing, having been crowded each night of the past week by as fashionable audiences as can be met with in any theatre in that city. A pleasing little operetta called "66," ascribed to the prolific labors of Offenbach, was presented for the first time on the 7th inst., and it met with considerable favor. It contains several beautiful melodies, as well as duets, trios, etc., which were given in a creditable manner. The Galton entertainments are really the first substantial success this pretty little theatre has met with since its conversion into a place of amusement. As a minstrel hall, although presided over at one time by Manager Hooley, of Brooklyn, it failed to reward the enterprise of its projectors. It met with no better success as a variety hall, although some very fair attractions were offered. With the advent of the Susan Galton English Opera Company the character of the performances underwent a decided change—minstrelsy, the clogs and variety being given the go-by, while neat little operas were substituted; but even this change was received coldly at first, and for a little while the para roue "went it alone," to use a sporting phrase; but once their merits became known, the public responded liberally to the appeals of the strangers, and now the Galton party may be considered as established favorites; and this they have achieved without any of those conventional clap traps usually resorted to by new comers, to secure recognition. They will remain at the Theatre Comique until further notice......"The Orange Girl" held the boards of the Walnut until the 9th inst., when it was performed for the last time, and gives place this week to the old Bowery version of "After Dark," under the direction of J. E. McDonough, who also sustains one of the leading characters. ......The American, with its *ballet*, pantomimes and other specialties, meets the reward due to enterprise and liberality, a bad or even moderate house being the exception at this establishment. A fresh female gymnast, "who has a brother," made her appearance on the 7th, in what is called "Alrigdon' operitization"—we *believe* that's what they call it. The Can Can, vocalisms, etc., were also presented to the patrons of the American; while on the 6th inst., Manager Fox presented 2,000 loaves of bread to the poor of the city, and a like presentation is to take place on the 13th. .....The Chestnut Street Theatre still remains without an occupant. There is some talk of remodeling this house, and the sooner it is done the better. It is not what a theatre on the fashionable thoroughfare of Chestnut street should be. Constructed on a different plan, somewhat in the style of first-class New York theatres, with a company of good artists, the Chestnut might be made to take rank as the leading temple of the drama in Philadelphia. That such a change will be made in the Chestnut at no remote day, we feel assured......Daly's "Flash of Lightning" continues to attract good houses at the Arch. It is now in its fourth week. Its author, who took to himself a wife on the 6th inst., is said to have witnessed the representation of his play a night or two after his matrimonial alliance, while on his wedding tour..... The Academy of Music is just at the present time given up to the lovers of masked balls, etc.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS OF WASHINGTON.—Our correspondent, "Novice," sends us the following *resume*:—"The 'Black Crook' was not taken off the boards at the National Theatre on the 2d inst., as I last week stated, but representations were given on the 4th and 5th, the spectacle of 'Undine' being presented on the 6th. A very full house witnessed the first production of the piece, notwithstanding it was the second night of Mrs. Scott Siddons at Wall's, and the first of the Brothers Davenport at Metzerott's. For a first production, the play ran along very smoothly, and, since the first night, everything works well. The *ballet* is the same, principally as that which proved so attractive in the 'Crook,' there being but one change, Wesmael retiring, and Oberti, an inferior dancer, appearing. The cast is arranged as follows:—Undine, Emeline Zavistowski; Idex, Lillie Eldridge; Schnapps, E. Lamb; Sir Hubert, P. A. Anderson; Demon, Frank Foster, and other characters by Mrs. Parker, Messrs. Parkhurst, Curly, Parker, and Mrs. Mozav. Mr. Lamb was specially engaged for the part of Schnapps. Upon appearing he was warmly greeted by his many admirers, and in personating the character assumed developed his superiority in that style of acting to which he seems to be adapted. Mr. Lamb is certainly a great favorite with theatre goers here. There is so much of the character of Stalacta in the acting of Miss Emeline Zavistowski that her Undine will not bear much praise. She sings in the first act an incidental song, arranged to the music of 'Call Me Thine Own,' in her usual pleasing style, and is frequently the recipient of floral offerings. Lillie Eldridge, who appears as Idex, has established herself as a decided favorite with the patrons of the house, judging from cordial receptions nightly given her. In the first act Miss E. sings a pretty ballad adapted to the scene, and follows in a duet with Schnapps (Mr. Lamb), and again, in the 3d act, she warbles a pleasing selection very sweetly. Mr. F. Foster as Khuleborne is quite acceptable. Mr. Anderson as Hertzog in the 'Crook' was exceedingly good, and while at Wall's played a round of character parts admirably. He is not at all suited to the character of Sir Hubert, however, and does not please. Previous to the Can Can in the third act Mlle. Oberti dances the 'Hungarian.' I might enjoy it had I never seen Sohlke. Oberti will not compare favorably with the other leading dancers here. The Amazonian and Demon March in the same act is splendidly given, the marching and evolutions being executed in fine style. 'Ixion' is announced for a first production on the 14th inst......Mrs. Scott Siddons, supported by an excellent combination of New York artists, commenced a season of four nights and a *matinee* at Wall's Opera House on the 5th inst., selecting for the opening piece 'Romeo and Juliet.' Mrs. Siddons essayed the *role* of Juliet. She was warmly received, and ably assisted by Messrs. D. H. Harkins, J. C. Dunn, Chas. Kemble Mason, P. A. Fitzgerald, T. J. Hind, C. T. Parsloe, H. Howard, T. F. Egbert and Mrs. Marie Wilkins. On the following evening Mrs. Siddons appeared as Mrs. Haller in the 'Stranger,' and on the 7th Shakespeare's comedy 'As You Like It' was given. The Rosalind of Mrs. Siddons was really a treat; in fact a better or more artistic rendition could not have been wished for. Excellent support was rendered by Mr. Harkins as Orlando; Mr. Mason as Jaques; Wm. Davidge as Touchstone, and Miss Cole as Celia. 'Much Ado About Nothing' was exceedingly well rendered on the 8th, the series of performances closing yesterday afternoon with the 'Hunchback.' Each of the five performances given by Mrs. Siddons attracted very large and critical audiences. It was a wise movement to commence the season with the assembling of Congress, for many in the audience were either members of that body or were attracted here by the reassembling of the National Legislature. The daily press have teemed with praises of Mrs. Scott Siddons' superb acting, and her early return to this city will be hailed with satisfaction."

T. L. WISE advertises that he can be engaged for heavy business for the remainder of the season. See his card elsewhere.

AT THE MOBILE, ALA., THEATRE, for the past week, says our correspondent, "Guy," writing under date of January 3d, business has only been tolerably fair, with Chanfrau as the attraction. On Thursday night, 31st, the "Cowbellion De Rakin Society" occupied the theatre with their annual tableaux. During the week was presented "Joe," "Stage Struck Barber," "Ragged Pat," and on the 29th a benefit was given for the Mobile Fire Department, on which occasion Chanfrau appeared as Mose in the "Firemen of New York."

THE MISSES WRAY, LOUISE AND ADA, seem to have made a hit at Trimble's, Pittsburgh, Pa., *encores* being numerously showered on both. The *Republican* says they are among the chief favorites of the Coal City. The Columbus *Sunday News* says of them:—"The Misses Louise and Ada Wray are excellent performers and are *encored* nightly. Miss Ada, upon the banjo, is the best performer in that business, and her skill is really surprising." We quote also from the Ohio *Statesman*:—"The banjo performances of Miss Ada Wray are nightly received with shouts of applause. Louise Payne Wray in her peculiar line has no superior."

MARIETTA RAVEL continues sick at the St. Charles Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"LOST IN LONDON" is announced for production at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, this week, also the drama "Blow for Blow," which will be produced on alternate nights.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD appears as Topsy at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the 14th inst.

MR. W. DAVIDGE, stage manager for Mr. Tayleure at Pike's Opera House when the dramatic season opens, will receive all propositions for engagements during the absence of Mr. Tayleure in Europe. His address will be found in an advertisement in another column.

OF DOINGS IN NEW ORLEANS in the theatrical world we are advised by our correspondent, "Nat Ormsby" up to Jan. 6th. He says:—"Business at the Opera House has very much improved since last week, the large audiences that assemble to witness the troupe in 'Il Trovatore' and 'Barbe Bleue' are a fair sample of the week's attendance. The two plays above mentioned, and 'Jerusalem,' have been the principal attractions during the week, and good attractions they were, too, having been put upon the boards in a creditable manner, and the *artistes*, particularly Mlles. Hasselman and Camtier and Mons. Picot, Engel and Van Hufflen, sustaining their respective parts in a most praiseworthy manner.. The 'Lancashire Lass' is still running at the Varieties, but is to be withdrawn to-night to make room for 'Romance of A Poor Young Man.' The audiences since my last have been pretty fair, and the 'Lass' would no doubt draw paying houses some time to come, but I informed you some time since that Mr. Floyd had done away with the long run system, &c., &c. Sheridan's A Party by the Name of Johnson, Mr. O. H. Barr's Redburn, Stanton's Spotty, D. E. Ralton's Danville, Miss Alice Grey as Ruth Kirby, Miss Josey Orton as Kate Garston, and Miss Belle Freeman as Fanny Danville, were all very correct impersonations, and judging from the repeated bursts of applause made, the audiences were well pleased with their outlay of currency.......At the National (German) Theatre the Frezerici German Opera Troupe have done better than I expected, the place being filled to repletion nightly with the German element..... At the St. Charles the Whitman Ballet Troupe bade us adieu Jan. 4th, and the Hanlon Combination, having arrived one day ahead of time, took possession of the boards Sunday evening, Jan 3d. This troupe is one of the best that has ever appeared in this city. Piau, the Russian athlete, is immense. Everything the Hanlons produce is good. The boys Julian, Francois and Victor are three of the best youngsters in the profession. They are nightly called on several times in all the acts they undertake before the audiences are satisfied with witnessing their performances. People are not thoughtful, as a general thing; when seeing something good they generally overtax the *artiste*. Mr and Mrs. Brennan, Emily Thorne, James Bramphin and the rest of the combination are, each and every one, good cards."

"UNDINE" still holds the boards at the Rochester, N. Y., Theatre. Our correspondent says:—"The defects in the working of the machinery have been remedied to a great extent, and the piece is running quite smoothly. During the first week of its production, general opinion was against it, but as several improvements have since been made, it has proved more successful and has attracted full houses, this (last) week, principally from the country. The ballet have acquired considerable proficiency in their dances and marches, and have undergone several changes for the better, but more are needed. A sailor dance, by Mdlle. Lusuardi, dancing by *Coryphees*, and a double clog by Murray and Laughlin, are among the features recently introduced. It is rumored that a New York firm are about to erect a new theatre in a more desirable portion of the city, but nothing definite has yet transpired."......Sherry's Dramatic Troupe were at Corry, Pa., on the 4th, 5th and 6th, the Academy each night being filled. They commenced an engagement of nine nights at Dunkirk, N. Y., on the 7th, with "Rosedale."

THE INITIAL PERFORMANCE of "Humpty Dumpty" by the Tony Denier troupe at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., did not take place until the 5th inst., in consequence of the non-arrival of the troupe, who did not reach there until noon of the 4th, and therefore had not sufficient time for rehearsal. It was produced on the 5th, in a manner said to be creditable for a first representation.... At DeBar's, the Richings' Opera Troupe held sway the past week. "Faust," "Trovatore" and "Crown Diamonds," for the third time, were given. On the 7th, "La Somnambula," and on the 8th, a complimentary benefit was tendered to Mr. C. R. Bernard, when the "Rose of Castile" was to be given. The company closed on the 9th.

FRANK MAYO opened at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 4th, for two weeks. "After Dark" gave place on the 7th to "Streets of New York." On the 8th, "Foul Play" was produced. "Lancashire Lass" and "Cadet La Perle" will occupy the boards this week. Mrs. D. P. Bowers appears on the 18th instant.

AT CASEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Auburn, N. Y., "Uncle Tom's Cabin" drew good houses last week. The play was well cast and each member of the company, says a correspondent, exerted themselves to do justice to their various parts. Mrs. Forrester's Topsey was an excellent impersonation, perfect both in dialect and general character. Mrs. Sambrook's Ophelia we have never seen equalled, while Miss Glassford's Eva was the crowning triumph of this talented child actress. Sagree, by G. W. Farren, was all that a hard hearted villain should be, and while it excited a hatred for the character, we could not admire the artist's ability. Marks, by A. H. Sheldon, was capital, as is each character which this rising young comedian undertakes. The last scene is truly grand, and well worth the price of admission alone. The citizens of Auburn have tendered Mrs. Forrester a complimentary benefit, to take place on the 12th."

THE DRAMATIC WORLD IN CHICAGO the past week is reported to have been unusually good. Our correspondent, "Loiterer," under date of Jan. 9th, says:—"Lotta remained at McVicker's another week, appearing in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Female Detective,' 'Family Jars,' 'Nan,' etc. Next (this) week Edwin Adams follows with a season of heavy bus. 'Flash of Lightning' is postponed for the present. Alice Holland received a rousing benefit on the 4th at the Museum, appearing in 'Comical Countess,' 'Object of Interest,' and 'Flighty Mishaps' Laughing Hyena.' 'Peep o' Day' all the week except the 8th, when stage manager Keller takes a 'ben,' the bill being 'The Mormons' and 'Barney the Baron'......At Crosby's 'The Guardsmen' hold the boards. New effects have been introduced in the Sally Port scene, and as it now runs is the finest thing of the kind ever offered the Chicago public. Next (this) week they produce 'Rosedale.' The Richings Troupe appear one night next (this) week (Friday) and journey on to amuse the good people of Kalamazoo, Mich., on the 15th."

THEATRICALS in Indianapolis, Ind., are thus dilated upon by our correspondent, under date of Jan. 7th:—"'Undine' was shelved on the 2d, after a two weeks' run to good business. Hess, of Chicago, removed his transformation scene of the 'Four Seasons' and his *ballet* troupe, consisting of Mlle. Lupo and Anna Blake. Anna and Lupo went to play in 'Undine' at Buffalo on the 5th. Manager Leake—with Mlle. Zoe as the star—with that portion of the Academy of Music company which were out on a skirmishing tour around the State, returned on the 2d. Zoe went to fulfil an engagement in Evansville, Ind., Jan. 4th, with Manager Golden; the same time Joe Jefferson opened here, at the Academy of Music, in his specialty of 'Rip Van Winkle,' which has been greeted with the largest houses since Ristori and Forrest played here. Jefferson's engagement is for five nights only. On the 12th inst., the management produce 'Midsummer Night's Dream'.....Fanny Janauschek and her troupe play here Feb. 26th, 27th and 28th."

FANNY B. PRICE reopened at the Galveston, Texas Theatre, on Dec. 28th in "Camille," with J. G. Beckett as Armand Duval. A correspondent says:—"Count de Varville by George Morton was well sustained. Mons. Duval by E. B. Eberle was ably rendered. Sam. E. Ryan performed Gaston in his usual excellent manner. E. C. McCall as Gustave did well. Mrs. E. A. Eberle as Mad. Prudence was excellent, and Nanine, in the hands of Miss Maggie Desmond, was all that could be desired. On Dec. 29th 'Camille' was repeated. 'Little Barefoot' was given on Dec. 30th. On the 31st 'Fanchon' was presented. On Jan. 1st the 'Pearl of Savoy' was produced for Miss Price's benefit, with Miss Price as Marie, which she plays well. Sam. E. Ryan acted finely as Pierrot, and E. A. Eberle did justice to the Commander. Miss Maggie Desmond was *au fait* as Chouchon. Mrs. E. A. Eberle was fine as Margaret. Miss Crisp did well as the Marchioness, and J. V. Bowes' Loncelot was an excellent piece of acting. On the 2d, for the *matinee*, 'Camille' was given, and in the evening the 'Pearl of Savoy' was repeated. The 'Sea of Ice' is underlined for production on the 4th .....The German Theatre, formerly the Varieties, on Post Office street, is now open and is said to be doing a good business."

SHERRY'S TRAVELING COMPANY gave four performances in Corry, Pa., commencing on the 1st, and drew fine houses. The troupe consists of J. F. Sherry, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carroll, Geo C. Charles, W. J. Ferguson, P. P. Rainey, Mollie Pike, Mrs. S. A. Baker, Katie Baker and others. They were successfully engaged to open the new hall in Dunkirk, at which place they play nine nights.

KATE FISHER AND TROUPE appear at the Academy of Music, Corry, Pa., in "Mazeppa," on the 9th.

MESSRS GARRISON AND EVERHAM, dramatic agents, Chicago, publish their card in our advertisement columns.

A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY is advertised for by John Weaver for the theatres at Lockport, Batavia and Albion.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY, with J. H. Hackett as the star, appeared in "Henry Fourth" at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Jan. 6th. Mr. Hackett had the support of C. R. Thorne, Jr., as Hotspur; Louis Aldrich as Henry, Stuart Clarke as John and Mr. Forsburg as One of the Earls.

MISS AGNES ETHEL (pupil of Matilda Heron), is announced for seven nights at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., commencing the 16th. She will be supported by Messrs F. A. Gossin, W. H. Pope and Leslie Gossin. Mr. J. C. Pray is business manager.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter appeared at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Jan. 7th and 9th.

THEATRICALS IN CINCINNATI, OHIO, are reported as not having been very brilliant the past week. Our correspondent remarks:—"At the National Joseph Jefferson's splendid engagement was followed by a most disastrous week. Mrs. Lander did not arrive in time to open on the 4th, and J. Newton Gotthold was substituted instead, producing a drama from the German, new to Porkopolis, entitled 'Uriel Acosta.' The scene of the play is Amsterdam, during the persecution of the Jew in 1640, and the play itself is historical, and rather effective. Up to Friday night, however, the houses were the thinnest seen for many a long day. On Friday, for Mr. Gotthold's benefit, a number of the Hebrews of the city rallied, and notwithstanding that it was a rainy, disagreeable night, the house wore a less bleak appearance than usual. Gotthold played Uriel Acosta, the hero, in fine style, and deserved better encouragement than he received. One or two of the other characters, such as De Great's De Silva, Whitting's Ben Jochai, and Minnie Monk's Judith, were excellently done. The play in general was rather tamely performed, owing to the discouraging circumstance. Gotthold made his last appearance as Shylock, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' with Whiting as Bassanio. Mrs. Lander was to open positively on the 6th, for a season of two weeks, commencing with 'Marie Antoinette.' She was to be supported, in addition to the regular company, by J. H. Taylor and George Becks..... Wood's Theatre has done fairly during the week. Joseph Proctor was the attraction, in 'Nick of the Woods,' until his benefit on the 8th, when he appeared as Ethelwold, in his sensational piece called 'Ambition.' On the 9th, 'Nick of the Woods' and 'O'Neal' wound up Mr. Proctor's engagement. In 'Nick of the Woods, Mr. Macauley played Ralph Stackpole capitally, but the rest of the support was rather poor. 'Ambition' was much better acted, Macauley appearing as Cranmer, Devere as King Henry VIII, and Johnson, who does well except when he overacts, as Martin Krinkley. Mrs. Scott Siddons appears next (this) week in six performances, among which will be Rosalind, Beatrice, Juliet and Julia, in the 'Hunchback.' The admission figures have been doubled during her engagement, from which people are to infer that she is a little beyond the ordinary......At Mozart Hall, Janauschek wound up her somewhat lengthy engagement on the 10th, during the latter portion of which she has been playing on Sunday, as well as other evenings. Her programme was:—Sunday, the 3d, 'Don Carlos;' Monday, 'Maria Stewart;' Wednesday, 'Elizabeth;' Friday was to have been 'Deborah,' but by request Schiller's 'Love and Intrigue' was repeated; Sunday, 10th, 'Marianne.' The German drama has been a fair success in Porkopolis."

OUR ST. LOUIS advices are up to Jan. 7th, under which date our correspondent says:—"At the Olympic 'Humpty Dumpty' holds the boards. It is well put on the stage and works well. The piece commenced on the 5th. Tony Denier is Clown; Harry Leslie, Harlequin; Mlle. Auriol, Columbine; Jos. M. Sloan, Pantaloon; Fanny Stocquelor, burlesque, and Frankie McClellan, romance. Alf. Mee appears in the skating scene. 'Humpty Dumpty' draws fine houses, and will run a while. At De Bar's, on the 4th, the Richings troupe gave 'Faust;' 5th, 'Il Trovatore;' 6th, 'Crown Diamonds;' and 7th, 'La Somnambula.' On the 8th C. R. Bernards has a complimentary benefit and will produce 'Rose of Castile.' On the 9th they close with the 'Daughter of the Regiment.'......At the Varieties business is good. In the olio Herman's budget of Irishisms, the song and dance of Watson and Lizzie Sherman, the sword dance of A. R. Campbell and Jennie Eagan, Virginia Murray's Tassani, Hungarian Polka and the African Can Can, have been the principal features. The after pieces have been 'Marco Corsajo,' a new piece, by Frank Frayne, and a burlesque called the 'White Crook.' Billy Allen, song and dance man, and Mlle. Josephine, commence at this theatre next (this) week

MARBLE'S TROUPE closed in La Crosse, Wis., with a benefit to William Marble, on Jan. 5th, and opened in Sparta on the 6th, where they were to remain three nights, and open at Black River Falls, Wis., on the 11th.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC have in contemplation the reproduction of the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," in Cincinnati, where it was a great success, and have been negotiating for the Fourth Street theatre for the purpose. The proprietors of the Race Street Varieties are after the same building for a permanent Music Hall on the genteel order.

OUR CALIFORNIA ADVICES of doings in the dramatic world, by the overland mail, as late as Dec. 19th, are as follows:—The Bush Street Theatre is rapidly approaching completion, and, it is thought, will be ready for dramatic performances about the 15th of January. In regard to convenience and spaciousness of the auditorium, it is thought that it will surpass all other theatres on the Pacific coast. There are two circles proper, a dress circle and orchestra; the two latter being constructed on the same general plan as those in the late Academy of Music. The front of the family circle is not on a line with the front of the dress circle below, as in the Academy, but is run so far back that it leaves nearly two-thirds of the dress circle open to the main ceiling overhead. The front of the gallery describes an arc still further back, leaving most of the family circle also open to the ceiling. Leading from the family circle, at the extreme wings, there are to be five or six private boxes on each side. The orchestra is to be furnished with a new style of arm chairs with flexible backs. The seating capacity of the auditorium will be between fourteen and fifteen hundred. The stage will have a width of seventy-five feet by a depth of eighty feet, and a height in the clear from the foot-lights to the proscenium arch of forty feet......The Poole dramatic season at the Metropolitan closed on Dec. 19, and on the 21st the Lyster Troupe were to commence a season of Italian and English opera, with the first production in that city of "Les Huguenots," with the following cast:—Mme. Escott as Valentine, Miss Geraldine Warden (her first appearance in California) as Marguerite, Miss Georgiana Hodson as Urbain, Henry Squires as Raoul, J. E. Kitts (his first appearance) as Marcel, J. H. Sutcliffe as Count Nevers, Fred Lyster as St. Bris, W. F. Baker as Huguenot Soldier, Mr. Nathanson as Baron Meru, Mons. Charles as Cosse, Roncovei as Retz, and Mr. Bachrach as Savannes. The terpsichorean *artiste*, Mme. Desire Martinetti, has been engaged as *premiere danseuse*. "Les Huguenots" would be repeated on the 22d, and "Bohemian Girl" 23d, Armes Beaumont, *primo tenor*, making his California *debut* therein in the *role* of "Thaddeus."...... Messrs. Brooks' and Platt's new Theatre Comique, at the junction of Kearney and Pacific streets, has been leased by the Martinetti for their holiday season. With their own force the Martinettis have combined a company, and were to open the new establishment on Christmas eve with a grand holiday pantomime, ballet and gymnastic entertainment. Emilie Melville had a benefit at the Opera House, on Dec. 18, when "Under the Gaslight" and "Jenny Lind" were performed. Lucille Western was up for a benefit on Dec. 21, prior to her departure for the east. She was to present "Masks and Faces," with Miss Western in the *role* of Peg Woffington, supported by Messrs. Wheatleigh, Herne, Coustaine, Edwards, Mrs. Saunders and Emelie Melville; to be followed with comic sketches by Joe Murphy.... Sallie Hinckley has returned to "Frisco," from the interior. The receipts of the places of amusement for the month of November, per Internal Revenue returns, were as follows:—Metropolitan Theatre—Chiarini's Circus, ten days, $4,054; Bert's Minstrel Troupe, three nights, $1,892; Poole Dramatic season, seven performances, $4,524; total, $10,470. Alhambra Theatre, $12,418; Opera House, $18,188; Olympic, $6,188; Pacific Museum, $1,313. Total, $47,637..... Daly's "Flash of Lightning" was announced for production at the Opera House during the week ending Dec. 26

THE LITTLE ROCK, ARK., THEATRE has been closed, owing it is said, to the sudden departure of several members of the company without giving the management any notice, so that their places could be filled. The seceders are Wood Benson, Golden and Gross, who are censured for clearing out just after having received their benefits, thereby refusing their aid to those who were to follow with benefits. Of the company that remained were Messrs. Dalton, Fletcher, O'Keane and others. It was, at last advices, Manager Nelson's intention to reopen the theatre as quick as possible.

NOTICE is given in another column, by Henry D. Palmer, of Niblo's Garden, this city, that he has sold to Miss Laura Keene the drama entitled "Hunted Down; or, The Two Lives of Mary Leigh," by Dion Boucicault, together with all the proprietary rights for the United States.

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.—Laura Keene informs managers, through an advertisement in another column, that the litigation concerning the ownership of this comedy has terminated and her rights thereto been confirmed; they are therefore cautioned against performing the play without her consent.

EDMUND S. COLES' DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Portland Me., on Dec. 24th, and played there until New Year's afternoon, when the party were advertised for a *matinee*, but to the disgust of the entire company Coles turned up missing, having suddenly left with salary due all the company, who were left there in destitute circumstances, many of whom had to leave their trunks for their board and get out of town.

DISTURBANCE IN A THEATRE.—Two individuals named John Frank and James Duffy attended the Boston Theatre on the night of Jan. 4 to witness the impersonation of "Long Tom Coffin," and Frank occupied a seat in the family circle, while Duffy was content with less expensive accommodations one story higher. Both men had partaken quite freely of potent beverages, and as the performance progressed the liquids which they had imbibed commenced to talk. Frank made himself [illegible] conversations, and he finally became so turbulent that [illegible] was called upon to remove him. He was then taken to the police station, and while being conveyed thither he made considerable trouble for his captors [illegible] reaching La Grange street he struggled with desperation [illegible] overpower the officers in whose custody he was, but upon [illegible] soused in a snow bank his passion was cooled and he [illegible] no further violence. While this scene was being enacted outside Duffy became overpowered by heat—and other [illegible] in the gallery of the theatre, and endeavored to repose on Alfred Dearn's shoulders. Alfred objected. James [illegible] Dearn gave vent to his indignation, and Duffy landed a "bunch of fives" on his frontispiece. The gallery was in an uproar, and it is impossible to state what might have occurred if "Duff" had not been taken under arrest. Both he and Frank were complained of for drunkenness, and they were ordered to pay the usual fine. Duffy was also examined [illegible] assaulting and battering Dearn, and upon being [illegible] he was ordered to pay a fine of $25 and costs, or [illegible] to the House of Correction.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and his daughter are the subjects of a favorable notice by a correspondent of the N. Y. Star, which we here quote:—MESSRS EDITORS.—Uninfluenced by motives other than those which are common to all lovers of art, it is with sincere pleasure that I learn that Mr. McKean Buchanan and his accomplished daughter are soon to appear in our city. I wish to bear testimony to his long devotion to the legitimate drama and especially to the genius of Shakespeare, many of whose creations can find no more careful or studious interpreter than Mr. Buchanan. In these degenerate days, when the meretricious allurements of the "Black Crook" style of drama are perverting the taste of our young men, it should be a source of congratulation that Mr. Buchanan has adhered to those representations which, more than all other causes combined, have influenced and elevated the common literature of our language.

VARNEY'S DRAMATIC TROUPE opened at Union Hall, Burlington, Iowa, Jan. 5, in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." T. P. Varney is proprietor and manager.

LINYARD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY reopened in Middletown, N. Y., on Jan. 6th, in "All is not Gold that Glitters," and "Robert Macaire." W. K. Linyard, S. H. Verney, A. L. Cooke, Wm. Mack, G. H. Maxwell, F. Scallan, F. H. Bridge, Mrs. Emma Linyard, Mrs. Stuart, Miss Edith Preston and Mrs. Wm. Mack are in the company.

WILSON AND CLARKE'S DRAMATIC TROUPE close an engagement in Fredericton, N. B., with the end of the current week, and open in St. Johns on Jan. 19th.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY—traveling party—occupy the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., this week, with "After Dark."

LEO HUDSON in company with manager Richards, opened the Pulaski Opera House on the 5th.

DAVIS & CO., dramatic agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise for *ballet* ladies. Miss Leila Du Russieau can be engaged through them.

JOHN E. OWENS will inaugurate the opening of the New Opera House at Hartford, Conn., on the 20th inst., under Lowell and Simmonds' management.

Negro Minstrelsy.

S. S. SANFORD'S TROUPE were at Sunbury, Pa., on the 8th and 9th, and commenced an engagement of six nights at Harrisburg on the 11th. S. S. Sanford and daughter, assisted by Edwards and Dougherty, comprise the principal talent.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are billed for two nights, Dec. 22d and 23d, at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, at the Brooklyn and Williamsburgh houses, continue in favor with the public, and present the same bill this week as offered the past week. At the Brooklyn establishment Joe Emmet repeats his Dutch impersonations, and on the 15th Dave Reed takes a benefit, while in Williamsburgh "The Shadow Pantomime" and "The Progress of America" will be presented.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS are billed for Rochester, N. Y., on the 11th and 12th, and Elmira, 15th and 16th.

THE MORRIS' MINSTRELS gave a performance on the 6th in Elmira, N. Y., to an immense house. Add Ryman and Johnny Hart occupy the ends. The quartet is good, with but one exception. Collins and Queen, in their songs and dances, were *encored* three times. Billy Sweetman's banjo solos took well, he being called out four times.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS continue to do a good business in Chicago. Our correspondent, "Loiterer," says:—"They have produced a burlesque on 'After Dark,' which has proved a success and the attendance is greatly augmented, reminding me of the houses which greeted Sam and Ben on the opening week. The burlesque is by a gentleman of this city, and follows the play in plot and incident more closely than most of the cork burlesques with which I am familiar. The scenes are all local, and the gambling room decidedly so. Our new tunnel serves as a substitute for London Bridge. They might introduce a lively time among the boys dancing and singing in this scene, with good effect. In the last scene the destructive train approaches with all the usual bluster, old Tom and Chumley getting sufficiently on their legs to allow the rushing train to pass safely under them. It bids fair to enjoy as long, if not a longer run than did the play at the Museum. The first part of their entertainment abounds in new songs and Sam's local jokes, which are never bad, and Ben knows when to take a cue. Geo. Gray sings 'Good Bye at the Door' sweetly and with sufficient feeling to win an *encore*. Stanwood, with his banjo, suffers a double *encore*."

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS gave one performance at Corning Hall, Auburn, N. Y., on the 5th, to good business.

THE COOL BURGESS MINSTRELS will put in an appearance in Piqua, Ohio, on the 9th inst......The Newcomb party follow on the 18 h.....Emerson, Allen and Manning's Minstrels did a big business there for two nights recently. This is Billy Manning's home, and nearly every one turned out. Before bidding adieu to the scenes of his childhood Billy was appropriately "caned."

EMERSON, ALLEN AND MANNING'S MINSTRELS opened in St. Louis, Mo., on the 4th, and continued during the week to fair houses.

CAL. WAGNER took a benefit at Wilson's Opera House, St. Louis, Mo., on the 8th inst.

THE BARLOW BROTHERS, double straight jig dancers now performing at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., advertise that they can be engaged after the 23d inst.

COOL BURGESS' MINSTRELS were at Columbus, Ohio, on the 4th; Dayton, 5th; Richmond, Ind., 6th, and will be in Indianapolis about the 11th. Prof. Gus Gebers is now leader of orchestra for this troupe.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS performed in Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., on Jan. 5th, to the largest audience ever attracted there by a minstrel band, it is said.

A NEGRO MINSTREL TROUPE has been formed in Salt Lake under the name of "Salt Lake Minstrels," and are performing as an after entertainment at the theatre for six nights. They are pronounced very weak, and the only good man among them is Add. Weaver. The intend traveling through the settlements.

JERRY DASHINGTON, song and dance and general business man, is at liberty to engage. See his advertisement in another column.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS were to open in Rochester, N. Y., on the 11th for two nights.

AT WILSON'S Opera House, St. Louis, the "Voyage Musicale" forms the first part of the entertainment, and this week four new scenes have been added, viz.:—"Planter's House," "Levee at St. Louis," "Tower Rock by [illegible]" and "Bay of Naples." Bray's son and dance [illegible] Encounter," and Williams' banjo solo have [illegible] features of the olio. "Turn Him Out" has [illegible].

EMERSON, ALLEN & MAGUIRE [illegible] opened to a crowded house on the 4th, at Mercantile [illegible], St. Louis. The principal features have been songs and dances by Emerson and Allen, stump speech by Mannings Bowles' cornet solo and Reynold Bros' clog. The after piece was "Oh! Hush."

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS showed at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 6th and 7th inst. Lew Benedict and Charley Gleason have the ends, and kept the audience in good humor with their witty sayings. The instrumental music is pronounced a feature of the entertainment. Frank Kent, the dancer and vocalist, did "Walking Down Broadway" and "As through the Park I go" in a lively manner. The entertainment was first class and gave general satisfaction.

HARRY MACARTHY is at the Morris Brothers' Opera House, Boston, this week.

Circuses.

WILLIAM ARMSTONG and wife advertise that they can be engaged for the coming season.

MRS. JAMES A. OATES, "Little Red Riding Hood," and the innumerable *corps* of *artistes* at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, have made their *exeunt* from the Academy boards to make room for the Castello and Howe Circus, which opened on Jan. 4th to one of the largest [illegible] of the season. Our correspondent says:—"The Academy [illegible] nightly, since the advent of the circus, been crowded [illegible]. Among the combination the names of Dan Castello [illegible], Young Romeo, Sig. Montevordi, contortionist, [illegible] Brothers, Carlotta De Berg and La Petite Josephine, not forgetting Charley Fish and Sig. Sebastian, stand the most prominent."

GEO. W. GATES left Elmira, N. Y., to join Lake's Circus on the 10th inst.

STONE AND MURRAY'S CIRCUS gave their last show at Lake City, Fla., on Jan. 6th, and then took rail to Savannah, from whence they took steamer, arriving in this city on Sunday morning, the 10th inst.

MAD TOURNIAIRE AND LA PETITE LOUISE MARIE can be secured for the tenting season, as will be seen by a card elsewhere.

FRED. TOURNIAIRE, general performer, advertises for a situation for the coming tenting season.

JOHN HENRY COOKE, equestrian, advertises that he will shortly be in New York and can be engaged. See his card elsewhere.

CRAMER'S CIRCUS is wintering at Albia, Ia. During the vacation Mr. C. has built a large hotel in the town.

THE BESWICK BROTHERS, athletes, advertise that they can be engaged for the coming season.

JOHN LOWLOW, clown, advertises that he can be engaged for the coming season.

CHIARINI'S CIRCUS inaugurated a new season in San Francisco, Cal., on Dec. 14th, to a crowded pavilion, and the performances are pronounced the best ever seen in that city. El Nino Eddie appeared on the tight-rope and was well received. On Dec. 18 h, Dick Rivers appeared in an equestrian scene act. ......Messrs. John Wilson and James Cook's new and mammoth hippodrome building, at the corner of Post and Stockton streets, is completed and the opening performance was announced for Christmas eve.

ANTONIO MARQUEZ, circus rider, now performing at the Napoleon Circus, Paris, advertises that he can be engaged.

A BRASS BAND, all Americans, can be secured for the coming season. See brass band leader's advertisement.

WM. KENNEDY, clown and comic singer, advertises that he can be engaged.

PROF. R. R. HUMPHEIRS', English brass and string band, "double handed performers," are open for engagements. See card elsewhere.

A CIRCUS, horses, wagons, canvas and everything constituting a show, except the baggage horses, is advertised for sale by A. Conant, whose address see elsewhere.

CIRCUS WAGONS and other property is advertised for sale by E. Tillotson in another column.

GEORGE DE HAVEN starts with a company from Winslow, Stephenson Co., Ill., early in the spring.

Music Halls.

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., say our correspondent, "Guy," writing under date of Jan. 4th, "has undergone a complete change in management and company. Messrs. Martin and Taylor have taken the reins in hand, and put on an entirely new company, with the exception of Johnny Keegan, who still remains as stage manager. The performance opens with an olio, Johnny Keegan as bones; Jas. Maas as interlocutor; Jas. Cummings as tambourine; Miss Gressie Creighton sings 'Little Bareloo;' Jennie Jenks, 'Luddie Dan De' and 'Normarda,' with considerable feeling and good effect. Miss Minnie Grey sings several ballads, and does the same number of dances, and is well received, but displays but little talent here as a *danseuse* or vocalist. Josie Church, in the utility, is very charming. Johnny Keegan, in his clogs and pathetic ballads, continues a red-hot card. Jas. Maas does a banjo solo, and 'Capt. Schmitt' burlesque on Capt. Jenks, in a manner that would do credit to any denizen from 'Shust from de Rhine.' J. H. Cummings does a very passable song and dance. The programme consisted for the past week of 'Nix and Nox,' 'If you want to Fight,' 'Gen. Tom Finger,' and 'Sights in the Green-Room,' well interspersed with songs and dances......Dave Williams was in the city on the 5th, on his way to Montgomery, to fill an engagement at the Olive Varieties. Also Gus Shaw and Herr Single were in the city on New Year's day, on a flying visit."

TONY PASTOR is the great attraction this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, in the burlesque of "Ixion." Alice Seidler and Addie LeBrun are also there.

THE CANTERBURY, at Washington, D. C., under the management of Fitzsimmons & Henly, continues to flourish. Our correspondent, "Notice," says that "the Can Can is still the principal attraction, in which the leading dancers of Mons. Adrien's troupe appear to advantage. Mons. Adrien's daughter, Marie, nightly executes a variety of pleasing dances, and the graceful Idelle is still a favorite. Misses Millie Howard, Blanche Mayfield, Katie Hunter, Mary Dullin, and Carrie [illegible]

...in the ballet. Dan Rowe, the gymnast, still retains ..., and has introduced new acts. Richard Clark ... Hall do the funny business in a very clever style. ..., the knife juggler, is much of an attraction, his performance of the impalement feat being well executed. At the ... Hall, a glorious bill of good things is constantly ...; the company at present is fully up to the usual good ..., and the stage manager, G. S. Hall, continues ... his forces in a satisfactory way. A programme ... now is provided twice each week, and fresh ... are being constantly added to the company. The ... part, or minstrel scene, is an important feature, and could ... dispensed with. Songs and choruses are nicely rendered, the ends are exceedingly well maintained by Charlie Howard and Johnny Harris. The comic artists, Buckingham and ...sons, closed their engagement last evening, the 9th ... Carrie Gardner, vocalist, commenced on the 7th inst. ... Edwards remains in the troupe, and with the patrons of ... establishment is a very great favorite. Miss Edwards uses excellent taste in the matter of dress, and also displays judgment in the selection of songs, singing nothing but new and pleasing gems. Viola Clifton retired from the company last week. The comic travestie "Pills versus Powder," and the funny sketch "Two in One Bed" are amusingly performed. Jennie ... continues in vocal efforts; Ella Sheldon and Julia ... in Terpsichorean exercises; Marie Zoel in her pleasing clog medley, and Kate Clare in her champion jig. Tomorrow evening, the 11th inst., Mons. Veaudemont, Josephine ..., La Favre, Irma and Olivia, make a first appearance. The management have engaged these artistes in addition to the regular company, to appear in the Parisian sensation, the Can-Can. The dance is announced to be given in grand style, arranged expressly for this bijou theatre by Mons. Veaudemont.

PARKER AND BATHMAN, double song and dance men, are under engagement to open at the Varieties, Memphis, Jan. 18th, also Miss Minnie Pell and Charley Fox.

THE EXCHANGE, Indianapolis, Ind., has changed its name, and is now called "Theatre Comique." George Madden and George Shay commenced on the 2d. Harry Bood and Johnny Marton return on the 11th. J. A. Hodges, the Irish comedian, continues to be well received in his Hibernian character and songs. Miss Minnie Clark is the principal lady attraction, in conjunction with Miss Lillie Wheeler, Maggie Clark, Nelly Dawson and Millie Estelle. George C. Thompson and Frank Wilson are on the ends in the first part, with Gowing as interlocutor.

C. L. WELCH, manager of the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., is at present in this city in search of talent for his place of amusement. As will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere, a full company is wanted.

OLD SAM LATHROP, the oldest clown in America, commenced an engagement at Theatre Comique, Indianapolis, on the 7th.

THE ALHAMBRA, San Francisco, Cal., appears to be doing a good business. The panorama of "A Trip Around the World" was unrolled on Dec. 14th, to a large audience, and was presented throughout the week. The panorama is given in conjunction with an explanatory and humorously characteristic "First Part" by the California Minstrels and the accompaniment of a brass band. The transit of the painting affords views of the city and bay of San Francisco, the bay and city of Panama, railroad across the Isthmus, Aspinwall and steamship dock, Liverpool, London, natural scenery in Scotland and Germany, Paris, mimic combat between the Kearsarge and Alabama off Cherbourg, scenery in Ireland, and views of Montgomery and Bush streets, San Francisco. Olivia Rand was the recipient of a benefit on Dec. 16th, and the Eureka Guard took one on the 16th.

MOCH'S HALL, Catskill, N. Y., located in the centre of the village, has a seating capacity for seven hundred. It has a stage and is lit with gas. Parties wishing to rent the hall can address as per advertisement.

THE GAIETIES THEATRE, Memphis, Tenn., is open for the season, under the management of the lessee, J. H. Etly. Ethiopian comedians, danseuses, pantomimists and gymnasts are advertised for by the manager, whose card see in another column.

PLATTER'S HALL, Chillicothe, Mo., which is furnished with stage and dressing rooms, and seats about six hundred, is advertised in another column.

THE VARIETIES, Memphis, Tenn., is reported to be doing well with the following company:—Millie Frances, Misses Gifford, Leslie and Janette, danseuses. Miss Helene Devere is sick. Jim Johnson, general performer; Chas Gardner, Sr., and Chas. Gardner, Jr.

BOB HART, late of the Olympic Varieties, New Orleans, having associated himself with a gentleman of that city, is now running the Napoleon Music Hall, a free and easy place. Bob is on hand to greet his many friends.

AT THE VARIETIES, Baltimore, the Can-Can was to be withdrawn on the 9th to make room for a new spectacular ballet, introducing Miles. Lupo and Augusta, together with Mons. Baldy, J. M. Ward and the old favorites.

AT THE NEW AMERICAN, Baltimore, business is said to continue good with a miscellaneous programme. This week a dash will be made at the semi-legitimate, when a home effusion, entitled "Plato," will be produced. Considerable expense has been incurred in preparing it.

J. G. H. SHOREY'S benefit in New Haven, Conn., on Jan. 7th, was a decided success. Paddy Hughes was one of the contestants for a silver goblet to be given to the best amateur jig dancer. A large number danced, but Paddy Hughes and Tommy Doyle (of New Haven) were both obliged to have a second trial, in which Doyle was decided the winner of the goblet. Naomi Porter and J. Leavitt are to appear at this place on the 11th.

THERE HAVE BEEN some sweeping changes in the Music Hall business in Cincinnati since our last report. Kappes and Parker dissolved as proprietors of Oxford Music Hall, and Dick Parker went over to the Race street Varieties as tamborine and banjoist. Lew Cavana went to the Sixth Street Varieties, taking Clarke's place there, and W. J. Jacobs went to a new place "over the Rhine." The re-organized company at Oxford Hall is rather slim, consisting of E. S. Miller, stage manager; Mister Reed and Charley Bartine, Belle Miller, Pepita Olivia and Laura Connelly. The Race Street Varieties has now the largest and most complete company, and their hall is also pronounced the best. The stock comprises Dan Conner, stage manager; Ned Reed, bones; Dick Parker, Celia Ilord, Lizzie Whelan and Annie Sprague, with W. H. Post, leader of orchestra......A new Variety establishment has been opened on Vine street, "over the Rhine," by a Mr. Colebrand, of which W. J. Jacobs, late of the Oxford Hall, is manager......The proprietors of the Race Street Hall are trying to get the Fourth Street Theatre.

SCHAEFER'S OPERA HOUSE, Canton, O., having a seating capacity of twelve hundred, with stage, dressing rooms and scenery, is advertised to rent. See the proprietor's card in another column.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, on the 7th, for the first time in that city, was presented the "White Fawn."

Miscellaneous.

GEN. TOM THUMB, wife, Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren, showed at Odd Fellows' Hall, Mobile, Ala., on the 1st and 2nd inst. On the 24 they gave two entertainments.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS, assisted by Wm. M. Fay, commenced a short season in Washington, on the 6th instant, at Metzerott Hall.

JOHN B. G... ...ed at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 11th, for the benefit ... of the Friendless. Subject, "Circumstances."

PETROLEUM ... lectured at Harrisburg, last week, for the benefit of ... Library Association." Subject, "Cussed be Canaan."

BANJO LESSONS sent by mail by S. Gulliver, who advertises in another column.

PROF. DE CAUX, comic ventriloquist, advertises that he can be engaged after 25th.

A LADY VOCALIST is wanted at Phoenix Hall, Davenport, Iowa. See advertisement in another column.

PROF. L. HASELMAYER advertises that he can be engaged to give his entertainments (music and magic). See his card elsewhere.

A GOOD AGENT is wanted for a gift show. See advertisement.

THE FAKIR OF AVA AND WHISTON performed at St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., to crowded houses, four nights, from the 6th.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG gave a concert on the 21 at the Opera House, Buffalo, N. Y., the second and last one takes place on the 9th.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILY appeared in Piqua, Ohio, on Jan. 1st and 2d. They give, says a correspondent, "a good performance, although portions of the programme are somewhat stale, particularly the personations and songs of Sol. Smith Russell, the comic man of the party."

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS appear on the 11th, for one night, in C...

DISTIN'S ...ASS BAND INSTRUMENTS can be had of Boosey & Co. ...tise in another column.

MARK T... in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 4th.

BLIND TOM concertizes on the 14th in Indianapolis.

HARRY BERT, Harry Slate, and John Justice have organized a Gift Concert Troupe, with R. W. Marshall as advance agent. They show in Cambridge City, Ind., on the 11th, 12th, and 13th; Connersville, 14th, 15th, and 16th; and at Rushville, 18th, 19th, and 20th.

ALONZO HAZ, a youth of seventeen, intimates in an advertisement in our columns, that he wishes to bind himself to a responsible manager.

THE OPERA HOUSE at Auburn, N. Y., furnished in good style, and every way adapted to the wants of travelling dramatic companies—having stage, scenery and dressing rooms—is advertised for rent by the single night or week, as will be seen by the agent's card in another column.

BLIND TOM concertised in Cleveland, Ohio, on Jan. 7th, 8th and 9th.

THE PROGRAMME for a grand musical festival in Boston, to take place in June next, to commemorate the restoration of peace and the Union, is published. It promises an orchestra of 1,000 performers.

THE PURDY BROTHERS' MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND, with Hugh McNany and Chas. Coon on the ends, and George N. Dorr as middle man, and the following company:—Alex Brown, John Davis, Cliff Maynard, Jim Curley, Gus Burgess, Jim Purdy, Hi Cone, and W. H. Purdy, are organizing in this State, and will start on a western tour the latter part of this month.

THOMPSON AND PARKHURST'S CONCERT TROUPE were billed for Fairfield and Mount Pleasant, Iowa the past week.

THE ALLEGHANIANS are said to be successful on their western tour. They were advertised at Des Moines Jan. 8th and 9th, and are to be at Burlington, 16th. The Daily (Davenport) Democrat says:—"Mr. Bollard still retains that deep, smooth bass voice, unlike any other, as when we first heard him some twenty years ago."

MARTINO is billed for Burlington, Iowa, for five nights, commencing Jan. 11th. Arnold Jones is ahead.

THE LAMONT BROTHERS, gymnasts, were to put in a second appearance at Des Moines on Jan. 7th.

PRESENTATIONS.—The Fakir of Vishnu, at the close of his performance on New Year's eve, in Minneapolis, Minn., invited his agent, Mr. G. H. Twombly, and treasurer, Mr. G. A. Jenness, to visit his room at the hotel, in order to consult in reference to his route for the future. Reaching his room, the Fakir turned to the gentlemen and remarked that in a business connection of two years he had ever found them prompt and faithful in the discharge of every duty, and as a slight token of his appreciation of their services, and the personal esteem in which he held them, he desired to make them a trifling present, and wish them a Happy New Year. Whereupon he placed in the hands of each an elegant gold watch, suitably engraved. On the following day Messrs. Jenness and Twombly presented the Fakir with a costly and elegant seal ring.

THOMAS SALMON contracted with the proprietor of Moore's Opera House, Newburgh, N. Y., for the use of said edifice on the occasion of a lecture by Nasby. When the time came the hall was poorly lighted and not warmed sufficiently. Salmon refused to pay the rent on that account. The proprietor sued for his money, but the court held that the defendant was in the right, whereat Salmon rejoices, in company with Newburgh lecture goers, and the proprietor of the Opera House is wrath.

THE "CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS" sang in Dayton, Ohio, on the 5th and 6th; Springfield, 7th; Urbana, 8th and 9th; and were to go thence to Delaware 11th and 12th. Franz Lamb, the humorist, has made a hit in his song, "When a Man is a Little Bit Poorly."

A SET of well dressed Punch and Judy figures are advertised for sale by Thos. Yates, whose card see elsewhere.

THE NEW YORK HARMONIC SOCIETY is vigorously at work rehearsing Mendelssohn's Oratorio of "Elijah." The chorus is large and efficient, and much interest is manifested by the members. The public performance will take place on Thursday evening, Feb. 11.

THE PEAK AND BERGER FAMILY perform in Louisville, Ky., Jan. 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th, and go thence down the river to Memphis.

PHILO CLARK, a gentleman well known in the profession, advertises for an engagement to travel as advance agent for any good entertainment.

FRED BUCKINGHAM, with his children, Ernest and Edgar, who appear to have made a hit at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C., advertise in another column.

THE GREGORY FAMILY, now performing at the Pittsburgh Theatre, are prepared to negotiate with managers. See advertisement.

... musicians are advertised for ... "No! ... Oh, pshaw! You don't know ... takes all forms." But though his lordship strove to satisfy him...

THE SPALDING BELL RINGERS were at Jamestown, Pa., on the 9th, and will be at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 15th and 16th.

PAREPA ROSA is booked for one concert at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., on the 23d inst.

TOM THUMB AND PARTY opened at Masonic Hall, New Orleans, on Jan. 4th.

CHAS. MAC EVOY, the proprietor of MacEvoy's Hibernicon, which he has copyrighted, gives notice through an advertisement, that any one infringing his right will be prosecuted.

THE CONTINENTAL OLD FOLKS appear in New Haven, Conn., Jan. 12th, 13th and 14th.

MARTINO, the gift fakir, puts in for six nights in Burlington, Iowa, beginning on the 11th.

THE ALLEGHANIANS sing in Burlington, Iowa, on the 16th.

TAYLOR'S OPERA HOUSE, Trenton, N. J., which is large enough to hold $700 at a moderate admission fee, is advertised to rent.

PROF. A. RYAN, and his son, master Rolla Ryan, gave an entertainment at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on the 7th, commencing with a lecture by the Prof. entitled, "The true, the beautiful, and the good," and followed by recitations, among which were Poe's "Raven" and "Bells," and Read's "Sheridan's Ride." He is about to make a tour of the South.

THE BURNETT AND TAYLOR COMBINATION met with such success in Cincinnati that they remained all the past week at the Fourth street theatre, drawing very well. On Jan. 7th Alf. Burnett took a "ben." on which occasion he offered prizes for the best declamations from school children. Some dozen boys and girls of the District and High schools competed, and a very large house was the result. Taylor took his benefit on the 9th, and he adopted the plan of offering prizes for the best amateur singers. The combination left Cincinnati considerably heavier in pocket than it went, and demonstrated that a good attraction could make the little theatre pay.

THE HARMONIC SOCIETY, of Cincinnati, gave a concert at Pike's Hall on the 5th, the solos being given by Prof. Smith, Mrs. Carrick, and Miss Josie Jones, the latter making a very brilliant *debut*.

Amateur.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, of Cincinnati, produced "Pocahontas," on the 5th inst. Quite a number of local and new "gags" were introduced, and some modern music, including airs from the "Grand Duchesse" and "Captain Jinks." The parts of Powhatan, Smith, Rolf and Pocahontas, were well done, the singing especially, by Dodds Guilford, Ray and Miss Schulte......The Davenport Club essayed "Hamlet" on the 8th. The Hamlet of the evening, Mr Toms, was a clever failure, but some of the other characters, such as Mr. Kennedy's Polonius, were good......The Woodward Circle, another amateur organization of the same burgh, gave the "Robbers" on the 8th.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, gave the English version of the "Grand Duchess" at their new hall, Fifth and Gaskill streets, on the 13th inst. The piece has been adapted from the original French opera, by Wm. B. Harman, expressly for the "Wheatley." The orchestra will be under the direction of Prof. Fred Meyer. This is the first attempt on the part of any amateur association in Philadelphia to produce a comic opera.

Foreign Show News.

ADELINA PATTI has at last quitted Paris. The few *debutantes* who have appeared during the winter in Paris to oppose her, soon yielded before her serried triumphs. Patti has especially succeeded in Paris this season in opera buffo, and more especially on Sunday, when it is the fashion to make up the opera bill with scenes from different operas. Patti bade farewell to Paris in the first act of the "Traviata," and the third of the "Somnambula." The "Italiens" was thoroughly crowded from the pit to the roof; so great is the popularity of La Diva that it was almost impossible to breathe, and the heat was unsupportable. Every note called forth a peal of applause; but then Patti never sang better. When, after "La Traviata" the curtain began to fall, five bouquets and a gold crown were thrown on the stage. Three times the favorite had to reappear before the curtain. This, however, cannot be compared to the ovation that greeted her after the "Somnambula." A torrent of bouquets and flower coronets poured on the stage. The whole audience standing up would not cease shouting and applauding with excitement and enthusiasm. Handkerchiefs fluttered in the air, and the expanse resounded again and again with the cries of "good-bye!" and "*au revoir!*" Five times recalled, five times La Patti advanced to the very front of the stage. Overcome at last, it appears, the popular idol could not suppress her tears.

MEYERBEER'S "Profeta" and Rossini's "Cenerentola" have been the late attractions at the Pergola Theatre, Florence.

FERUCCI is the name of a new soprano who is exciting the opera goers of Moscow.

PEROTTI, a new tenor in Genoa, is highly praised there by a very critical public much disposed to grumbling.

MR. BOUCICAULT has purchased a piece of land at Passy, near Paris, in which he intends erecting a villa for a spring residence. We hear this author has a piece in manuscript for Drury Lane.

MR. H. MONTAGUE, one of the proprietors of the Christy Minstrel troupe known as Wilsome and Montague's, has undertaken the lesseeship of the Theatre Royal, Birkenhead. A Christmas pantomime was to be produced on Boxing night.

IN a little operetta, entitled "Les Horreurs de la Guerre," ridiculing the profession of arms, which has had a great run in Paris, two German Grand Dukes, each at the head of four soldiers, resolve to go to war for the possession of a fair damsel.

MADLLE. MARIE DUVAL, a young French lady of some reputation as a clever and lady-like amateur actress, was to make her *debut* at the St. James' Theatre on Dec. 26th.

THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE, London, opened on Dec. 21st.

THE ST JAMES' THEATRE, London, was to be reopened on Boxing Night, with a new piece, bearing the suggestive title of "Glitter," in which Miss Lucy Rushton was to make her first appearance since her return from America, in the principal *role* (Lucy Trevlyn). The cast contains the names of Miss Maria Simpson, Mrs. Poynter, Mr. George Jordan, Mr. Gaston Murray and Mr. Charles Coghlan. Two gentlemen, Mr. Flockton and Mr. Arthur Williams, hitherto strangers to a London public, were to make their first appearance on the occasion.

MR. SOTHERN concluded one of the most brilliant engagements he has ever played in Liverpool on Dec. 24th, and this is the more complimentary when the season of the year is considered (just before Christmas being a notoriously bad time for theatres). During eight nights of the engagement it has been necessary to remove the orchestra in order to provide extra stalls, and every secured seat in the house, including even side boxes, had been engaged days before.

MR. TALBOT, tragedian, was to sail from Plymouth, Eng., on Dec. 28th, for Melbourne, in the ship Lincolnshire. He purposes returning to England in about fifteen months.

LADY DON appeared Dec. 21st at the Theatre Royal, South Shields, in two of her favorite characters, the Child of the Regiment and Black-Eyed Susan.

THEATRICALS IN CALCUTTA.—"Arrah Na Pogue" was produced in Calcutta on Nov. 21st.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SLAYING IN MASSACHUSETTS.

There was a pretty strong muster of trigger experts at Riverside Park, near the modern Athens on Tuesday, 5th inst., when three pigeon matches were contested, Ira Payne, the singer, and noted New York shot, being one of the principals in each. The shooting was delayed some time on account of the rain, but when this stopped the first match was at once commenced. This was between Mr. Payne, of New York, and Mr. Hunter, of Boston, at seventeen single birds, Mr. Payne at 25 yards rise, and Mr. Hunter at 21, guns to weigh less than 7½ pounds, and 80 yards boundary. Mr. Payne shot from a breech loader weighing 7 lbs. 6 oz., and Mr Hunter from a muzzle loader weighing 7 lbs. 2 oz. Considering the weight of the guns the shooting was good, especially as the birds were particularly strong, being the best that have ever been trapped at the park. Mr. Hunter lost his first bird by careless gathering, and his fourth and tenth birds fell dead out of bounds, but he succeeded in winning the match by a single bird. The following is the score:—

Payne ......0110010101—9 | Hunter .... 01101111001011011—10

The next match was between Mr. Payne and Mr Quincey, of Boston, at ten single birds, 21 yards rise, and in this Mr. Payne used a muzzle loader. Mr. Quincey did not shoot so steadily as usual, and he lost the match by three birds, as will be seen by the score below:—

Payne..........0111111111—9 | Quincey.......... 1101101010—6

Mr. Payne and Mr. John Schwoerer then shot a match at eleven birds, Mr. Payne giving his antagonist three dead birds to his score, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary. This showed some excellent shooting, and, as the score will show, it was a close thing, and, had no one of Mr. Schwoerer's birds fallen out of bounds, the result might have been changed. The following is the score:—

Payne..........01111111111—10 | Schwoerer...... 11111100111—9

A STRANGE ACCIDENT.—An accident of a singular character occurred at Mechanic Falls, Me., on the 2d inst. It appears that two brothers, Alonzo and Elbridge Y. Turner, had been on a hunting expedition with a friend named Robinson, and were about to enter their carriage to return to their home in Auburn, when Elbridge, saying he "would remove the caps from the gun so that they could ride home safe," took up Mr. Robinson's double barreled gun, and throwing it across his left arm, half cocked both hammers and removed both the caps, which were the kind called "double water proof." While putting them in his pocket one barrel of the gun was discharged, still lying across his arm. The charge of the gun—a "fox charge" of treble B shot—hit Alonzo near the left eye, blowing the side of his head and skull completely off, so that portions of his brain lay at least six feet from the body. Upon examination the hammers of the gun were found to be still at half cock, and it is a mystery how the discharge was effected, unless by the friction upon the tube, caused by removing the caps, which were put on after common, non-waterproof caps had been removed. The accident is one of the most singular on record.

TRIGGER PRACTICE IN JERSEY.—A pigeon shooting match for the suppers was contested near Ironton, N. J. on the 7th inst., between a dozen residents of that village, six on a side, ten single birds each. The result was as below, several, owing to the scarcity of birds, shooting at nine only:—

J. J. Ford	1101110110—7	P. Davis	1010001010—5
D. E. Treadwell	1110111101—7	J. Taylor	1101111100—7
W. T. Lee	0111011111—8	Wm. Bloor, Sr.	0111111011—8
Jas. Allen	1011101111—8	J. H. Lee	111110101—6
M. Skerm	0101100101—5	Wm. Bloor, Jr	1011111011—8
M. G. Francis	111111111—9	Han Rensen	1001111111—7
Total	43	Total	39

STRANGE GAME.—At Visalia, Cal., in November, a party of hunters, while on an excursion in the neighborhood of Kern Lake, were startled by an unusual noise, and presently saw a strange object approaching with great speed. When it had arrived within two hundred yards of the hunters they discovered it was a boy, nearly naked, and so sunburned that they could not determine whether he was an American or a Spaniard. The hunters started in pursuit, but the "wild boy" fled with such rapidity that they soon lost sight of him. The hunters, whose names are given, are well known in Watsonville, and the paper which publishes the letter vouches for the truth of the statements.

A GOOD PLACE FOR TRIGGER-SOMETRY.—A gentleman who has lately explored the islands of Pyramid Lake, in Utah, which are avoided from some superstitious fear by the Indians, says that it is impossible in the incubating season to walk on the islands without stepping on the eggs of gulls, ducks, pelicans and other aquatic fowl. Two small rocky islands are alive with rattlesnakes, which bask in the shade of almost every stone; so that an intruder is often treated to a serenade by a dozen or more rattles of various degrees of power and shades of tone.

TOURNEY IN CANADA.—On the 27th inst. a pigeon shooting tournament is to take place at Toronto, C. W., open to all residents of the Dominion, subscription fee, $10, each competitor to furnish fifty birds, and shoot at fifty (38 single and twelve double rises); the single rises are to be shot from H. and T. ground traps, 21 yards rise and 80 yards boundary, and the doubles from H. and T. plunge traps, 18 yards rise and 100 boundary, 1¼ ounce shot. Four prizes are offered, the first being a silver goblet and the others money prizes.

DEER STALKING.—Deer were never more plentiful in the northern ..., New York, than they have been this winter. One hunter named Milo Baker employs about thirty men to hunt for him during the season, and sends the product of their guns and skill to market. Thus far he has sent upwards of five hundred carcases to New York and other cities—a considerable number having been shipped to Troy. The price of deer's meat, by the carcase, is from twelve to fifteen cents per pound.

LOST WHILE HUNTING.—Mr. Wm. H. Swift, while hunting for game recently in the San Leandro Mountains, within fifty miles of San Francisco, lost his way and wandered through the canons all night. Next day he was found by a herdsman where he had sunk to the ground overcome with fatigue. He was rescued and ..., and on the same day moved to a f... started for h... San Francisco, but again lost his way and perished.

... to lay a remain... of age. A smile was on ... thereat.

GOOD SHOOTING.—Mr. John Kuns, of Cass County, Mich., is seventy-two years old, and yet is a capital marksman with a rifle. Recently he shot thirty-four hogs at from forty to seventy yards, in front of the ear, killing each at the first shot so dead that not one of them squealed. He also shot the heads off two chickens at two or three rods. Mr. Kuns shot without glasses.

PIGEON POPPING.—On the 8th inst. a match at pigeons for a century a side, five double and five single birds each, 21 yards rise and 80 fall, was shot at South Brooklyn between David Robertson and John Cooper; the latter won by one bird, killing all.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ONE MILE RACE.

The one mile race between Jack Hurley, of Southwark, and Bob Rogers, of Chelsea, for £25 a side, the former receiving sixty yards start, took place at the Prince of Wales Grounds, Bow, London, Eng., on Dec. 19th. Shortly after the match was made, Rogers sprained the back tendon of his left leg, and had serious thoughts of forfeiting, but having consulted an eminent medical man, he soon recovered, and the match progressed smoothly until the fourth deposit, when Hurley forfeited, but his opponent consented to forego the forfeit on receiving half the amercement (£7 40s), and the match again progressed to a satisfactory termination. Before entering into the details of the race, a few particulars as to the antecedents of the men may not prove uninteresting. Hurley completed his twenty-third year on last Christmas day, stands 5 feet 8 inches and weighed 136 pounds. He has beaten Jim Condon, of Bath, in an 880 yard race, for £5 a side; beat Flynn, of Bath, 880 yards, for £5 a side; beat Dan Mahoney, of Bermondsey, 1 mile, for £10 a side, on Dartford Heath; and again defeated Dan Mahoney in a mile race, for £15 a side, at Brompton, on Oct. 5. He was attended by his old opponent, Dan Mahoney. Rogers was twenty-three years of age on Jan. 12th, stands 5 feet 6¼ inches and scaled exactly 126 pounds. His first appearance was about four years since, when he beat Fred Ford, of Lambeth, in a 440 yards race, £5 a side; was next beaten by Ford, who had two yards and a half start in 400, £15 a side; beat Ford, who gave him three yards in 200 £25 a side; ran a dead heat with Fred. Childs in a 100 yards race, £15 a side; was beaten by C. Sanson, of Hounslow, 440 yards, £25 a side; with seven yards start won a 440 yards handicap; beaten by J. Hudson, 880 yards, £10 a side; won the first prize, £60, in a sweepstakes of £10 each, with £25 added, distance 880 yard, beating W. Bally, of Deptford, Ben Brunell, of Hoxton, J. Hudson, of Holloway; and C. Sanson, of Hounslow; beat Joe Luck, 880 yards, £25 a side; beaten by J. Fleet in a 1,302 yards sweepstakes of £25 each, J. Heywood being unable to contend; received forfeit from Darby, of Chatham; with 20 yards start ran second to T. Neary, of Hulme, who had eight yards and a half start, at the Champion Meeting at the Crystal Palace; with 130 yards start was beaten by ..., who had 140 yards start, for the Hackney Wick Two Miles Challenge Cup; received forfeit from Ike Hughes, of Manchester; received £40 forfeit from Siah Albison; beaten by Ike Hughes, of Manchester, one mile, £25 a side, and a bet of £50 a side; beat Ike Hughes, of Manchester, by 12 inches in a one mile race, £25 a side; with 23 yards start took the third prize in an 880 yards handicap; beat Jem Nuttall (the Half Mile Champion) in a one mile race, for £100; beat D. Binns, of Harden, 880 yards, for £50, at Brompton, and on the following Saturday, with 25 yards start, took the third prize, £10, in an 800 yards handicap, at the City Grounds, Manchester, having beaten T. Small, 40 yards start, and D. Binns, 25, easily by three yards in his preliminary heat. He took his exercise in company with C. Perry. The Chelsea representative was in far better condition, and immediately installed the favorite at 6 to 4, which odds were eagerly taken by the backers of Hurley. The referee, H. Woodstock, having informed the competitors that they would have to run four laps and one hundred and sixteen yards, to complete the distance, took up his station in the centre of the ground, and after one break away on the part of Rogers, fired the pistol, and both left their marks simultaneously. Hurley cut out the running at a tremendous pace, and at the end of the first lap had gained about eight yards on his opponent. In the next lap there was a perceptible difference in the pace of the leading man, whilst Rogers, although running at the same pace as in the first lap, had, on passing the starting crease for the second time, gained at least 15 yards on the "Bath chap." In obedience to the advice of his backer, Mr. W. Price, Rogers in the next lap began to increase the pace, and the commencement of the last lap found them only 20 yards apart. The excitement now became intense, but all doubts were soon dispelled, for Rogers put on one of his well known spurts in the backstretch, and got within three yards of his opponent; they ran thus for another score yards, when Rogers made his final effort, and despite a gallant struggle on the part of Hurley, left him at every stride, and finished an easy winner in 4 min. 36¾ sec. Hurley gave up thoroughly exhausted 120 yards from the tape.

LANG GOING HOME.—Owing to the lack of success which has attended his efforts to secure a match with some of our fast runners, after coming so far with that object, and seeing no prospect of doing better while with us, Bill Lang has very sensibly concluded to return to the land of his nativity, where he can always get a "quid" when he wants it. He has fixed upon Saturday, 23d inst., as the period of departure, and the City of Antwerp the good ship upon which to recross the briny. Those who have not had an opportunity to inspect his ten mile champion belt and numerous other trophies, will have a chance to do so by dropping in at Harry Bridges' during the current week, or Jimmy Smith's, 632 Broadway, next week, where they will be upon exhibition at the time stated. Joe Careless, who has shown many kindnesses to and proven a staunch friend of Lang's ever since the latter's arrival upon our shores, will tender Bill a blow-out at the "Old Home at Home," 44 Congress street, Paterson, N. J., on the evening of the 21st inst., two days prior to his leaving, when it is expected a large crowd will be present to give the champion a parting shake.

1,000 MILES IN 1,000 HOURS.—A correspondent writes as follows from Chicago, under date of the 6th inst:—"John De Witt is now attempting, at the hall corner of Halstead and Twelfth streets, the feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours. De Witt is in his prime, being about 48 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches high, and possessed of a *physique* admirably calculated for endurance. He has already accomplished more than half his great task, and promises to come out as fresh as a daisy. Five hundred dollars is pending on the issue."

GOOD! FOR THE OLD MAN.—Joseph Brewster, of Duxbury, Mass., an old tigger, eighty-five years of age, walked all the way to Kingston on the 4th inst., worked hard assisting about the work on one of Mr. Holmes' vessels all day, and in the afternoon rigged the masts and crossed the royal yard of the vessel, working nearly one hundred and twenty feet above the water.

JOHNSON TO THE HEBRON BOY OR YOUNG.—On the 11th inst. we received a telegram from Wm. Johnson, of Akron, Ohio, stating that he is prepared to make a match to run the Hebron Boy 140 yards for $500 a side, or Wm. H. Young 250 yards for the same amount, the race to take place at Akron in two or three weeks. Will either of the parties mentioned accommodate William?

HARDING IN A NEW ROLE.—Wm. E. Harding has at last got on a match, this time for life, the party of the second part being a gushing young damsel, named Miss Kate Dagan, to whom he was joined in the holy bonds a few days ago. It isn't probable that this match will end in smoke, but we presume the result will be the usual one—if not more.

JOHN L. TAYLOR, a resident of the Hub, who has a good opinion of his pedal abilities, will, it is stated, undertake to walk from the centre of Boston to Fitchburg and return within twenty-four hours, during the first week in May, upon a wager of $1,000.

ONE HUNDRED MILE FEAT.—The match made by W. F. McEttrick to walk, during the current week, 100 miles in 24 hours, the first 50 miles to be made in 10 hours, has, by agreement of all parties, been postponed until the 29th inst.

BILL LANG had a very good benefit at Hodgkiss' Hall, Boonetown, N. J., on Saturday evening, 9th inst.

BILLIARDS.

RESIGNATION OF THE CHAMPION CUE BY McDEVITT.—As will be seen, after perusing the subjoined correspondence, John McDevitt, of Chicago, has resigned the champion cue of the pushing game, turning it over to the original donors, Messrs. Phelan and Collender, of this city, who have sent it back to him with the request to keep it as a *souvenir* of his successes, it being their intention to devise a more valuable cue, to be contested for next April, in a tournament of leading players. The new cue will represent the championship of the fair American game, *i. e.*, push shots barred.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25, 1868.

MESSRS. PHELAN & COLLENDER, New York.—GENTLEMEN.—I have the honor to submit to you, through the hands of Mr. Thomas Foley, the Champion Cue of America, believing it to be the general desire of the profession that it should be hereafter employed to reward the victors in another than the style of game which has heretofore enabled me to win and retain possession thereof.

Respectfully, JOHN McDEVITT.

To the above Messrs. Phelan & Collender made this response:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 30, 1868.

JOHN McDEVITT, Esq.—SIR.—We have received through Mr. Thomas Foley the champion cue.

Having in 1863 proffered this cue as a prize, subject to certain conditions, which conditions have by your act of resignation been nullified, and it now reverting to us by virtue of our having been the donors, we beg leave to return it to you, with the hope that you will value it as a memento of your several triumphs.

We have determined to set up a new cue. This we are now having made, and shall offer it as a prize in the forthcoming tournament of leading players.

Trusting that you will accept as your personal property the Golden Cue, which we return to you by the hands of Mr. Foley, we are Yours very truly, PHELAN & COLLENDER.

McDEVITT ISSUES A CHALLENGE, IS ANSWERED BY DION AND DECLINES A MEETING.—Contemporaneously with the issue of his note, formally tendering the cue to Phelan & Collendar, McDevitt addressed this challenge to his fellow players:—

CHICAGO, Dec. 25, 1868.

TO THE BILLIARD PLAYERS OF AMERICA.—In accordance with a determination long since expressed, I have returned to its original donors, Messrs. Phelan and Collender, the Champion Cue of America. I have voluntarily taken this course to meet the general desire which exists among the profession to abolish the "push shot" from champion contests—my continued possession of the cue and title having been regarded as the only obstacle to such an end.

In resigning the Champion cue, however, I desire to convince all parties concerned that my only motive is that above expressed, and there one respectfully submit the following proposition:—

I will play any billiard player in the world the regular American four-ball game, 1,500 or 2,000 points, with 1¾ inch balls, on a second size four-pocket standard table, for $5,000 a side, in the city of Chicago, ninety days from date of acceptance hereof.

A reasonable allowance for traveling expenses will, of course, be made to any party disposed to meet this challenge; and, it is hoped, the fairness of this offer, especially in regard to place of playing, will be recognized by the profession of the country, since a retention of the cue (the right I relinquish) would oblige all competitors to meet me in the city which is my home.

This challenge to remain open for a period of thirty days from date. Respectfully, JOHN McDEVITT.

To this Joseph Dion made answer that he would play McDevitt in Chicago on condition that the latter would play him the same game, once in his (Dion's) city, Montreal, and once in a neutral city, New York. McDevitt, as we learn by telegraph, refuses to play Dion anywhere but in Chicago.

A NEW YORK PLAYER CHALLENGES THE NINE LEADING BILLIARDISTS OF CHICAGO.—PROPOSED MATCH FOR AN AGGREGATE STAKE OF $27,000 A SIDE.—As it is to be expected, so skillful a player as Melvin Foster does not relish such language as appears below, clipped from the Chicago *Times*, nor are his friends better pleased thereat than is the player:—

"In the New York billiard match of Monday, Foster beat Dion. This is another triumph of a Yankee over a Canadian. It is also the triumph of a second or third rate player. The people of the Dominion, while they ought not to be ashamed of being beaten by a Yankee, should feel very much humiliated over their defeat by a third rate player like Foster."

With the view of ascertaining whether Foster is a first, second, or third rate player, several gentlemen in this city propose to match him against all the first and second "raters" in Chicago, passing by the third rates as superfluous. Foster will play Carme, Rudolphe, and McDevitt, who are acknowledged first class players, and to play, also, Coon, Parker, Foley, Rhines, Vermeulen and Snyder, neither of whom regards himself as being less than a first rate "second class" player. The game to be either the French, the pushing, or the push barred, as his opponents shall elect, provided that only one style of game is fixed upon; or he will play each of the nine all three styles of game; each to be for $1,000 a side, and played in accordance with the standard conditions as to table and balls, half way between this city and Chicago—say Buffalo or Cleveland. The first game to be played in (say) thirty days from date of Foster's concluding match with Dion, and the others on succeeding nights, Sundays excepted. What say the Chicagoians to this boldest of propositions?

BRITTON vs. PAINE.—A billiard match was played by these gentlemen at Niles, Mich., on the 6th inst., on the occasion of opening a new saloon by Messrs. Britton & Root. Britton discounted Paine in a game of 500 points for me, and won by 265 points, which was a painful defeat for Paine.

MATCH BETWEEN BENJAMIN AND FOSTER.—As almost everybody thought it would, the contest at French caroms between Ralph Benjamin and Melvin Foster, at Braisted's rooms, on the 4th inst., resulted in favor of "the third rate player." The game was 300 points, Benjamin laying $80 to $100, and receiving the odds of 150 points. Foster won by 19 points in 155 innings, about one-third of which were frittered away in safety plays. The winner's average was, therefore, nearly 2. Benjamin's best run was 14; Foster's, 16.

THE BILLIARD TAX.—A proposition is now before the City Council of Louisville, Ky., to reduce the tax on billiard tables from $25 to $10 per year. This is an innocent and harmless game, and one in which there is little gambling. We hope the measure will carry. Louisville has a number of first class billiard halls, and they are sustained by the best class of the community.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF OHIO.—Harry Choate, of Springfield, the present holder of the champion cue of Ohio, has been challenged by Frederick Ackerman, of Cincinnati. They will play without the push.

DION AND FOSTER.—These players are to come together again on the 28th inst., at Montreal. The stake will be $1,000 a side, and the game 1,200 points, caroms, push shots barred.

NEW ROOM IN BROOKLYN.—A new room, with nine of Phelan & Collender's tables, is to be opened in Brooklyn next month. William Wicks is to assist in the management.

TOURNAMENT OUT WEST.—Next month a tournament is to be inaugurated for the championship of Wisconsin.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
Last week but two of the engagement of
LYDIA THOMPSON BURLESQUE TROUPE
ERNANI; OR THE HORN OF A DILEMMA.
To be preceded by
A POPULAR FARCE.
Other afternoons—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday,
KATE KEARNE, AND POPULAR FARCE.
To be seen at all hours in the Museum, without any extra charge.
COM. FOOTE, MISS NESTELLE,
MENAGERIE OF WILD ANIMALS,
THE INEXPLICABLE SEA MONSTER.
Should be seen to be realized. See artistic account Automaton Leotard, Sleeping Beauty, Moving Works of Art
MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 1, 1868,
Wm. Brough's burlesque, (now enjoying an unprecedented run at the Strand Theatre, London) of the
FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.
MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE,
MLLE. MORLACCHI BALLET TROUPE,
and numerous additions to the company from England. 41-2t

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
BEGINS AT 8.
JAMES E. HAYES......Lessee and Manager
DAN SYMONS......Business Manager
The great and unrivalled American Pantomimist, Geo. L. Fox's wonderful production of
HUMPTY DUMPTY,
now in the SECOND YEAR of its
UNPARALLELED SUCCESS,
continues to attract crowded and delighted audiences.
GEO. L. FOX (the people's favorite) as HUMPTY DUMPTY.
Mlle. RITA SANGALLI and the fascinating BALLET, UNEQUALED IN THE UNITED STATES.
THE NEW BURLESQUE RAILROAD SENSATION.
HE'S SAVED! HE'S SAVED!!
And H. D. continues to amuse you all.
ROARS OF LAUGHTER.
MATINEES 1½, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessees and Managers......JARRETT & PALMER.
THIS AND EVERY EVENING UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
Doors open at 7¼; begins at 8, P. M.; concludes 10.40.
ENORMOUS HOUSES.
ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCES,
To witness the
GREAT DRAMA OF THE DAY,
AFTER DARK,
OR,
LONDON BY NIGHT. LONDON BY NIGHT.
THE GREAT RAILROAD SCENE.
THE GREAT SCENE OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY,
THE RAILROAD STATION,
THE SILVER HELL,
THE CONCERT HALL SCENE,
And the
STRANGE SCENE
UNDER BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE,
with its Houseless Lodgers of Vagrants and Waifs; London Grandeur in Sight, and the Wife's Attempted Suicide.
The Scenery is all true to London in 1868.
Seats secured six days in advance.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.
Fourteenth street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT......Director
MATINEES AT 2½.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
THE LAST WEEK
of the Grand Comic Pantomime, entitled
BLUE BEARD A LA TURQUE FRANCAISE.
BLUE BEARD A LA TURQUE FRANCAISE.
THE GREAT MELVILLE
AND HIS CHARMING INFANT SON,
in their intensely exciting
BAREBACK STEEPLECHASE ACT.
MLLE. CAROLINE ROLLAND,
THE GREATEST OF EQUESTRIENNES,
in her thrilling and unapproachable
GRAND SCENE EQUESTRE!
ALL THE TALENTED ARTISTS
comprised in the Mammoth Circus Troupe, in
41-1t* BRILLIANTLY VARIED PERFORMANCES.

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IMMENSE HIT. IMMENSE HIT.
Every evening till further notice, the original Ethiopian Opera of
BONE SQUASH DIABLO,
Terminating with the new scene,
PANDEMONIUM. PANDEMONIUM.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF THE FIRST AND SECOND PART.
Seats secured six days in advance. 40-1t*

WORRELL SISTERS' NEW YORK THEATRE.
The New Burlesque a Grand Triumph of Fun.
FF
II II
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DD DD
THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.
THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.
WORRELL SISTERS.
SOPHIE Wit DARNLEY.
IRENE Fun CONSTANCE.
JENNIE SUFFOLK
THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.
THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.
FF FF
II II
EE EE
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The Charming Music Arranged Expressly by Mr. Tissington.
Every scene encored regularly every night.

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THE MAMMOTH PALACE OF AMUSEMENT.
EVERY EVENING ADMISSION, 50 c.
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GRAND BALLET D'ACTION. SPARKLING EXTRAVAGANZA. BRILLIANT QUARTETS AND CHORUS. THE ESSENCE OF AFTER DARK. STARTLING RAILROAD SCENE. THE GREAT SENYAH, IN HER TERRIFIC TRANSEPT FLIGHT. LAUGHABLE COMIC PANTOMIME. THE VICTORELLI BROTHERS, THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD. THE HUMOROUS PUNCH AND JUDY.
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Admission 50c.; reserved Orchestra Circle, 50c. extra; reserved Orchestra Chairs, $1 extra.
Doors open at 7; programme commences at 7½ precisely.

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Acknowledged "Peerless and Alone," without living equals. The charming and accomplished vocalist
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A new drama of powerful interest, replete with exciting situations, grand effects, tableaux, &c., entitled,
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LIFE'S CHANCES AND CHANGES.
The Champion Comique FRANK DILLON,
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MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2½.

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TROVATORE. Genevieve De Bryant. GENS D'ARMES.
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LIVE INGIN. Love Among the Roses. TROVATORE.
LIVE INGIN. Love Among the Roses. TROVATORE.
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will find us with our superior facilities and accommodation using still greater exertion to give entire satisfaction, and forward the interests of both manager and artist, while the advantages of our central location will be felt by all transacting business through us.
MANAGERS AND ARTISTS
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Having disposed to Messrs. THOMPSON & RIGGS the entire business, etc., of our late agency, 512 Broadway, we beg to return our thanks to the profession for their past patronage, and at the same time recommend Messrs. THOMPSON AND RIGGS, our successors, to their favor, feeling confident that with their very valuable experience, established reputation, and superior facilities, they will be sure to give general satisfaction to all transacting business with them.
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HEAVY BUSINESS
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NOTICE.
The historical and other scenes in the above named panorama, together with the title, episode, lecture and programme, were designed, written and composed expressly for such exhibition, and duly protected by copyright; any infringement on the same will be punished as the law directs. The undersigned deemed it necessary to publish this card as a warning to the unprincipled parties now traveling in the far West, using the title "Hibernicon" for their panoramas; thus meaning to trade on the high reputation which my exhibition has attained in the last ten years.
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PRICE - - - - - - - ONLY ONE DOLLAR

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DISTIN'S CELEBRATED ENGLISH BRASS BAND INSTRUMENTS.—Messrs. BOOSEY & CO., who are now the proprietors of the world famed Distin's manufactory, have just consigned to their New York house an assortment of light valve Cornets, Altos, Tenors and Basses. To be sold on the most advantageous terms. BOOSEY & CO.,
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Mad. LOUISE TOURNIAIRE, the dashing haut ecole and principal act equestrienne, together with her daughter, LA PETITE MARIE LOUISE, acknowledged by all in the profession to be the smartest child equestrienne of the day, can be secured for the tenting season by addressing LOUISE TOURNIAIRE, 93 Third avenue, New York city. 41-3t.

WANTED.
Leader of orchestra and brass band, 2d violinist, clarionet, piccolo and flute, trombone, double bass, basso tenor and alto singers, bone player, must be a banjoist, song and dance man; clog and wench dancers, one gymnast. State line of business; all must play in brass band. CHARLES R. PARKER, Springfield, Mass.
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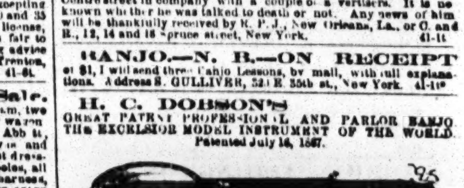

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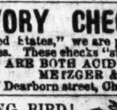

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Dice Cloths, Dice, &c. Dice Cloths, $20, $25, $30, $35 and $40 each. Horse Head Games (two designs) complete, $25. Red and Black Spreads—Chuck Luck—Over and Under, etc. Our spreads are of new designs and painted in the best manner; special attention being paid to making them as attractive as possible. We have the best artist in the country to get them up, and they can only be obtained through us. MASON & CO., 125 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Poker and Monte Cards. Fair Poker Cards, from $3 to $7 per dozen. Yankee Notion Cards, $8 per dozen; $1 per pack. Monte Tickets, new kind, $9 per dozen; $1 per pack. Spanish Monte Cards, $8 per dozen; $1 per pack. Readers, all kinds, $10 per dozen; $1 per pack. Strippers, all kinds, $10 per dozen; $1 per pack. Each pack of cards put up in a neat pocket card case. MASON & CO., 125 Dearborn street, Chicago.

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Compressed Ivory Checks. Being Agents for the Manufacturer we sell at factory prices, with the usual discount to the trade. 1¼ inch .... $8 per 100 | 1½ inch .... $12 per 100. 1⅜ inch .... 10 per 100 | 1⅝ inch .... 14 per 100. Faro Sets furnished with Coppers, Splits and Markers. MASON & CO., 125 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Roulette Wheels and Spreads. Wheels, from $125 to $500. Balls, 60c., 75c. and $1 each. Spreads at $15, $20, $25, $35, $65 and $140. MASON & CO., 125 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Faro and Poker Checks. Over Twenty Different Kinds and prices, ranging from the cheapest bone at $1 per 100 to Grote's best Ivory Faro Checks, (who is acknowledged by all sporting men to be the only manufacturer of first class checks,) which we furnish at same prices as charged at factory. MASON & CO., 125 Dearborn street, Chicago.

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Faro Tools—$120 per Set. A Full Set comprising 600 Comp. Checks, Painted Layouts, Plated Dealing Box, Case Keeper, Check Holder, Card Press, containing six packs Hart's best squared dealing cards, and 200 Tabs, for $120, with privilege of opening and examining goods before paying for them. MASON & CO., 125 Dearborn street, Chicago.

GOODS SENT C.O.D. To any address when reached by the Adams, American, United States or Merchants Union Express Companies, on receipt of $5, with order balance C. O. D. To the Southern States or the Territories a deposit of $10 required—parties to have privilege of opening and examining goods before paying for them. Address orders to MASON & CO., 125 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Short Tricks of every Kind. Mexican Balls (Patent Safes), Mallets, Tobacco Boxes, Padlocks, Bug Shiner, Top and Bottom Dice, Dice Lups, Props, Penny Game, etc., can always be found with MASON & CO., 125 Dearborn street, Chicago.

KENO SETS. For workmanship, durability and cheapness we lay over any goods in market, and goods sent from our store are guaranteed new, and not second hand from the Pawnbrokers. Extra Balls, Cards, Tally Boards, etc., always on hand. Send for our Descriptive List. MASON & CO., 125 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill. 28-tf

SQUARED FARO CARDS AND LINEN EAGLES, EXTRA LARGE SIZE, FOR TRIMMING. FOR SALE At the Old Established Playing Card Manufactory of JNO. J. LEVY & CO., 177 & 179 Grand street, near Broadway, NEW YORK, And at all the Stationers and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S. Sporting men should try them. They are more pliable and tougher than any cards made. 35-6m*

BOOKS, PRINTS, etc., cheap. Send three cents for my catalogue. No fraud. JOHN ATCHISON, 317 Greenwich street, New York. 31-3m*

"THE PARISIAN MOXA" will force whiskers or moustache to grow on the smoothest face in 30 days, in every case, or money refunded. Post paid for 50 cents, together with 250 valuable recipes by O. A. DUNANE, box 2,578, St. Louis, Mo. 33-13t*

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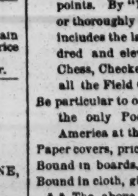

$500. IMPROVED BRONZE ALUMINIUM HUNTING CASED WATCHES. I will cheerfully give the above amount to any one who can surpass my imitation of GOLD WATCHES. Description of metal and goods sent free on demand. PRICES, FROM $16 TO $22. They are sent C. O. D., with charges. Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN, No. 44 Nassau street, New York. Call and examine for yourselves. 36-3m*

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MAGIC TRICKS ... 25 cents per pack. 20,000 sold. Address ... Varick street New York city. 31-26t*

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TESTIMONIALS.

From the U. S. Treasury, *Secretary's Office.*—Please send a supply of the Antidote. *The one received has done its work surely.* C. T. Edgar.

From New Hampshire State Prison.—Gentlemen of influence here having been cured of the appetite for tobacco by using Dr. Burton's Antidote, we desire a supply for the prisoners of this institution. Joseph Mayo, Warden of N. H. State Prison.

A Banker's Testimony.—Dr. Burton's Antidote for Tobacco *has accomplished all claimed for it.* Walter Mann, 1st Nat. B'k, New Albany, Ind.

From the Chief Engineer of the Allegheny Valley Railroad Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.—I have used the Antidote with great success. It is curing all my friends. H. Blackstone.

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From the Southern Home Journal, Baltimore, Md.—One box of Burton's Antidote *removed all desire for the weed from me.* I take pleasure in recommending it to all our readers, T. Y. Slater, Editor.

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Standard American Billiard Tables.

MESSRS. PHELAN & COLLENDER, Manufacturers of THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLES, And sole patentees of the world-famed PHELAN COMBINATION CUSHION (Letters patent granted in 1856, 1860, and November 27, 1867), take pleasure in announcing to their patrons throughout the United States and Canadas, as well as to the public in general, that their extensive up-town factories (injured by fire last summer), have been rebuilt and enlarged, and supplied with improved machinery, are again in thorough working order, thus enabling them to fill any and all orders, either for REGULAR BILLIARD TABLES, DINING ROOM, or LIBRARY BILLIARD TABLES, As well as for BALLS, CLOTH, CUES, and in fact everything in any way connected with the business. They have also to announce that in future their warerooms, located for the past nine years at Nos. 63 to 69 Crosby street, will be in the spacious building, No. 738 Broadway, a few doors south of Astor Place. PHELAN & COLLENDER, Warerooms, 738 Broadway; Manufactories, Tenth avenue and 36th and 37th streets, New York. 33-tf

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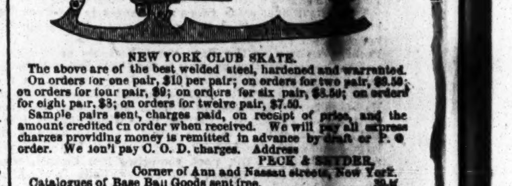

THE NEW YORK RINK, (Sizes of Foot Plate, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½ and 11 inches, or ...)

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The above are of the best welded steel, hardened and warranted. On orders for one pair, $10 per pair; on orders for two pair, $9.50; on orders for four pair, $9; on orders for six pair, $8.50; on orders for eight pair, $8; on orders for twelve pair, $7.50. Sample pairs sent, charges paid, on receipt of price, and the amount credited on order when received. We will pay all express charges providing money is remitted in advance by draft or P. O. order. We don't pay C. O. D. charges. Address PECK & SNYDER, Corner of Ann and Nassau streets, New York. Catalogues of Base Ball Goods sent free. 39-tf

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WHITE AND BLACK RUBBER GOODS, IN IMITATION OF IVORY. Martingale Rings, $18, $20 and $22, single gross. Teething Rings for Children, $15, single gross. Billiard Balls, 2⅜ inch, $10 per sett. Billiard Balls, 2½ inch, $12 per sett. Faro Checks, 1½ inch, $14 per hundred. Faro Checks, 1⅜ inch, $12 per hundred. Faro Checks, 1¼ inch, $10 per hundred. Poker Checks, 1¼ inch, $8 per hundred. HORSE, DOG AND ... HEAD SLEEVE BUTTONS, $4 a doz. pair. A great variety of IVORY AND PEARL SLEEVE BUTTONS AND STUDS at low prices. WM. M. WELLING, SOLE PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER, 571 BROADWAY, New York City. Samples sent post paid on receipt of $1. 31-6m

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Choice Imported Dogs. Pointers and Setters broke in the most perfect manner. Spaniels and all other breeds for sale. Western men, buy of Western dealer and save from $15 to $35 express. Address all orders to THEO. T. AXE, Huntington, Ind. 31 13t*

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Game Fowls For Sale. A choice lot of two year old COCKS AND HENS, of the choicest American and English strains. Also, EARLY STAGS AND PULLETS, of this year's raising; all warranted pure and thorough game. GAFFS of all kinds constantly on hand. JOHN WO... 61 State st., Cam... 41-3t*

Game Fowls. STAG and PULLET $4. COCK and HEN $6, from any of the American or English strains; warranted pure and dead game. I will sell at the above price for 30 days. JOHN FULTON, Gloversville, Fulton Co., N. Y. 41-3m*

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